

## Womba

## Marry me or else

“Here the spot where The Mage sun bathed while over that hill Christina was at the mercy of a **fiend**.

And there Amity Island where the rich and famous come,” the tourist guide in the future and added, “watch where you dribble that ice cream kid,” for the kid was dribbling it over a sun bathing floozy topless starlet.

And the kid had saved all his pennies from polishing chain mail at stagecoach stations to come here, in the home of dribbling ice cream on a star to get noticed and into films.

Then leave his foot print in cement in Bolly Wood.

And instead the tourist guide kicked him out off the beach, and on his back a guitar, and his head curly greasy black hair and his pelvis gyrated as he walked.

“Blue Hawaii ,” was stitched on his jerkin's back.

“Gmmupm,” the pelvic gyrater.

And the **fiend** who had fled up Highway 66 was Boss dragging Christina and behind them Cannymindtrex and a marriage settlement.

“Ge up mules,” Boss and whipped the stubborn mules to a frenzy so they hurtled down Route 66 at a 100 mph.

“ZOOOOOM,” they went.

See Boss had left not a second too soon to put his wicked plans into action since falling out of Limbo right on top of Cannymindtrex for the devil looks after his own.

“Splat,” the sound and “moan,” under the SPLAT so was a soft landing for Boss.

And Boss Harry Blackhood tied Christina across Route 66 with these words, “Marry

me or the holiday makers of May Day will rut you good, a million wagons with mules and horses doing donkey thingamajigs and dropped nappies just being changed, so fresh nappies,” Boss and showed Christina were to X.

“I am not an accomplice but a witness to the signature X and get commission,” Cannymindtrex.

“Never,” Christina for she had been to the movies so knew a handsome prince always rescued the damesal in distress. But in this story the prince has a name, Womba.

Then sounds of the first holiday maker for he was Eenawing.

“I am Ballenese and half donkey,

No one loves me,

Bo ho ho.

I eat carrots and mash,

I sleep on a four poster stuffed with hay,

So eat my bed to make me grow.

My top half fairy,

the bottom all ass.

I am Ballenese and proud of it enaw.”

“Lord Tootanfoot help,” Christina.

“That ass will not save you,” Boss.

“You don't understand, help me from him for he wants to marry me.”

“Marry me Christina and we can honeymoon in that field of clover.”

“Clear of Jackass,” Blackhood slapping donkey on the snout and added, “I never went as a kid to donkey rides at the beech, so never knew donkeys can turn nasty,” as donkey did a donkey on him for donkeys got teeth like giant rats.

“Mine all mine,” Tootanfoot dribbled untying the cheap string fiend had used to tie

up Christina; and dropped some carrot on her.

“You are not well my lord,” Christina tried reasoning and added, “touch a single hem of my petticoat and I will show you what a terrified princess can do to a donkey.”

“Promises,” for he was worse than The Mage.

“Oh look a carrot,” Christina pointing at a field knowing reasoning was out but carrots were in; especially with cheap Super Market mayonnaise dressing.

So Tootanfoot looked for the juicy carrot so missed Boss sneaking up on him with a plank with a nail sticking out at his end.

But felt it.

“Who can save me?” Christina and clutched her bosom and fainted as Rout 66 trembled with holiday makers.

Now The Mage could for he was on Route 66 where movie stars flooded in and out of Hollywood Boulevard.

And left their footprints in wet cement and their shoes for the cement was made by Harry Bros. PLC; sticky stuff.

“Who hates me so to plague me with these midges?” The Mage as he blistered from bites so swelled and looked ill so did not rescue Christina.

“Scratch scratching,” sounds were heard.

And was the midges fault for they liked the sun tan lotion he had on; bought on the cheap from a passing salesman with a black hood; a salesman who had minions to sell his goods but, “habits die hard,” the hooded one for he had smelt The Mage's pennies ten miles away.

Yes the lotion was vile and reminded the midges of the green swamps of home for it was.

Thirty million midges gorged themselves on The Mage who shouted, “Help.”

And to be generous to the midges they stayed with him for they knew what was rumbling down Route 66.

Holiday makers and who would save poor Christina?

“Ah I see through swollen midge bitten eyes Blackhood hitting Tootanfoot with a carrot,” The Mage and should have been looking above him.

Anyway Garrison fell through the air out of Limbo with the greatest of ease and there was no net under them. Just The Mage ogling Christina again serve him right and what happened next.

“It's a long way down,” Womba shouted and stuck Cur underneath him for a soft landing.

So he shrieked for Cur had other ideas so bit him some place.

“Ook,” Apes getting excited for he was a disturbed primate who did not faint at the sight of the red sauce.

“And I gave up the sea for these fools,” Red Beard and because he was remembering Geisha Girls never saw Cuttyagizzard'sout, Whipthemhard and What'shisname get above him, for they knew with such a fat captain they did have a soft landing; and Womba was above them and Cur then Apes and the rest of them.

“Sissssh, don't mention his name so he won't look up,” for Garrison knew how to be sneaky.

And Wotanic and Drunken Noddy where not with Garrison but still heading down? For as Wotanic looked out the hole where Garrison had left Limbo grinning thinking them done good and proper, he got the whiff of meths for Noddy had found Arawan's secret hidey hole where an emergency store of XXX was kept.

“Burp,” the second warning something was amiss behind.

“You are drunk?” Wotanic accusing Noddy at last.

“No I isn't.”

“What are those bottles then?”

“Empty ones.”

And the third warning all was amiss was when Noddy staggered and pushed him out of Limbo so he was above Garrison, never mind still above Red Beard the fat captain so would get a soft landing and below them all The Mage.

Then Drunken Noddy fell asleep and fell out.

And the rush of cold air sobered him up.

“Turnips and daffodils,” he swore going blue watching solid ground rush up to meet him.

And Conan showed genius for he took hold of a passing goose on the way to Amity Island to foul up the beaches.

And Apes, Eager and THING needed many geese to hold onto and THING ate his for he had not been fed his steaks.

And below a speck scratching itself covered in midges as Route 66 bounced to the approaching holiday makers.

“I will click my fingers so I wont crick my spine when I lift Christina onto safety,” The Mage thinking of peeking at pretty ankles just before SPLAT happened.

“Thank goodness someone left this rag on the road that broke my fall,” Womba.

“Think I burst this one?” Conan shaking off donkey fur.

“A goose has hit me,” The Mage and then THING hit him for he had no geese to hold onto.

Then twenty green crocodiles and the rest landed on that black rag.

“My hero,” Christina and did not specify whom so Garrison hated each other which they did anyway.

And the last to hit the rag was What'shisname whose peg leg nailed the rag to the road.

"I am not amused with Garrison," The Mage for she had not called him "hero," so clicked and Conan walked about like a tin soldier with no marbles topside.

"I will twist his arm so," Harold to make Conan wake up.

"Ook," Apes using it as an excuse to be nasty.

And the geese pecked all The Mage's hair off so he was really peeved and about to click again when the road became full of rushing holiday makers.

"What the blazes," his last words as a million tourists ran over him, with wagons and nappies needing changed.

And Womba carried Christina behind a bush with these words, "I have rescued her and her perfume fills me."

"Help," as What'shisname tried to get his peg leg free and was his last words as mules with tourists on them went over him, mules who had eaten up a field of prunes.

"Go help your mate," Conan and pushed Cuttyagizzard'sout to help the pegged one and all knew it was magic that made him ask a mate to lay down his life for a mate.

"What'shisname was never a mate of mine, never sharing the profits of sold crews with me so can stay pegged," Cuttyagizzard'sout but climbed to the top of his mate as a mobile cinema passed pulled by a hundred oxen for holiday makers need entertainment on the move.

"Go help your mates," Conan and pushed Red Beard who was ready for him so together they fell into the crowd.

"Sniff sob I will miss him at The Bridge," Womba.

Then Wotanic and Noddy landed on The Mage so he did not click again.

And was the silence that saved Garrison.

Yes so quiet after the million holiday makers had passed and there lay Garrison with many nappies, sinks and wagon wheels on them; the ones that leave rut marks behind.

And the rag took shape and stood and it was Harry Blackhood.

“Master who hates me I love you,” Eagor happy to see Boss and hugged so bones where heard to snap. “I am going home to my warm cosy straw and gnawed mutton bones, thank you kind master,” and kind master wanted Eagor dead.

“Yes home,” Garrison chorused.

And The Mage tried to cover his ears and failed for he was trying to shake off the vampire bats who had joined the midges to bite and suck his tasty blood marinated in a Harry lotion.

Then green sacred crocodiles and THINGS and Garrison clung to him demanding he send them home with clicks.

“They are tearing me limb from limb as well as stealing my wallet and unmentionables,” The Mage so clicked and Blackhood was upended and shaken by unseen hands till a magic carpet dropped out off a deep pocket, and there was a tourist footprint on it.

“That is soiled goods, here is a penny for it,” The Mage.

“This will take the crew back to Malicious and Victorious so good bye,” The Mage and put up with their hand shakes and tears of farewell, and promised not to throw their postcards out and to send them Xmas cards.

And was lies just to get rid of them so sent the carpet flying.

And their were no parachutes on the flying carpet for The Mage did not want them returning.

“They are thieving sea scum for they stole what they found in my pockets,” and laughed for his pockets were full of thingamajigs you did not want, creepy scorpions

and newts and toads for potions.

Yes the sea scum took his black diary with the best waitresses at The Bridge.

And his cash as well for waitresses ain't cheap.

His lucky rabbit foot.

His butter scotch candy so The Mage had nothing to suck but don't worry Apes gave him a banana, "Ook," Apes being friendly hoping to be sent to a forest full of floozy gorillas.

And The Mage promised all the vampire bats and crocodiles and thingamajigs he did send them back to the dungeon so fleeced the rag again for a large chest in his back pocket.

"Why me" The rag annoyed.

"Because you are the greedy miser who all want to hear gets fleeced," so The Mage fleeced good and clicked all the horrid dungeon things into it, where they made such a mess miser knew he could not sell the chest anyway.

Except to Womba if he had a chance to say dragons had messed it up.

"I want the dungeons instead of level 9 hell and that red eared hound," THING and rolled up the bandages on his leg to reveal gnaw marks and there waiting for a coroner a white tooth belonging no doubt to the hound.

"Howl," the red eared hound knowing it was being mentioned.

"Are you sure?" The Mage liking the idea of THING in Haliput to eat Harry Black hood out of business.

For no one like an oily miser.

"Yes I want to be free for Black hood's steaks are so small. I want freedom to eat at the restaurants of Haliput and mug the dungeon visitors," THING and The Mage was so worried he did get blamed changed his click so THING did be free every ten years to



annoy Harry.

And the sacred green crocodiles and Mummy and vampire bats and boars and that mammoth were all happy for they could terrorize the dungeons .

Except THING who had to wait ten years so said, "I have been had."

And The Mage saw a broken broom stick sticking out of Harry's chest pocket.

"It is broken so can't be sold so finders weepy keepers peepers," and clicked and sent Wotanic and Noddy away."

"I could have sold that as kindling," Harry and checked his pockets in case anything else was showing.

And as he searched tinkled a crate of green meth bottles kept for an emergency sale to Arawan.

"You owe those two as much in pay," The Mage and sent the crate after Wotanic who screamed, "Blooming heck a crate full of meths has landed on my head."

"I am the best navy dish washer ever so let me come home with you?" Alicadabara hoping to learn The Mage's magic and turn the former into a duck, "And cook the best duck ever," for he was obsessed with duck and added, "Duck orange, duck curry, duck oriental, sweet and sour duck," see what I mean.

And The Mage knew wizards needed to keep together or Garrison did get ideas so agreed.

"Ook," Apes wanting to come too and fluttered his eyelashes so The Mage gave in for he had a vision, of Apes in a waitress outfit serving him marmalade on toast, kippers and porridge as he read the morning paper, the Times of course for mages isn't common like us.

And sent Alicadabara and the chimp to his tower, and threw in a chest of tools and a wagon load of timber for the tower needed mending.

Then felt tugging at his left foot and claws shredding his right so saw Dwarf clinging to his left foot with big brown eyes. "We are orphans please let us live at The Bridge," and then saw on his right foot Grisly with bigger brown eyes, "Grrrrrr," the bear pleaded for what was good for that smelly dwarf was good for a bear.

"The pain of shredded feet," so poofed them away and limped here and there as he clicked his right foot all better.

"Grisly promised to be a rug during winter," The Mage having ideas about getting Grisly stuffed to be on the safe side.

"I don't want anything," and was Harry Blackhood fearing The Mage did send him to the North Pole with Egor as company.

"Oh a rubber duck," for a yellow bath duck had fallen out of a black hood.

"Listen it sounds like a squeak not quack so is faulty," and The Mage gave Harry nothing. But did enlarge the yellow duck and told Garrison to get on.

"Phew he has forgotten me and Egor," the miser as the ducky flew into the air.

"Click," and just like that Harry and Egor where in the North Pole.

"I will go insane alone with him," Harry prophesying his future.

"Never mind Boss I managed to catch a fly before we left for supper," and Egor ate it so Harry got no supper. "And cheer up Boss look at all the ice cubes we can suck," for Egor was an idiot.