

Womba

King

“I was king,” Womba boasted in the Bridge Inn as he watched one of his warts floating in his XXX for too much ZZZ makes a Womba fall to pieces starting with the liver and ending with the thingamajig; and in between the facial warts.

“Away you go,” the patrons and added, “There your crown and there the throne,” meaning a spittoon and loo and worse Dwarf and Grisly had been acting suspiciously near these objects.

“Ha he ha he,” a caged hyena thinking that hilarious and was the background laughter for these beasts are cheaper than an audience paid to laugh.

“Apes,” Womba for Apes was no longer just Apes but Apes the King's Champion and the ape swung down from the rafters dropping banana skins as he went.

“Ook,” it grunted and the patrons threw nuts because they were free at the bar.

“Better than Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving uncle's circus,” patrons as they watched Apes chase nuts. And the patrons waited for the big accident for there was no net underneath, just tables with patrons, the nasty type who took offence to their drinks getting spilled. And just as well Apes learned to swing rafters because them patrons were armed with two handed swords and axes and nets and even a small cage to cram Apes in, for they would sell him to Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving uncle's circus to pay for the spilt drinks.

And outside a lonely captain manned the guard hut at the bridge playing Solitaire. Inside his marines played with more exciting toys without a thought about him for they had left these words of advise, “Leave your post which we are meant to guard and we throw you in the moat,” and showed Moronicus the cement.

And since everyone was in the Inn who did the chopping down of forests Moronicus built the new hut and the kennel for Cur too, too pass the time for playing with a piece of lonely string can drive one almonds.

“I hate the lot of them,” he kept muttering and through his fingers a lead ball went this way and that with an added word, “Cain,” and “mutiny,” and “Yes hate them hate them hate them,” and what happened to the string, “It wanted fine company so threw it on the ground to speak to worms.”

And was Harold who helped build the new hut and kennel for he believed he was building a French restaurant for that is what Garrison told him; for they was liar's and him niece. Never mind this is a happy fairy tale so in the blue print a cooking area and table and plastic plates forks and spoons and a primus stove mountaineers use; nearby a tin of snails and a tin opener so see, Harold would be happy eventually after he figured out how to use the tin opener for Vikings used their teeth but poor Harold didn't have any. The truth is he was just plain thick.

And Cur would never use the kennel for the dog regarded itself as fairy and right now was upstairs being groomed by a waitress who fed him bone soup.

And after getting kicked out of the Inn for using a spitting as a privy, monthly Dwarf and Grisly Bear would come into the bridge to buy supplies and spread lies about their fame, “Yes we skinned twenty Fiends this month,” for they was boasters and knew waitresses rewarded their lies with free Peterhead fish head soup.

“Grrrr,” Grisly adding his comment.

And they patrolled the land between the last rip and Inn, which explains why Garrison was able to spend all their pay there.

And a small settlement grew up about Filthy Big Bertha's and in time tourists would flock here and buy plastic dinosaurs at stalls with Harry Bros. PLC on them.

And Christina was happy with baby Tom and often checked it for warts for she was haunted about Route 66 and a holiday fling.

And since she spent her time looking for warts Harry Blackhood took control for “Six months being fed flies taught me one thing, Eagor must go, six months of his howling, six months without making cash,” and everywhere Offaltrex shop signs and not Harry Bros. PLC.

Now Harry sat at the top of his long table, carried to the palace to show all he was in charge.

And “I howl with Boss at the full moon and with Boss run about fields catching rabbits to shred for we are were-thingies, howl,” Eagor and was carrying in Yorkshire Puddings and hot gravy and tripped on a begging minor relation and soaked Boss good.

“By the gods what has that monster down to me,” Harry Boss jumping about seeking cold water to cool down in.

“Here Boss,” Eagor carrying a jar of cold water and because he was thirsty drank it all.

“I hate you Eagor do you hear, hate you,” cruel Boss.

“Bo ho bo ho.”

And with Wotanic two rowers who never left.

“One can stay seeing pink elephants,” Christina who sent daddy shipments of meths to make sure he never asked for the throne back. “And pensioned Wotanic off,” and Wotanic turned his little rowing boat into a home from home and nightly rowed ashore and bored waitresses with his adventure tales, but they sat in their frillies for he paid well. Waitresses in frillies may you ask? Yes for they split the carrot soup and needed to dry their dresses by the fire in Wotanic's rented back room. And rabbits fly about the moon would you believe?

Anyway: room service and just as well he had a pension so was content but the waitresses could wait till went home in his jolly rowing boat and stood up for a wee and fell off and got eaten all up by hungry fins..

“And so stays away from me,” Christina and his pension was tagged to the inflation rate to make sure he rowed nightly.

And Arawan was depressed so drank more meths for Morrigan had turned out to be a nagging thingamabob whose mouth never shut.

“I will ration his meths as I am not living with a drunk,” so Arawan saw pink elephants everywhere and went bananas.

And The Brotherhood who gave Wotanic his first star billing multiplied and their umbrella spread like octopus tentacles over Haliput so sucked in all discontentants such as minor relations.

And covered the pavements in mess for they did not use litter bins and worse, did not pick up their doggy messes and use the doggy mess bins.

“Womba will return,” they also whispered too drunks leaning on lamp posts and to lovers in bed for were like bed bugs and even spoke to you in the loo.

“That idiot return?” Harry Blackhood and “howl,” for Womba might stop him ruling and let Little Tom be king. “Fat chance,” the greasy oily miser.

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And in the future Harry trembles at night with nightmares as The Brotherhood whisper in his ear, “Womba will return.”

So awakens and The Brotherhood hide under his bed, on his closet and in his black hood and chamber pot Eagor forgets to empty.

“Where is that monster I hate for lavender gives me sweet dreams of mummy but this essence gives me nightmares of **THING RETURNED**,” Harry sweating and should

be grateful foe he was losing weight the fat slob.

Anyway: “Surely if the ploughman ploughs Womba's Round Barrow up the swines following will eat what tasty bits remain, and then to the pie maker and surely Womba will be dead and NEVER RETURN,” the ghastly miser who had black circles under his eyes from lack of sleep. “I am a hundred now and buy potions from Druidtrex to stop my fur flaking off with age, howl, and become frolicsome on full moons and with Eagor run about a rose garden fouling it up to be nasty.”

And Druidtrex had a vision, to accidentally add one extra dried earwig to his potion and summon Garrison back for Harry taxed them too much, even their loo seats were taxed on size.

“Promise me Eagor if that happens, you skewer me with a silver sword,” Harry pleaded on gangrene hundred year old legs.

“How can I skewer the thing I love,” Eagor and patted Boss so hard Boss's brain rattled this way and that for Eagor was strong, huge and did not know his own strength as well as being stupid.

“Maybe that extra earwig will give me back my strength and rid me of Eagor?” Harry hoped. “I will get Druidtrex to lift carpets and seek earwigs straight away, he ah he ha,” Harry for he too kept hyenas in a cage as pets and background laughter.

And many ghosts about him whispered, “Do it Harry for we want to return.”

And repeated it so much it became hypnotic and he did it and then slept and the ghosts would not let him waken in case he stopped Druidtrex making the spell for Garrison to return.

“Moan,” Harry as he saw Womba and Garrison float by his eyes for dreams are from the other world.

“Don't worry Boss, Eagor is here to cuddle you to make you feel safe,” and Eagor

cuddled and the night filled with the sound of breaking bones of course interrupted with these words, "I hate you Eagor."

And who was Druidtrex? Perhaps a mage who knew the secret of long life parading under a new name for all knew The Mage was he who gave the wolf a bad name in Red Riding Hood.

And went under the name of Foreign investors perhaps?

A forgotten uncle?

Bank interest rates.

Non transparent governments?

Party elections and your party didn't win?

The D.A. says the bones left over were a dogs and not a mobsters?

Perhaps a disgraced official sneaked back in via The Muppets?

Or old black and white movies come too life?

Or the minister on church day rabbiting on about his holiday?

Or Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving definitely for he is crossed eyed?

Or WOMBA RETURNED and Harry's nightmare come true?