

Womba

A nasty dog.

And Womba was happy for in the roadside puddle discovered ‘pigs can fly’ had removed his rabbit ears.

“And missiles pricked volunteers.

Who became mighty sore?

Give us pay for beers?

So we see four?

And their liege Christina

Led them to battle.

Where is Aunt Wilhelmina?

In her pram full of baby rattles?

Who is this aunt?

Supposed in a chariot pulled by wolves

Supposed for she is a runt?

Who needs figs to make her things move,

And smote Isisnaphut good.

So he was rancid butter food .”

From a granite plaque at the modern day bridge read by tourists and because it was the worst poetry ever tourists skipped the rest and had to see who wrote it, yes ‘Satirextex’ was at the bottom and it was his cousin Quick Draw

Sampenciltrex made the cast for the plaque, he who worked for Harry and these two were responsible for culture in the Land of Ball. What Harry wanted you to think was art was rubbish for Harry not only knew how to sell plastic dinosaurs whose limbs fell off when rub a tub tub in the bath, but to run his own PR without a Duchess.

And Satirextex wrote this in Common as Muck Big Bertha's Guest House full of something and was a Fiend who hid himself under a green hood on the large size to fool people into thinking he was big. But they knew otherwise because when he walked the extra high heels stuck onto his sandals gave the show away.

"Click," they clicked.

Now here is the truth and was not written at Common as Muck Big Bertha's Guest House.

The Mage seeing Cur sniggering over Conan's reluctance to volunteer because of some 'poofing' found itself chained to a wooden cart used to pull manure to the fields.

"Woof," which means "what a stink woof."

"It was available," The Mage defending his choice of 1912 cart models.

"Oink," a retired Viking thinking that funny.

"Wow," an innocent boy without wicked thoughts so is innocent as he has no thoughts; not even bum fluff to be daring.

"At least I am not volunteering alone," Conan and his prophesy came true for they all found themselves in the smelly 1912 cart now full of carrots.

"For the bunny," The Mage.

"What's Up Doc?" Conan replied and bounced.

“They fight for a copper piece a day and to cover the weeds you played with in your rose garden. A copper piece that buys them their bowl of runny gruel, many pints of watered down warm mint beer, some strange tobacco and if they save hard a guided tour of Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House every weekend.

For they are Garrison Men and all you have to stop them thirty thousand fiends and Tootanfoot marrying you,” The Mage deliberately making the pretty princess feel bad.

“Sob,” so she cried and of course on his shoulder to cry upon.

And proves Aslop, ‘Never trust a mage,’ right especially a dirty old man under a long white beard walking about all day in a long white smock with a razor sharp sickle tucked in his belt.

“I know his kind, they sneak into the milking shed at 4a.m. and hide under straw to watch the milk maids work, never fear,” the pretty ankle speaking unkind words and know a fear tears on his shoulder and he he will give me his bank account.

“Is lies, at 4a.m. I am crawling home from Filthy Big Bertha at that time,” The Mage feeling ashamed.

So both being preoccupied never saw the cart hit a mole hill and spill volunteers who did the sensible thing, come and stand beside him and ruin the dirty old man’s fun.

“Oink,” Harold the retired Viking offering Christina his long arms to cry in.

“Here baby,” Conan offering an unwashed arm to cry in.

“Wow,” a boy with a man’s intentions offering his arms to cry in.

“Woof,” a dog wanting her legs for dogs know what to do with them?

“Where did you lot come from?” The Mage about too ‘poof’ them to far away places like a closed Theme Park; but the Fiends had other ideas. You can always count on a Fiend to save volunteers as they sent a cloud of arrows at the tower.

“Poof,” as The Mage changed his spell and sent the thousands of arrows back to their senders so “Yikes,” “I am dead,” and “groan,” was heard often.

“We are saved,” Garrison not at all grateful to them Fiends full of arrows.

And a dog with a cart load of carrots reached a donkey, of course after running down a few Fiends who took offence so the nasty heroic dog fled home with a donkey after the carrots and Fiends after them both.

So Cur jumped the barricade with the cart.

The donkey slipped in an unspeakable a bad dog left behind.

Lord Tootanfoot fell off him.

All those angry Fiends ran over Tootanfoot who moaned loudly.

“Poof,” The Mage making good usage of poofs so fire fell from the heavens and roasted a few more thousand Fiends real good so they stopped chasing.

“By the gods I am covered in unmentionables,” Lord Tootanfoot cried eventually standing up covered in black and blue bruises of course.

A needed Interruption

Just what Harry does to confuse tourist customers who have spent all their mule fares home on his plastic dinosaurs?

“Shows how real the dinosaurs look?” A Harry whisper to encourage spending and growth.

Yes Satirextex and Sampenciltrex sold their souls to that salesman for greed is their bible.

“And I use them as stress dummies when angry mobs feel cheated when my potions I label ‘made by a mage’ cause rashes and refunds wanted,” The Great Salesman.

“So our statues and poems are shredded and we along with them,” Satirextex and Sampenciltrex knowing their well paid jobs depended upon a little moans and groans.

End of Interruption.

And bandages of course.

And donkey Womba ‘enawed’ all the way home as a pretty princess had nudged The Mage so his aim was off so fire falling from heaven fell on the donkey.

“It was such an ugly warty donkey anyway,” the princess.

“Abracadabra,” Alicadabara stopping the fireballs from heaven so the Fiends feeling brave and threatened by him charged again.

“I draw upon the strength of my sword ‘Arnie,’” Conan and swelled his chest and flexed his mighty biceps so Christina remembered swooning in them and forgave him for having unwashed filthy finger nails, and never saw the tape wrapped about his biceps to enlarge them.

“He has a cute bottom also,” she whispered but Conan’s rabbit ears had left him with super hearing so smiled and she read his smile and blushed. So a jealous mage sent a horde of wasps amongst the charging Fiends and sneaky unnoticeable red ants to sneak their way up Conan's legs.

“Judas priest I am eaten alive,” Conan as he scratched away, “scratch scratch.”

And a donkey clattered over the bridge just as the Fiends got to it and suddenly stopped.

They had run out of juicy carrots.

“I am worth more than a dirty old man lusting over a pretty princess old enough to be working at Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House. So have ‘poofed’ an image of the Fiend god Gastropodicus on the bridge,” Alicadabara and now those Fiends who had stopped were pushed from behind into the moat where fins swam so never played a part in this story again. Pushed by their friends from behind chanting ‘Kill kill kill fairies.’

A moat where dying lily pads floated with frogs with three heads sat croaking, and old shoes and Andrex toilet rolls floated and unused spells of The Mage lurked for volunteers.

So Alicadabara threw his wand down and stamped on it for he was having a tantrum for he was immature in many ways.

“Bo ho,” he cried as he stamped and added, “ouch.”

And since his wand was carved in sharp skulls and cobras with long fangs really did jump this way and that and scream ‘V’s’ loudly too.

“Get down lad,” Conan warning as V’s screamed from a demented wizard foaming at the mouth are not to be taken lightly; so V’s fell upon the bridge pushing more Fiends into the moat where old mattresses thrown out of Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House floated to prove the moat was not a place to bathe in.

Why Conan threw himself on the pretty princess to protect her so gave her the biting ants.

“Ooooooh,” she squeaked then kneed the retired adventurer for even princesses must have dignity in public and added, “Judas I am eaten alive,” as the ants got to work.

“Cur that hurt,” a retired barbarian just before a jealous mage beat him good with his magic broomstick.

“By boiled newts I am eaten alive,” The Mage as ants crawled down his broomstick.

“Retreat,” Isiniaphut for his carriage had been coming leisurely up behind his army expecting victory and the slaughter of the brave defenders of the bridge that leads to the Land of Ball; where tulips are big and red and butterflies flutter about dwarves singing happily going to work in gold mines for Sleeping Beauty only buys the best cosmetic expensive brands.

And behind Isiniaphut a salesman who seeing a rip had entered it to sell genuine plastic dinosaurs and sold every one to Fiend kids so was returning home.

“Jingle jingle to you jingle jingle to you,” the happy oily salesman we know and “Listen mules,” yes Harry spoke to his mules pulling his cart as princes with large ears speak to their tomatoes, “you put the speed on or you will be glue.”

“Enaw enaw,” the mules sweating it up not wanting to be super glue.

And a lost Ballenese army patrol and wagon load of tourists followed his tracks as his mules not wanting to be paste trampled a few more Fiends down as they raced for the bridge.

“Clatter clatter,” the mule hooves and was answered, “Ouch moan.”

“Harry here?” Conan remembering dice bought that should have showed 6’s but showed 1’s so wanted a refund and violence like the violence done him.

“Harry here?” Tom remembering a potion bought to give him muscles like Mr Universe then be a Film Star but instead gave him Guinea worm so wanted a refund and rampageous behaviour.

“Neaaaw,” a donkey remembering a Book bought Harry told him would teach him how to marry a princess and was just stuff about what fork to use at a king’s dinner party so wanted a refund and bloodshed.

“Oink,” Harold the Viking remembering a monkey bought trained to hold a hearing trumpet and the first tree it ran off and he threw the trumpet with excellent aim; and bounced back so it stuck some place for a whole embarrassing week: so wanted a refund and brutality.

“Woof,” a nasty dog with vermin ancestry remembering Harry had promised him a juicy steak if he had acted like a killer dog too protect Harry from dissatisfied customers at Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House; but the customers took offence that such a nasty dog was allowed in so beat the living daylight out of it while Harry sleeeked away with the steak too.

So wanted sadism and a good free gnaw of Harry too.

“Harry here?” The pretty princess who had bought expensive imported toilet water and found it was real life threatening toilet water so wanted cruelty and the salesman to drink the perfume too.

“Harry here,” a certain mage remembering cascading all the way down twenty levels of unmended stairs so wanted a salesman to work for free to mend them so had the meanest intentions towards Harry The Greatest Salesman ever.

“Yes Harry’s here,” Harry and smiled showing teeth just like Burt Lancaster had for Harry had sold the actor them made at a famous stall by aspiring cousins who worked for free for their pay was cold runny gruel.

And the mean biting ants where happy Harry was here for they ran up his legs biting places.

“Judas priest I am bit and will sue who ever let them loose,” Harry and because he didn't know who let them loose added, “Mother Nature and I am sending Cannymindtrex my lawyer to you.”

But was a mistake as Mother Nature was her that was an abandoned single mum with heaps of orphaned lions, tigers, orang-outangs and chimps to change nappies on so was not in a smiley mood, “Take this Harry,” and sent him loads of diapers so Harry shouted, “Bananas what the blazes is this,” but he knew as he was in a smelly mood and “no laughs please.”

“Buzz,” the flies flying away for one diaper was Heaven but a thousand was Hell.

“Here you forgot the biting ants,” Harry trying a cheap salesman trick, “you won on line at Casino Crazy Addict.”

“Bite bite bite,” the ants replied with fresh breakfast cereal bite for they knew an oily salesman is always an oily salesman.

“Bite bite bite,” the army ants.