

Womba

Isisnaphut

Born Hal 895 and christened Ahmenton, “and loathed my name for it meant fairy king and wanted daddy and mummy done good for that. Did they not make me attend parties dressed as a pixie? And took my loathing out on the servants with daddy’s bull whip for that is what servants are paid for?”

“Eek,” the sound of eeking servants running under a bull whip.

“And mummy put me in pink pantaloons and a sailor’s hat.

“Fairy,” my noble pals called me so ran out of chums for even a princely brat has his own executioner to run pittar patter to the block.

And grew into a monster who bought an even bigger bull whip from a plastic dinosaur stall.

Was I not beastly?

And tortured Ballenese tourists by making them watch plays Satirextex had written about Fiends being heinous.

Then sent them to our Circus Humerus to entertain Fiendish crowds fighting lions and real dinosaurs.

He ha he ha, and see by my laugh I am an ogre with bad breath. “Save us kind sir,” the fairy woman would shout and wink and show ankles but I cared not for I am Ahmenton in pink tights. The Fiendish fairy that built greenhouses to have parties where all my friends came in pink pantaloons so we were all the same.

And our world on this side of the rip is green for the ultra violet is green and makes our creamy parsley sauce yucky green so prefer rancid butter sauce.

Yes the green has strange effects on us on this side of the rip, why just look at me and our giant snails that are feared because they are BIG.

And got numerous teeth and found out we taste nicer than cabbage.

No wonder why our god is Gastropodicus who commanded us, "Eat my kind in remembrance of me."

And we do in rancid butter sauce."

And the day came when a monotonous boy gave his parents poisoned apples to speed them off to happy hunting grounds.

"So with gripe put them into Circus Humerus and bribed the High Priest to denounce them as worshippers of King Charles of Ball. Any excuse will do, we like to watch rich folk get their come ons running from giant slimy snails. Much cheaper than lions as the snails get fattened for us to eat them at Xmas.

Oh what a ratter I am?

And since I don't encourage corruption had an assassin mummify the High Priest while he slept and sent an assassin to lock the first assassin in a kitchen full of starving roaches to encourage employment for assassins.

And an assassin to push that assassin off a cliff while that assassin was walking his dog there."

"Woof," the dog jumping this way and that now free to sneak into pedigree dog shows and cause an explosion in unwanted cross breeds.

And here an Aslop fable, “Why calling a man a dog is a vile thing to do.”

“Yes and the assassins assassinated till none could remember who was paying them; just what I wanted clean fingers and lots of cash in the bank.

Then changed my name to Isisnaphut after the goddess of love and in a name the character of a Fiend. And my nickname became ‘Isn’t he lovely?’

Then met this wizard called Alicadabara who told me about Ball that is flat and full of fairies, “Real ones sire,” so burned with ambition to meet all these other ‘fairies in pink pantaloons.’ And those I have met defending the bridge do not wear pink and are unwashed and smell of manure and have things moving about their heads; surely these are mercenaries from the human world? So still burn with desire to meet a fairy and by the way, the Fiendish world is so large it is hexagonal and uncharted; and somewhere there a scared mangrove with trees with shrunken skulls and howling and heaps of bats flying about, the home of Alicadabara where a magic mirror hangs.”

“Mirror find me the most degenerate powerful fairy lord,” Alicadabara and the mirror showed Tootanfoot lost in a maze in a rose garden and poor thing, he was covered in green fly seeking revenge for plucking them off succulent roses. “So educated him showing him his new toady looks if he did not help me,” Alicadabara.

“Never fear wicked wizard the Princess Christina is my betrothed. See I enter her rose garden and whisper, ‘My darling’ then ravage her ten times so now we are friends please get me out of this maze?” The one people whisper behind his back, ‘Here comes that idiot Tootanfoot.’ “And when I am made king by Fiendish troops I will invite Isisnaphut to visit his younger brother in Haliput and boil him in rancid butter sauce and eat the ugly

gastropod up. For I am told all Fiends are snails and dream of going to heaven as snails but must be eaten by a fairy to achieve this,” Tootanfoot a skinny aspirer.

“And I Alicadabara am told fairies must be eaten by a Fiend to go to fairy heaven so have a cauldron full of carrots and onions waiting for Tootanfoot. 'Yes here comes that idiot Tootanfoot.’”

“And I Isisinaphut know these stories are rubbish and if you want rid of someone just hire an assassin and many assassins till they can’t remember who is paying them so get them free.”

“And I Alicadabara know there is only one ruler of lands on either side of the rip, me but it isn’t official yet.”

“And before I hire a hundred assassins for they come cheap in Fiend land I will make Tootanfoot tell me his secret of virility by showing him a fire full of hot coals and a knife and fork,” Isisinaphut.

“And that is what Tootanfoot gets for telling lies so all beware out there,” an Aslop fable.

“And that is what Ali’ gets for finding the most degenerate lord ever and never heard nobles titter behind that lord’s back, ‘Here cometh that idiot Tootanfoot, titter titter ha ha he he,’ Aslop again and laughs like a rat getting tickled.

“My virility is in this pouch full of dried healthy stuff a witch sold me. Purple mushrooms mixed with the front teeth of a crocodile, the wings of six barn owls, elephant tusks and the droppings of a rabid female fox on heat,” to discourage any from seeking

the witch and Tootanfoot did not tell them he bought the lucky bag from Harry at a plastic dinosaur stall for Harry got around.

“And I The Mage am fed up being a fly go ‘POOF’ and am myself again and shout ‘Help,’ for the rafter I poofed on can’t take my weight so I crash onto the stairwell Harry was supposed to have mended.

And do not roll and somersault down the stairs there but go through them for twenty levels so shriek all the way down and moan when I hit the hallway floor with a loud thud.”

“Here was that The Mage just crashed through twenty levels of stairs?” Conan being the most intelligent of the Garrison Men asked.

“Oink.” an intelligent reply.

“Wow.”

“Woof.”

So Garrison ventured forth to see what they could steal from the silent body of The Mage.

“He might have an expensive time piece that I can’t afford,” Conan.

“A potion to make me a sergeant like Womba,” Tom.

“Oink,” someone hoping for nuts.

“Woof,” someone hoping to see what eatables a mage had for mages did not eat ration biscuits with crunchy weevils, but fine French cuisine.

“Here that is my Swiss time piece,” The Mage and made some rabbit ears longer so they flapped in the summer breeze.

“Blast,” the rabbit.

“Here that potion is to give one X ray eyes,” The Mage warned Tom and did not say only when the moon was full every twenty years and for twenty years did have a boil some place too.

“Here give me some of that,” Conan thinking of a princess and drank the lot.

“And has side effects for on full moons you grow fur and howl and rip and shred sheep good,” The Mage looking for a silver necklace to ward off were-garrison men.

“Wow,” an irresponsible innocent boy.

“Oink,” a retired Viking from the top of the tower but was ignored for it was breezy up there and all had seen a mage shriek his way down recently so did not like watching repeats; perhaps in slow motion though?

“Here what is that dog eating?” The Mage seeing a string of his sausages disappearing down an ugly looking dog’s mouth.

“Woof,” a satisfied reply from an animal wanting more.

“Poof,” as The Mage turned the dog with a nasty streak pink.

“Oink,” as Harold desperately tried to get their attention above.

“Here is that Viking throwing bricks on my head?” Conan who being thick headed did not feel a thing.

“Maybe he found a bag of nuts?” A boy showing he was not innocent but an imbecile.

“Woof,” a pink dog and bit The Mage some place important then fled up the rickety stairwell to hide above in rafters and beams.

“Here who threw this brick on my head,” The Mage distracted from turning a fleeing dog into a large turkey for the pot, enough for everyone to silence complaints about eating something with vermin blood.

“Oink,” a reply as another brick bounced off The Mage who being a sensitive person felt it for sure he did.

“He wants us to come up and look at something?” Conan not volunteering to climb those stairs he knew Harry never mended but took the money for the job. Yes that was the type of swindler Harry was, a rotten one.

“Poof,” and just like that Conan found himself twenty levels up looking across a pretty landscape and did not appreciate the artistic beauty of the scene for there were no walls left to stop him falling over for the breeze up here was gusty; and Garrison Men were clinging to him for they did not want gusted away either.

“Woof,” and a pink dog clung to him as well.

“Shriek,” Conan as the nasty dog clung to some place needed to sit in an outhouse.

“Poof,” and Christina stood beside them for The Mage was one of these types who liked to share what went round with them that caused it. A revealing side to his character that shows he was not a forgiving fairy but a person more likely to turn you into a pumpkin for he liked his puddings.

“This is more like it,” Conan feeling the princess cling to him places.

“Oink,” an excited whatever it was?

“Ah it is a donkey coming this way with an army of Fiends behind it,” The Mage for he was always kind to the retired Viking but why? Was he an animal lover, well we can

answer that by looking at a pink dog who didn't know it was pink; surely a secret needs exploring sometime?

“It looks like Womba in the lead,” the Princess Christina never forgetting a wart.

“Chasing a carrot at the end of a stick,” Conan.

“Is that Lord Tootanfoot riding him?” Christina afraid something of her ambition to be queen had gone amiss.

“My tea leaves revealed your entire plan to me,” The Mage and grinned so all his gold and diamond fillings glittered in the summer sun hoping to impress her; for royalty are always broke.

And because the princess was distracted Conan got away with wrapping oily hands about her; sun flower oily hands that even Harry would have been proud of! Or perhaps she had remembered a barbarian who years earlier had sneaked into a rose garden?

“Boo ho boo ho,” a girl knowing a pretty girl only needs to sob and all the pretty girls’ wrongs are swept under the carpet.

“I have reduced a fairy to a donkey even if he was a donkey,” Christina and gave a big sigh and squirted some tears so there was a rush of handkerchiefs and sleeves and even a furry pink paw for her to wipe them away and give her nose a good blow.

And she knew she was forgiven for Garrison Men where offering her Turkish Delight, fresh gum, an unshelled peanut, a gnawed bone and mirror that floated by itself for her to pretty herself up fresh.

It was revolting the grovelling coming out of these tough seasoned drunks who would now face the whole Fiendish army for her as volunteers and get killed. But they were men and were not thinking so deserved what they were getting.

“Who can blame her of wanting rid of King Charles who it is said bathes nightly in a bath full of XXX as floozy pixies sponge him down and feed him olives to the music of his enemies nailed to castle walls by hunchbacks in tight leather outfits; and other hunchbacks in fire proof outfits held hot tongs for putting places to get that music.

And all said nothing for they were jealous of King Charles.

“And what about me? I am fed of being chucked aside for a bottle of XXX,” his teddy complains.

Anyway: “It was Lord Tootanfoot’s idea as he wants to marry me and be an evil king who plucks the wings from fairies just before they are thrown from castle walls into fetid moats below,” Christina knowing as a pretty forgiven girl anything she said was believed.

And none saw anything treacherous in wanting to marry the pretty princess.

“As king he wants to be mega rich by taxing XXX,” Christina and was lucky her nose did not grow like Pinocchio’s so Garrison hated Tootanfoot for XXX was sacred.

“He intends what? He is a Fiend needing to visit a chopping board,” Conan feeling withdrawal pains of no more XXX.

“A Fiend for me to chop off his head and get a medal,” a boy showing boys were idiots and made of everything nasty.

“Oink,” a retired Viking jumping up and down and wringing his hands about an imaginary Lord Tootanfoot.

“Woof,” a dog showing how nasty he could be to Tootanfoot and ripped apart a plastic dinosaur left behind.

“Poof,” The Mage and sent a constipation spell to annoy Tootanfoot with his Fiend friends.

“I will make a fortune selling prunes,” a whisper on the wind and the voice was Harry’s.

“We need the donkey,” The Mage seeking volunteers for he had a plan and Christina was alarmed for it meant Womba back.

And there was a scream as The Mage heard a volunteer with the only brains slip on unmended stairs twenty levels up; a long way for any volunteer to fall.

So Conan slipped into the world of nothingness and saw a white light at the end of a tunnel and people with wings waving to him there; so was happy knowing Heaven was full of fairies.

“Pigs can fly,” The Mage and stopped Conan thudding into the cold unwelcoming floor twenty levels below and for atmosphere The Mage did not cast his spell till Conan was a foot above the cold unwelcoming stone floor.

So Conan appeared beside him.

“Is that it, pigs can fly?” The retired adventurer mightily peeved The Mage had waited so long to save him. And The Mage again revealed a bit of character, that there is a sadistic streak in mages especially him.

“Well this rabbit isn’t going alone,” and Conan knew his volunteers were at hand to rescue a donkey.

“What a hero?” And a pretty princess kissed his cheek.

“Wow,” was all a boy could say after he was kissed.

“Oink,” and was kissed by a princess with eyes shut.

“Woof,” and was blown a kiss.

“Woof,” and was picked up in gloves and kissed.

“Poof,” and Tom appeared again so the princess kissed him again and behind a bush
“poof” as Tom became The Mage.

So all were happy except Christina who gargled with fox glove to kill off infections.

And when the volunteers went down the slippery rickety stairs Christina the pretty princess threw away her expensive silken gloves and retched here and there and never noticed volunteers had fleeced the jewelled rings on her fingers, the gold earrings and her diamond encrusted garter.

“We are Garrison Men and proud of it,

Off to rescue a warty it.

We are full of nasty its.

If there was ever a wicked it we are it.

And warty it is a gormless it.

But mates look after their its.

But he isn't a mate so is the other it.

The BOSS bossy its.

So can stew as a cooked it.

So Fiends can eat it.

And we will be rid if it.

Free to be our own its.

Yes it is, Satirextex.

We are what makes an army move.

We eat army food so got colic.

And under the bridge frolic.

And got nothing to prove.

Womba? Really?