

The Fly

An update: Roped Garrison men had fallen into the moat and Womba had been caught by Fiends. And a fly was buzzing about needing put down. And everything the princess did was OK as she had pretty ankles.

“Oh beasties in the sky,

Wish I were you.

A disease spreading fly.

From flower to kitchen loo.

Buzz buzz buzz.

Big and black.

Buzz buzz buzz.

Blue or green I land on your sweaty back.

Spreading disease with dirty bristles.

With big black eyes.

I can answer to whistles.

Six creeping legs make crispy battered fries.

And regurgitated food.

Buzzing.

From sugar lump to tea cup when I take the mood.

Buzzing.

Spreading disease.

From latrine to me,” Satirextex scribbled on a latrine wall waiting for paper but there was no attendant as Harry owned the hot house and attendants cost money.

And this inscription is on the plastic base of a plastic fly at the modern day bridge. A plastic fly 10 feet tall and is surrounded by vendor stalls run by priests to the fly god and they give 20% of profits to Harry Bros. PLC the future owners of the bridge for the privilege of working the tourists dry. *Selling plastic flies for “Dinosaurs cannot be fab for ever sniff sob,” Harry very found of T Rex that made him millions.*

And after reading Satirextex you can see why he remains a forgotten poet. “Never mind I come cheap and that is all Harry worries about, and the cheaper the better.”

“*I want to stay rich,*” the greedy salesman Harry whispers wondering when Satirextex will come out of the outhouse and get back to work..

And tourists come to the future bridge for they read the tour guide of Harry World Tours promising a wonder of the world and a plastic statue of a fly is a wonder isn’t it? A fly with monstrous bulbous black eyes and hair like bristles so kids run screaming and work up a thirsty sweat, and Lo and Behold an ice cream vendor and with twenty ice creams bought a free plastic fly.

“Blooming ugly,” the art critics meaning Satirextex and not the fly.

But FLY does the trick as the tourists are too ill to eat so the eats is scraped back into the pot with these words, “Waste not as a hundred tourists to feed tomorrow.”

And Harry dancing girls loitering the pavement about Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House with red lights above them advertising BINGO.

“Want young fairy girl sailor?” The gorgeous floozy fairy girl’s mummy warned you about for every tourist is a sailor, soldier, tinker undertaker?

Anyway: “Grunt,” Womba making rude noises as he swung upside down on a pole after being captured by Fiends, beaten black and blue, poked places and almost made totally useless to start a dynasty with his princess for Fiends know how to be Fiendish.

Now Womba was a prisoner of Isiniaphut the Fiend king who was about to torture him for information.

“Give the prisoner a snail,” and Isinaphut indicated Womba who accepted for Fiends knew how to disguise their food so we can not blame Womba for choking on the sinewy bits.

“This is what I joined for? Exotic food, too see China Town,” for he was a Burke.

“How many men are defending the bridge?” Isinaphut asked and a cook gave Womba another chewy bit that might have been an ear once.

“The bravest,” and shows Womba can lie for his men were volunteers.

“You mean King Charles has his champions there?” Isinaphut.

“How could he?” Tootanfoot disgusted Womba was having a good chew on the other ear and forced himself to watch Womba chew away for the ear was a Fiend who had accidentally fallen in the cauldron; for to say otherwise is too imply something nasty.

And Tootanfoot afraid of King Isinaphut unpredictability was ill under his hood for he could never chew a Fiend.

“Don’t you fairies ever bathe?” Isinaphut for he was upwind of Tootanfoot.

“Wonderful,” Womba finding things tasted better with chopped parsley and so never told anyone the champions was Garrison Men.

“And you have Christina with the pretty little nose?” Isinaphut offering Womba lots of wine for he knew XXX made people talk. But this was not ordinary people but seasoned drunks who visited Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House.

Garrison men who cuddled up to pink elephants and not teddy except for Tom who had Freddy Rex for he was innocent.

And Tootanfoot was amazed Womba drank a flagon of Fiendish wine that was peppery and sour for it was off so said in amazement, “What sort of men has my great great great great uncle reinforced the bridge with for the usual Garrison men are those rejected from sitting positions in galleys. This tall ugly fairy with warts who has eaten the ambassador from Haliput; (*see Fiends are not cannibals*) and drank a flagon of disgusting wine can’t be one of the diseases that are Garrison Men?” Tootanfoot and saw the big hands of Womba and, “This is he who rode single handily to my carriage and ripped the door handle off and stole Christina,” and Tootanfoot began to salivate as he got dejected for he could see Womba’s hands holding him down on the executioner’s wooden block as the crowd shouted, “Encore, encore, encore.”

“And I will not disappoint them as I am Lord Tootanfoot.”

And a fly landed on him.

“Swat,” as a fly swatter did its messy work.

Then an evil wizard joined the party.

Why bats flew about him for he was lofty.

And eyes red slits.

And little black lizards ran up his wizard's robes.

Green robes in a skull print design from Marks and Spencer's.

Grinning skulls.

And a dried scorpion hung from his belt.

And he wore a pointed black wizard's hat.

And a spider continually ran up and down it so must have been insane.

"Buzz," a fly, "my suspicions about a wizard are correct," and the fly crawled dizzily away to hide and cast spells to cure ache and pains caused by a fly swatter and to cause something bulbous and smelly to grow at the point of Tootanfoot's nose for the fly knew revenge was sweet.

Now every night Tootanfoot did have nightmares and see a giant fly swatter swatting him certain places. Nasty cruel fly that loved latrines without paper go away.

"Buzz."

And because the fly had aches and pains the bulbous smelly thing grew at the end of Tootanfoot's left foot so he had to hobble.

Nasty cruel fly that loved latrines without paper go away.

And because the fly was nasty put a carbuncle where Tootanfoot sat.

Nasty cruel fly that loved latrines without paper go away.

“I will turn the grovelling lord into a pin cushion not a smelly bulbous thingy,” the wizard for he disliked Tootanfoot who everyone gave strange finger signs to behind his back.

Oh poor Tootanfoot no one loves you for you are a creep that is why.

“And as soon as Isisnaphut makes Tootanfoot King of Ball for a day he will hear the patter patter of the executioner’s small feet and I will be king and marry Christina for I have been picking green fly in her rose garden and see, in this locket a piece of her blond hair so I can swoon over her memory.” For the wizard could look in a mirror and with a click of finger make himself Prince Charming until the spell worked off, and then he became an ugly lofty skinny freckled nerd of a wicked evil wizard again.

“And I will send Isisnaphut back through the rip covered in rancid butter sauce, and perhaps Tootanfoot as croutons to keep the water crest company.

And only one fairy can stop me, The Mage.”

“Buzz,” a fly on a spying mission.

Oh yes?

Oh no?

“Frizzle as Alicadabara the wizard thought flies were dirty insects for they could be found on the walls of public smelly places where there was no paper.

“Then I will trample The Mage,” and Alicadabara trampled the fly good.

“Don’t like flies do we Ali?” Tootanfoot and was a mistake to sneer for a wand waved and, “fetch,” as the wizard threw a peanut and a monkey out off a green poof appeared, “and since the monkey is a lord needs a donkey to ride,” and Ali turned

Womba into a donkey *and this is a comedy distraction as Harry is approaching with dinosaurs.*

So was obvious to a fly, a lord and an Ordinary they were all in bad company.

And a Fiend tied a carrot to the end of a stick for a donkey to chase.

Anyway: “Buzz,” a fly returning to a tower or more precisely the remains of a fine tower with windowsill flower boxes. “Buzz, this sun makes me lazy and there are no Garrison Men about so can land on that tasty biscuit crawling with weevils, no better from a fly’s view of the world I see cooking remains behind my stove, lovely smelly dinner remains,” and a fly had to buzz down and do what a fly must do.

“My from down here I can see the repairs to my winding stairwell are rubbish and that’s what I get for hiring Harry. Wants to sell plastic dinosaurs well I will poof him into a disappointed tourist who just bought one; but was my own fault for I never looked at the building contractor’s documents as I was at Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House playing a card game and could not concentrate for breasts the size of melons were pressed close to my eyes. It was a completely innocent accident as a serving girl tripped and landed on my lap,” the fly.

“And it was a sting of an accident for 20% went to Big Bertha,” a whisper and it sounds like Harry who adds, “I have pockets full of rabbit feet and garlic necklaces so am protected against The Mage’s spells and I kept 80%.”

“Woof,” as a dog appeared and ate what the fly was eating for even dogs that have nice kind streaks can smell something smelly and tasty lying on the floor for months then come and lick your face real good.

“Buzz, “ a fly struggling to escape a dog’s mouth full of sticky saliva and foul breath for dogs lick unmentionable places and sniff each other at the end places then lick you.

“Will I get a medal?” Tom to be irritating.

“Yeh but next time stay close like I told you,” Conan and the fly wondered what the Garrison Men had been up to?

“I really showed that Fiend at the bridge who was boss didn’t I?” Tom persisted.

“Yeh why I can see him prostrating on the bridge from here looking for his head you chopped off,” for a retired barbarian adventurer knew sarcasm. And the barbarian thought of Harry’s stall and more tobaccy.

“Water,” and Conan knew things must be bad if Harold wasn’t thinking nuts and had actually spoken a human word. And didn’t help put out the flames engulfing Harold as he had tripped into a carelessly left building contractor’s charcoal heater. Just at the bottom of The Mage’s tower; Harry Bros. was stamped on the heater.

“He has damaged the heater so will sue him,” that greedy whisper.

“I have more important things to occupy my mind like to dry my tobaccy and is all that Viking’s fault drying himself out. Did he not amble into the Fiendish commando assault platoon crossing the moat because we had fallen into the moat?

So was in the wrong place at the right time because volunteers always are.

And one Fiend complained about the brackish moat water splashed onto his rations of grilled pike in rancid butter sauce. And then all the other Fiends complained and that ape who pretends to be a retired Viking replied, ‘Oink,’ and went berserk for Garrison Men’s rations are weevil infested biscuits; now if they did only provide ketchup?”

“Yes and you fought with your bare hands when a Fiend shouted, ‘Hey boys a rabbit, can make a change from all this grilled pike and duck and geese in rancid butter sauce that is Fiendish army rations,” Tom to be innocently annoying of course.

“Yeh, the way Harold stuffed that pike tail down his throat is amazing,” Conan jealous.

“And you was lucky you snatched the head away as you fell over board from the assault craft,” Tom being maddening.

“A head, with big eyes so am really jealous that Viking got all the juicy thingamabobs,” Conan thinking of juicy thingamabobs?

“Help help help I am drowning you shouted too,” Tom now exasperating.

“OK kid now let’s not mention anything else,” for Conan was afraid his image might be tarnished for Christina was about; her with the pretty ankles.

“And I wished I had Womba’s Book to tell me what to do as you drowned. I never knew barbarian adventurers were afraid of water?” Tom filling Conan’s head with murderous ideas and could not escape as the kid held him.

“Let go kid here comes the princess,” Conan.

“I want my medal for saving you, you said I could get one,” Tom illustrating he was innocent of life and innocent of important things between his ears and **perhaps** between some place else?

“Here is the princess,” Conan with “pretty ears able to hear everything the infuriating kid had shouted. Wants a medal now does he?” Conan’s private thoughts and they were ugly thoughts so are censored.

“And I used your famous sword ‘Arnie’ and slew the Fiendish commandos so am a hero isn’t I?” Tom to be sickening. “Womba will be proud of me?” Even more sickening.

And Conan was ill and the princess shouted, “Hey look a rabbit that can’t hold its XXX,” for she was more vicious and bothersome than Tom.

“Woof,” a dog with a nasty streak and licked what Conan left and salivated all over the princess for dogs go with boys who together are made of bad stuff like pepper.

“Buzz,” a fly escaping to the rafters with a lot more knowledge than it had before and because it was a fly went to where Cur went; then landed on a pretty ankle as desert for flies are made of worse things than pepper, like plague and cholera and food poisoning.