

Womba

Boom

The night watch called, “Full moon,” smothering his bell and lamp for he was afraid of sleepers with wool stuffed in their ears who did not want to jump out of bed and put his bell somewhere; up his nose perhaps?

So they slept soundly.

And in a broom closet Egor found candle and flint for he was not safe with matches. And by luck lit the candle and did not burn the palace down for he had his lucky rabbit foot in his pocket.

“But with much puffing put the fire out on me,” Egor cheerfully and, “Ah ha a fake door,” and fell through it because he pushed it for he was too thick as toast to look for a secret handle; besides with the flames out on him all was blackness so can forgive the ugly monster with big warts.

And followed steps downwards and stomped so heavily the steps broke and Egor stumbled forward through closed door after closed door. *Perhaps Apes was needed to eat the termites?*

So missed the dungeon where two mates hung from a wall by their thumbs for a princess rubbed up the wrong way rubbed you up the wrong way.

Here an Aslop fable, 'Make sure you have plenty off diamond tiaras when dealing with spoilt princesses.'

“I am not amused,” The Mage whose fingers where in mini vices so could not click and for good measure dried ear wigs littered the floor as every princess in a fairy tale knows, **stops mages dead using magic spells.**

And in a dark inn Apes sat on a rafter shelling peanuts and contributed to the

conversation with, “ook,” about freeing The Mage and Womba.

Notice Womba was mentioned last as an after thought.

“What are we waiting for?” Dwarf demanding action.

“For an idea,” Conan for Garrison was thick.

“How many guards has she?” Red Beard asked.

“A thousand paid out of wedding presents,” Moronicus.

“Fair odds,” Cuttyagizzard'sout whipping out his disembowelling daggers and a thumb dropped off.

“I have my two inch wand,” Alicadabara waving it as two toads appeared and spread warts amongst the waitresses for Garrison had their own variety of warts.

Ones that are long and skinny with a hair at the end.

“Sssih, no one tell the monkey above,” meaning Apes had sprouted warts on his baboon place and might rip and tear and bang his chest over shredded Garrison.

And Apes was so happy eating nuts never noticed the elephant tail either.

“But what is that?” Moronicus seeing the strange machine Abracadabra had made and hired street urchins to drag in with the promise of watery gruel with Californian raisins.

“Slurp slurp,” the urchins at the inn fire drinking their gruel with a land lord ready to boot them out as soon as the last droplets of gruel had been licked up.

“A dwarf Blitzkrieg wagon,” Alicadabara nominating Dwarf for a suicide mission.

“That's right get us dwarfs to do the bashing,” and jumped into the driver's seat.

Then the room filled with squeals as the engine cogs started up.

Swine muck shot out the exhaust covering Moronicus.

Then Dwarf released the brake and pulled a rope and a canon boomed and a wall vanished.

“Come on boys, let's rescue our mates,” and drove away over the landlord who did not want them to leave for some must pay for damages.

“I hate Garrison ouch,” famous last words of a landlord and who cares about him, he puts too much froth on the beer head so is hated by those who pay too much taxes.

Them who charge us too much taxes and wear silk ties and are all Give a?

But as this is a happy story and the urchins seeing the publican on his back, ran over him, stomped and kicked him to make sure he wouldn't come too, then ransacked his inn with these words, “We are drunk” so were not put in the stocks.

And for the next month had enough money to eat roast boar with waitress service and a bath of course for the urchins stunk of card board boxes.

And Conan left a note behind, “Bill Christina.”

And along cobbled streets the Blitzkrieg machine squeaked and met a copper who raised his hands with these words, “Where is the tax disc.”

“We dwarves take no chances,” Dwarf and, “hit the bacon to get speed,” Conan and, “run the onion peel over then call him a peeler,” and none owned up to this. And it was not an onion they peeled as that was an excuse for jokes about coppers being related to onions for all had read Sherlock Holmes who must have eaten onions raw.

So rutted **Peel** rolled into a sewer and moaned, “Full moon and all's well,” but was a lie as he was ill full of rut marks and rats that lived in the sewer so had the plague too.

Then **THING** found him so he screamed, “I am dead can't you see I am dead so leave me alone,” the night watch onion yelled.

And **THING** heard him so did not eat his clogs as that was wood for the nasty night watch never said his prayers at night or kissed teddy Good night so there so got his just deserts.

Then followed Garrison for **THING** liked the smell and squeaks.

And Harry Blackhood had bribed Wotanic and Drunken Noddy to sprinkle garlic dust over THING to do THING good; and of course dried earwigs for Eagor was not available; just as well as Eagor couldn't tell the difference between an ear wig and a cobra.

“I will make you King Charles and let you Wotanic marry Christina,” Harry and was lies to make them work dastardly deeds.

“Dastardly in in the genes ha he ho ha he ho,” an oily whisper boasting his vermin blood for he knew Christmas was coming and other religious ceremonies were gifts giving away to HIM for he was blackmailing the good god Daghdha for he knew about Morrigan and a wife that beat the day lights out of cheating husbands.

Of course when THING had done Tom as steaks was expensive and when Eagor came back might get ideas so THING must go.

And Harry walked to the palace to see his work done with these words, “386 marks an hour THING costs to run THING I must be nuts.”

And Christina was having second thoughts about ridding Ball of Womba because of his poetry.

For she never had poetry written her just aspirers giving her advice how to rid her roses of aphids.

“Is Womba more than a wart? Has he a romantic heart instead of a selfish streak? I am young rich and spoilt and do what I want and did with Tom that innocent boy who asked me to help him study the nocturnal habits of lady birds.

If I marry Womba, Harry Blackhood will spend all his time trying to do him so will leave me alone.

Perhaps I was hasty with Womba, I will visit him and see if he can recite poetry as he is stretched on the rack?”

And Eagor fell into a room full of interesting things.

“I hear something,” Eagor as the room is lit as they always are in movies. So saw twenty green crocodiles wanting to eat him.

“I will climb this rope to get away from them,” Eagor and pulled the rope and a python fell on him as well as two thousand angry vampire bat disturbed in their upside down sleep.

So he hid in a sarcophagus with pictures of Egypt on it.

And fled as he screamed for mummy hidden in it was now hanging onto his shirt tails and here an Aslop fable.

“Do as mummy bids, get the shirt tale tucked in.”

So Eagor kicked over an aviary.

“Nice tweety bird,” Eagor as the hungry giant Condor he had let loose wanted to eat him.

And as The Mummy strangled him and the bats sucked his blood, the python squeezed the life out of him, and the Condor pecked his teenage parts he fell into a pool.

“Brrr this water is cold,” for the crocodiles had left it for they was cold blooded reptiles, lucky Eagor.

Who shouted, “Help poor Eagor never learnt to swim.”

So never heard an answer from the other side of the dungeon wall.

“Who asked for help?” Pittar Patter afraid the two prisoners might escape.

And outside the palace Dwarf shouted, “Fire the canon lads,” and the palace gate went 'POOF,' for it was poof.

And THING followed.

“What noise is this?” Christina asked on the dungeon stairs.

“I believe in Harry,” Wotanic not believing in anything good.

“Bugger him,” Charles sure his kingdom wasn't worth it behind Wotanic but a bottle of meths was.

And were about to dump the dried garlic when Harry appeared.

“Not getting nervous, a deal is deal,” and behind Harry a thousand hooded shadows with meat cleavers.

“Here what the blazes,” as a crowd angry with no executions, no wedding, no Garrison to insult roared into the palace grounds and carried the three of them to the palace and down to the damp crocodile infested dungeons where an ugly monster waited for them.

Who was the ugly monster?

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HOW DID THEY GET HERE? Well all the angry crowd was so many they lifted up the grass and swept Harry under it, then stomped good so Harry popped out next to a drunk.

“Burp,” Arawan happy to see Harry.

“I will summon my lawyer so don't get ideas?” Harry warned and shouted “Oh Cannymindtrex art thou come here quick or sacked.”

And why Cannymindtrex opened a hundred black cockerels and mixed their blood with a hundred freshly dug worms and drank the lot with a flagon of wine for courage to visit Harry.

And anyone doing that deserves to visit Arawan.

And all he had to do instead was follow the call:

“Cannymindtrex where art thou?”

“I am coming with my bill,” and seeing the wagon and beasts and worse, Garrison

in it, trebled it.

And Arawan smiled for he recognised a customer.

“Cannymindtrex take this,” Blackhood handing him the contract for THING.

And Cannymindtrex recognised overtime for his nose sniffed and wiggled like as if he was vermin.

“I am still the Boss,” Harry recognising greed.

So Cannymindtrex wagged his finger, “Watch it Boss or you stay here. I am a lawyer and soon to be Boss,” for Boss was in Hell.

And the wagon's driver now snored for an empty green bottle rolled in his lap.

And this was limbo where the dodo lived, the first refuelling place for Arawan on his way home. “Burger Queen,” in neon above him flashed.

“Quick push the drunk off,” Harry and Cannymindtrex used to taking orders did with these words after, “What have I done, I will blame Garrison.”

Except Cannymindtrex went blue and purple for his flowing red lawyer's cape was about the wheel like a brake.

“I hate you Cannymindtrex,” Harry for the wagon was full of Garrison and whatever; perhaps twenty green greedy crocodiles.

And the occupants then went back to shredding each other.

Then a flying clam appeared in a poof and was full of the gods.

BEHOLD they were more noisy than the waggoner's.

BEHOLD was pulled by winged octopus, lobsters and mermaids.

BEHOLD loaned from Mahannan god of the sea as the gods where fed up of their own squabbling beasts.

BEHOLD Mahannan's giant clam on wheels the only thing big enough to carry all the gods.

BEHOLD it was collect time.

WORSE the Pregnant Cow of Heaven sat on a throne at the back of the calm and about her wives.

WORSE holding frying pans.

And the waggoner's fell silent.

"Eek," Cannymindtrex squeaked.

"Welcome to Limbo." Daghdha nervously to the wife.

"Look about this contract?" Blackhood.

Daghdha knew nothing of it except the wife was smirking, worse....giggling.

It might be Blackhood but he had face to preserve for his XXX friends were about.

"What contract?" Daghdha twinkling an eye and Blackhood found he was holding an asp that hissed.

"That was silly dear," the wife.

"Look here god, we want home," the waggoner's.

Then Ape threw a banana and none noticed Blackhood and Cannymindtrex sneaking off.

"No chimp throws a skin at me," Daghdha and looked to see if the pan was coming.

"They do for they are Garrison and don't believe in us," Nerthus.

"Don't believe in us, why they can't do that?" Daghdha.

"They are fairies dear."

"Look are you lot finished, we want home to our moat where trout float belly upwards," Garrison and added, "before no one believes in us and we poof away."

"Look at yourself dear," Nerthus.

And he saw he was fading into poof metaphysics.

"For it is metaphysics what you can't see don't exist so you don't have to believe in

what you can't see,” Nerthus who had a degree in Lobotomy.

Then Harold found a cauldron and wooden spoon full of junk for that is where junk floated.

And Harold stuffed the sea food pulling the clam into it and lit a fire under the cauldron for he had not found a fast food outlet.

And seafood objected and went nuts with the waggoner's who went walnuts shrieking.

“Hey that is my sea food,” Mahannon the sea god and jumped out off the calm and found his bottom half had faded away for Harry had let a secret out, “Get rid of guilt and do what you want with these magic words, ten marks a word, 'I don't believe if gods.'”.

“Eeeks,” he shrieked as a natural thing to do.

“Stuff this,” Daghdha and threw a spear at Womba but it went poof.

“Phew,” Womba phewed and heard a pan descend for Nerthus and the wives were Garrison fans thanks to Dog Publishers.

“Was worth it,” Daghdha as a lump grew then poofed.

“Cheated,” Harold as the sea food poofed.

And Cur sighed relieved as the lobster hanging some place dogs needed to embarrass owners went poof.

“So how do we get out of here?” Cuttyagizzard'sout complained to The Mage.

“So click Mage,” Red Beard.

And The Mage did and clicked away.

“Bugger him, who needs him?” What'shisname.

“We do for he took everything except the weevils,” Conan stuffing weevils into his clay pipe.

“Book,” Womba.

And Red Beard kicked Book away for he was a mean pirate who had a hook in his pants that must have hurt something.

“I hate you hate you,” Womba and jumped on Red Beard and did not need spurs for his toe nails were long and sharp, so made a mess of Red Beard's proud asset, “The girls love my hairy chest,” and only he believed this.

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And Arawan awoke with a headache and found Womba's mailed feet in his mouth and a bear on his head fighting Apes.

And Dwarf fought Cuttyagizzard'sout and Whipthemhard on his sclerosising liver.

And Dwarf had spurs on.

And everyone else in the wagon ran over Arawan this way and that just to be annoying.

“Blow this for a laugh,” Arawan and shook them off.

“Where are you going, you are supposed too torture us?” They all asked amazed at being ignored.

“Home.”

“Can we come?” They asked and sure Arawan replied with these words, “Never not even to unblock the latrine, never.”

“That's not fair, what's good for you is good for any Dwarf.”

“Grrrrr,” Grisly added.

“What are you hiding, diamonds?” Cuttyagizzard'sout.

“A spot marked X,” Red Beard.

“A princess?” For he was a Burke.

So Arawan threw a sign at them that landed right way up so they could read the BIG

letters, THIS WAY HOME.

And as they read Arawan faded away as no one believed in the devil anyway.

“HOME,” Womba and read no more for he was thick as toast.

“THIS WAY,” Conan for these words he knew which made him the best barbarian scout on the Wilderness Trail.

“Trash,” Arawan shouted at them from a shadow.

“We are going home,” The Lost Patrol and danced together for they were fairies.

“Ook,” Apes and skinned a banana.

And the lot of them ran through the mist that shrouded the real world and so exited Limbo.

“Never come back,” Arawan called after them and threw suitcases full of their unmentionables and socks at them for flies had been attracted to hell because of them.

And when you exit Limbo you come out where the clouds are so, “Blooming heck,” and “Eeek,” and “mummy,” was heard.

Then thud lots of times but they was lucky for they landed on a thousand relations partying below so had soft landings.

But Lord Tootanfoot was aloft from Trash and exited by himself so “Eeenawed,” all the way down and headed for a pitch fork sticking up some careless farmer had put in the ground.

And luck was with the donkey for he landed on a fir tree that bent and shot the donkey man onto a haystack, and in front of him, “Route 66,” and Tootanfoot knew this was the way home so trotted off in the wrong direction towards Amity Island and heavy thumping music.

“He ha he ha,” wicked goblins escaped from Noddy TV behind the sign thinking their joke fun.