

Womba

King Womba

“Here the four poster bed the royal couple did not sleep in,” a future tourist guide.

“Here the postcard Womba sent to his chums at the Bridge Inn,” showing a square of Ajax outhouse paper with a stamp. “And these stamps are rare as they show both royal heads.” And was true for the handsome model posing as Womba eloped with a chamber maid.

And even Sampenciltrex could not force his monkey to paint Womba for the monkey broke into hysterical laughter when it looked at King Womba.

And Cannymindtrex and Offaltrex printed those stamps knowing they did become collector items.

For Harry Blackhood was up north with Eagor looking for frozen reindeer; and since Harry was absent Offaltrex went to town opening stamp collector shops, and showed what one could do without a nights sleep. Not forgetting the new chain of spiced chicken drummer outlets called OFFALChicken straight off an Offaltrex farm.

So Harry did not see Cannymindtrex's new chariot pulled by black panthers and leather padded, all very sexy for a lawyer had cash to spend.

And the guide showed the tourists the loft where Womba slept for a night hiding from Pittar Patter.

“I will not sign,” Womba protested as Christina slipped a divorce paper through the door way with these words, “Dearest look out the loft window,” and Womba did and saw an angry mob wanting to burn him, of course after quartering him, of course after strangling him, of course after drawing him and of course after other nasty thingies they did do him for they hated him.

He was Womba, too ugly to be their Prince Charming.

And the crowd saw him, "Look there is the wart?" They shouted seeing him at the loft window so threw bricks, shoes, alley cats, feral dogs and beggars at him to encourage King Womba to leave Haliput.

And King Womba was hungry so ate the lot except the beggars of course.

"Sign," Cannymindtrex shoving the divorce papers back.

"I am King Womba," the Burke in the loft so did not see a royal; finger twitch so the palace gates were opened and the crowd rush in.

"Stick a hot poker somewhere," a cruel crowd member who was an ex employee of Henry V11's uncle; as this is an attempt to sprinkle Shakespeare here and not Satirextex.

"Stretch his tongue then slice it off salami sausage fashion," another hungry crowd member fresh out of a movie called Brave heart in an attempt to bring Bolly Wood here.

."We must flee dearest," Womba in the loft.

"We?" Christina and added, "sweetheart if a wart on your head is burned I did never forgive myself, quick ride Old Nag back to The Bridge Inn, a sackful of pearls sits idly at the stable door," for she wanted rid of him and the pearls were beads painted white bought from an oily salesman.

"Sniff," Womba replied for Cannymindtrex had opened the court room door and rioters had set alight Womba's locks.

"Shriek," the princess for he had thrown her across his shoulders and ran, quite forgetting his beloved was now on fire.

"Help," she cried and allowed the angry mob to pull her to safety. But the flames spread all over Womba who jumped out the window and landed in a water trough and then slid dripping wet into a barn and shut the barn door, then lifted a secret trap door and hid in a wine cellar.

And the wine ignited with a POOF for King Womba was the hottest celebrity ever.

And Cannymindtrex saw it all so, "Psst," he psst outside the wine cellar.

"I recognise a Give a Copper?" Womba and was correct for the lawyer shoved the divorce papers at him.

"Oh greatest of Medusa's please sign the divorce papers," the lawyer being insulting about Womba's rural rustic looks.

"Never," Womba.

"Over here boys and girls," the lawyer so angry rioters thumped at the cellar door.

And Womba put his X to the divorce paper and was no longer king.

Now an Aslop fable, "Greedy lawyers always let you down," for as Cannymindtrex went to collect his fat fee from Christina he threw the rioters the cellar key.

And two friends on their haunches watched everything till the red stuff began to squirt for violence did nothing for Old Nag but did for Bat Wing.

"Here they are going to throw him off the palace's highest tower, better fly down and rescue the idiot," Old Nag.

"Yes, better," Bat Wing hoping they did hurry up and throw Womba off for a moat full of leeches was at the bottom for were-wolf and ghoulish movies she loved and leeches were second best; especially if that red scaly dragon was in the back seats with her. The naughty flirtatious beast and Old Nag her boyfriend present too.

"Better fly for they just threw him off, and see you later at The Bridge Inn," Old Nag and trotted away so never saw Bat Wing rub her paws as she watched Womba fall to the moat.

And Womba fell in the moat and was covered in leeches, billions of them so even the rioters felt pity and left him to get sucked dry with these words, "Maybe he wasn't that bad looking," but was lies and they knew it.

And even Bat Wing was afraid with all them leeches Garrison did notice something wrong with Womba and blame her, so reluctantly she flew done to pluck him out of the moat.

And what goes round comes round for twenty leeches crawled off Womba onto her.

Serves her right, the blood lusting violent bat girl.

And outside South Gate the crowd was burning their cereal fields to rid it of Garrison so they did have plentiful harvests again for they were idiots, Bat Wing dropped Womba for the twenty leeches had been joined by a thousand more.

Never mind Womba landed softly on Old Nag walking by.

“Gee up horse,” Womba and the horse bucked him off.

So the angry mob running about with torches saw he whom they hated and gave chase, all the way to the Dark Witch Filled Woods where Big Ears the Pixy lived. But Womba had to go through that wood to get home so the witches there in sacred oak groves gave him some extra toes as a joke; long ones so all did notice.

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And there was a wolf lurking in that wood that did not bite Womba for it was biting some one else, someone who had got Eagor to carry him south on the promise he could eat all the flies he could catch.

“Wont cost me a thing,” the miser Boss for he knew with smelly Eagor flies did always be handy nearby; for the monster knew not what soap was but to spread it on thick toast for Eagor was thick as thick toast. Then poor Eagor blew bubbles and chased them to burst with these words, “Tra la la how happy I am.”

And as usual Harry complained to Eagor life was his fault and must look at his feet so Boss would not see his boils on his chin and be reminded of Eagor, so Eagor cried for he knew Boss did not love him, so did a wise ting, dropped Harry Boss so Boss rolled

down a pine lined hillside.

Yes 365 pine trees grew on the hillside and Boss Harry Black hood hit everyone.

“Howl howling we will go,” Boss hearing the wolf as pine acorns went down his hood so he scratched this way and that.

“What is this a full moon?” Harry Boss for a second ago the sun was out but this is a story so anything happens for Bolly Wood is full of special effects.

And remembered what Dog Publishers wrote to sell horror books, “Were-wolf of the dark lonely streets rips throat out, 'Your throat.'” So Harry Boss trembled for the howling was near and knew were-wolves lived in Holly Wood for he had seen Jack Nicholson in 'Wolf'.

“I am the were-wolf who rips throats to eat the apple within, howl,” Harry Boss heard and scampered through the under bush but the were-wolf scampered faster as it had hind legs built for scampering.

Besides Harry's black robe caught on a tree branch and all his pennies fell out.

“Mine mine mine,” Harry as he picked them up oblivious to “Grrrrrrrr.”

So was the bad breath panting on his face that made Harry look up and there twenty were-wolfs no longer howling but drooling and worse, holding butcher implements.

And knew he was burger.

“Eagor come back Boss needs you quick. Boss is sorry he called you an ignorant sausage face,” and Eagor heard twenty miles away for he had big floppy ears.

Had Eagor not been called Elephant Man in the circus by Marty driving before Assassindeadlyknife rescued him.

And the were-wolves feared for pine trees snapped and the wind blew pine needles into them so they shrieked instead of howling.

And Harry felt sorry for them for he knew a monster was coming and then Eagor was

here.

“Master wants me,” and Egor buffed the twenty were-wolves so they ran away with their tails behind their bums.

Except one three hundred pound black were-wolf on Egor's back and Egor threw it off with these words, “Go claw someone else,” onto Boss.

“Naughty puppy,” Egor pulling the snarling were-wolf off Boss and kicked it away.

“Master it is Egor who always protects you, speak and make Egor happy.”

“Gitlostsaugagefacemonster,” Harry spat and moaned so Egor was happy.

So Egor threw Harry across his shoulders and went off to Haliput where straw and mutton bone waited him.

And Harry died on his back for were-wolves rip you to slivers and eat your kidneys you know as well as bitties you need for were-wolves are degenerate thingamabobs that lounge about under full moons reading tabloids.

And Egor did not know this for he was singing, “Egor happy, Egor spank the bad were- puppy, Egor hug and cuddle master, bad lying flowers I stamp on,” on the way home.

And in hell level 9 Arawan could not belief his luck for there was Harry.

“Morrigan will be so happy she will stop nagging me,” so Arawan thought but Harry poofed away and can you guess why?

“Can't a decent woman sleep in this coal shed?” Morrigan awakened.

“Sorry dear, Harry visited,” Arawan thinking she did be pleased.

“And you let him go,” and she threw a sackful of coal at Arawan and emptied his meths out which was real cruel.

And imps and souls felt sorry for Arawan for, “He never rode them over coals with spurs, or swung us so we collided with rocks or made us drink meths and then blow on a

match.

“I am a were-wolf,” Harry opening his eyes on Egor's back and howled. “Mr Chairman who never dies they will call me,” and he fed on Egor who found his master's attention embarrassing.

“What have I done?” Harry realising Egor would be a were-monster and be with him till the end of time.

“Forever master, how lucky you are?” Egor and howled.

And explains why Harry Balckhood still lives in the future with an army of tourist guides to sell you green plastic dinosaurs.

“I am thinking of making a movie called 'Howl' in Bolly Wood for extras as were-wolf food come cheaper there than stunt men in Holly Wood,” Harry dreaming time away to get Egor out of his mind.

“Egor ha ha he he ho ha ha,” Harry showing you he could not get Egor out of his mind and Harry frothed and foamed at the mouth and gnawed away at Egor for Harry just might be demented.

“Naughty Boss,” Egor and slapped Harry good so his fangs wobbled this way and that.