

Chronicles of Chesham



Chapter 12 - Witchy Wenchies

CHAPTER TWELVE – THE WITCHY WENCHES

In the saloon bar, the Shouty Crew, with their new members Richard the Blacksmith and Jake the Golem, observed their collection. There were now so many of them that they were struggling to get around the table and Russ had to sit on Dave the Bastards chair whilst he was not there.

Bob was not there either, Manuella had taken him out to the back yard for a good scrub to try and get the Natterfright Skunk smell out his lovely hair.

In the meantime, Mick had been helping himself to some tiger nuts and liquorice sticks from the bar – world famous (or in Chesham anyway) for generating man gas, to enhance his next buttock exposure experiment.

And with just hours to spare, the booty was on the table (ha ha), erm. . .the artefacts were there for all to see.

The tooth of worm, from Chesham Bois. Rumour had it that the giant worm had since developed alcohol dependency issues, and could be seen crawling from bar to bar in Chesham High Street, looking for aggravation.

The Magic Light, which had brought Jake the Golem to the Shouty Wednesday Crew, it spluttered and flickered with its light that may not go out, and taught everyone that being small and stony can have its advantages.

The Fur of Glis Glis, found at St Mary's Church under the protection of Kev the Cleric, who may never play a game of

Crackerjack again.

A Laggards Toe Nail, freshly bitten from Gunter Ausfahrt by Timmy, whose tongue has never really been the same, and neither has Gunter to be fair.

A Golden Eye, from Dread Pirate Ryan the Ruiner, who has vowed a dastardly revenge on the thieves who took his prize, although he couldn't say that he completely hated the process involved.

The Bark of Silvertree, after bargaining with the powerful Gimp, er Imp, er whatever – last seen in with the dreaded Spanker of Chesham Gaol.

The Natterfright, the evil creation of the Surgeon, and purveyor of significant stench, its body tied up in a sack on floor.

And the Dragons Sperm. This was not on table, it was decided that it would be too unhygienic and so was in a small container in Bob's pocket.

“Okay men,” said Mick the Watchman. We have got to work out what to do with this lot, the voice said take it to Herberts Hole (hee hee).

At this point Dave the Bastard entered the Saloon bar, Russ jumped to his feet, he did not want to get caught sitting in Dave's seat, and as the Bastard approached his chair, he eyed Russ up and down in a most disdainful way.

“Sit down you cretins,” spat Dave the Bastard.

Manuella, by now, had given up scrubbing Bob and he was returned to the Saloon bar (although his hair did look lovely after a good scrub).

“You need to go and see the Witchy Wenches” Dave the Bastard started, but then he saw at the far entrance to the saloon bar a young woman holding a baby, clearly in the wrong place.

“GET THAT THING OUT OF HERE!” Shouted Dave the Bastard at the woman, who panicked and turned around and fled screaming.

Pub Lore Fact

The saloon bar is the place in the pub where the men go to talk (Sexist!), and although occasionally women may enter, upon permission being granted by the men, children were definitely not allowed, no babies, not toddlers, and especially no teenagers. Breach of this rule is a serious violation of the rights of men to be men (or women) and this last bastion of man solace would be defended at all costs.

End of Pub Lore Fact

“Where was I?” Dave the Bastard wondered, “Oh yeah, you need to go and see the Witchy Wenches – they can be found in the Guild of Witchcraft on the Guildmaster Square.

You need to give them all of the items, and they will provide you with what you need to take to Herberts Hole,” there was a

brief snigger from the group, “you need to be careful though, they are not only extremely powerful, but extremely beautiful and beguiling, like Sirens except with more clothes. They can also be deadly, many a man has gone to the Guild of Witchcraft and never, ever made it out again. This is what you can expect from fierce, strong, independent women.”

Dave the Bastard seemed to be smiling into his ale at his last comment, and nobody heard him mutter under his breath, “they will cut your balls off....”

For the part they did hear, everybody nodded their agreement. Apart from Manuella, they had not really seen any strong, fierce independent women in this quest, and they were worried that they were getting a bit behind the times. They had also heard the word extremely beautiful, which triggered a somewhat strange reaction, they all went to the bathroom at the same time and formed an orderly queue in front of the mirror.

Bob was first, he combed his hair with his hands to make it even more lovely looking.

Frank rubbed some lotion into his bald head, and slightly greased his eyebrows.

Timmy pulled his trousers out and sprinkled a little bit of water down there, just enough to pad himself out a bit.

After some press ups (Rich/Ian), stone buffing (Jake), Armour

shining (Mick) and Antler polishing (Richard the Blacksmith). Ben felt that he was looking good enough already, and Jeff and Russ didn't seem that bothered.

They returned to the saloon bar, looking good, and Ben made a proposal.

"If we are going to meet these beautiful Witchy Wenches, we are going to need some courage – come on everybody, three roaders and then we go."

The roader rule had been enacted, and everyone got their ales down.

Pub Lore Fact

Consumption of ale is not directly related to being more attractive. In fact, quite the opposite, very enthusiastic imbibing of ale will definitely result in the consumer feeling better looking, and to the consumer everyone else will get better looking, but for everyone else the drinker will remain at best the same, or, as is more likely, looking a whole lot worse. The desire increases but the delivery shortens (thank you Shakespeare).

End of Pub Lore Fact

The full crew now headed out, back to the NorthWest of the city, back to the Guildmasters Square. It was still large and dark and wet.

Just up from the Guild of Lanternmakers stood the Guild of Witchcraft, a secretive guild that was not well known to the



world of men.

The Guild was identified by golden letters between two half moons above the two large oak doors, dimly lit by lanterns either side. A broom stick was embedded in each door, but by far the most curious thing was black cat's head mounted on the doors, with a large iron ring in its mouth. Its eyes were quite shut.

Sensing danger, Bob was not inclined to make his hilarious knocker joke from the Guild of Lanternmaking.

Ben stepped forward, and grabbed the iron ring and gave it three loud knocks, in doing so the eyes of the cat flickered open to reveal mystical green eyes.

"What do you want from the Witchy Wenches?" the cat spat.

"Erm ... we need their help to save the whole of Chesham from total destruction?"

"Sound reasonable," the cat replied, "you had better ... come in."

And with that the doors creaked open to reveal a small corridor, lit candles but not just any candles, they smelled like heaven, of course they were luxury candles, Witchy Wenches like Rituals (one for the ladies there), one massive candle flickered in a wagon wheel suspended from the ceiling by iron chains, Bob could just read it "Mo Jalone", fancy! As the team progressed the corridor opened out into a hallway, which also smelt

glorious and as the crew filtered into the hallway – before them was a sight to behold, the Witchy Wenches.



There were candles all around, and the cauldron was bubbling with ethereal menace, a bluey green.

In with finery of pointy hats, and ruffled white blouses (off the shoulder, phwoar) paired with brown tunics (very fashionable this time of year), there stood the glorious beauty of the witchy wenches, Jude, Lynne and Janet.

The three of them had been born into witchcraft since birth, orphans who were left on the steps of the guild as babies, and raised to carry on its secretive traditions of providing potions and spells to all who could pay the right price.

The men were dumbstruck, so much so that no one noticed a

hand reaching out of the cauldron, that Janet rather expertly pushed back in with a wooden spoon.

“What is your business?” Asked Lynne, in a husky voice.

This was having quite the effect on Rich/Ian, who was subconsciously flexing his pectoral muscles back at Lynne, who winked.

“We need your help with all of these items,” said Bob, “we need to take them into Herberts Hole (Haha), Dave the Bastard said.”

Jude looked at Bob, and fluttered her eyelashes at him, Bob didn’t realise that he was starting to swish his lovely hair from side to side, almost in slow motion.

“If we don’t, then we are all in mortal danger!” Russ ventured forward, rather wishing he had made a bit more of an effort now.

“You look like you can handle mortal danger,” Janet replied, whilst also pushing the hand back into the cauldron for a second time.

“Er.... Yes, that’s my middle name,” Russ countered, rather poorly.

“I have had enough of all of this fannying around,” Jeff stepped forward.

“A wizard!” Exclaimed Lynne.

“No, I am an engineer, “ sighed Jeff.

“But you have wizardy hat!” Said Janet.

“And a wizardy robe,” remarked Jude.

“Just fashion, that’s all,” retorted Jeff, “now put the items in the cauldron and recite the utterance of the gods so we can get on with it.”

“Are you sure you are not a wizard?” Lynne asked suspiciously but to no avail.

“Very well,” Jude exclaimed, “put them in the cauldron.”

One by one, they cautiously approached and dropped the items one by one into the bubbling cauldron. When all items were delivered, the Witchy Wenches joined hands and began to utter in tongues, the flames on the candles grew brighter and larger and then the hand came out of the cauldron, and then an arm, and then a head.

“I recognise that head,” said Timmy, “It’s DOB!”

As the crew squinted to see if it was the pyromaniac, quick as a flash Janet said “No, it isn’t,” and pushed him back into the cauldron.

They began to chant again and this time, an object shot out of the cauldron, high into the sky, spinning, until it came hurtling down towards Bob.

Bob put his arms up to protect himself, and as the object made contact, Mick pointed and shouted, “Look!”

Bob was crouching with his arms above his head and he looked around with one eye, he hadn't been injured, and he brought his hands down and looked at what he had in his hand, he had caught an egg.

"Be careful with it," whispered Jude, "you must not break it, when you enter Herberts Hole," (Haha), "you will know when the time is right to use it. Now go, go and save us all."

Rich/Ian had stopped flexing his pecs now, and nodded in the most manly way that a half goblin could at Lynne and moved off, slightly tripping over his own feet in the process, which ruined his coolness for a bit. Russ winked at Janet, who acknowledged it but was by now busy trying to push DOB back in the cauldron. Bob swished his hair, took one last look at Jude and they all made their way out of the Guild to go and find Herberts Hole (haha).

Out into the loop, and once again across the fields they went, the silhouettes of the dragons in the sky against the full moon, as our intrepid explorers went further and further into the darkness of the Loop of Pednor.

Frank, who was leading the way now paused. Everybody stopped.

"Listen," Frank whispered, "there is something in the hedgerow."

The all squinted, looking for a rabbit or badger but one could

not be too careful, this was not far from where the Surgeon lived, and nobody wanted to have another nauseous experience like last time, especially Bob. Then it happened.

“Yah,” a noise came from the hedge and suddenly into the path in front of the crew jumped six small gentleman, slightly smaller than Bob and Jake even, if that could be believed.

The wore only leather pants, and each one held a small spear, in their dear little hands.

Each had a bone necklace, and skin that was worn from exposure the elements. One stepped forward, he had a bone through his nose.

“Who goes there?” Asked the strange little man.

Frank answered, “We are on a mission to save Chesham from total destruction, and urgently need to get into Herberts Hole.” Someone sniggered again, and Frank looked around in a quite cross fashion.

“You are trespassing!” Exclaimed the miniature menace.

“Who are you?” Asked Frank, who was getting more than a little annoyed now.

“We are Pagan Pygmy Protectors of Pednor! And you shall not pass.”

“Oh come on, we have been through such a lot, and all we want to do is get into Herberts Bloody Hole,” said Frank, now becoming exasperated.



“If you try to pass, we will kill you!” stated the Head of the PPPP.

“Come on Frank, he is all fart and no shit,” Richard the Blacksmith helpfully put forward.

“We will kill you dead,” the head pygmy ventured again.

“Well that isn’t very good grammar, is it?” Frank snapped back. “If your going to kill us then we will be dead, you don’t need to add dead on to the end of the sentence, it doesn’t add anything.”

The Pygmy looked confused and looked around his pygmy tribe for help, they all shook their heads and looked at their bare feet, one or two scraping the ground back and forth in embarrassment for their leaders lack of verbal prowess.

“That doesn’t matter,” he snapped back, “prepare to die!”

With that he launched himself at Frank, taking him completely by surprise, and sat on top of Franks chest, slapping him around the face from right to left.

Everybody else in the crew stood back and watched, they didn’t want to interfere, this was a little guy and maybe Frank was going to start hitting him back, alas this did not happen.

Richard the Blacksmith had seen enough and stepped forward and grabbed the pygmy by his ankle and held him up in the air at arms length.

“Let go of me, I was killing him – I will kill you too,” spat the Pygmy.

“You have got one chance to be nice, or there will be trouble,” the Blacksmith warned.

“I will end you, men – seize him.” The pygmy leader issued the order but his loyal men were looking at the size of the Blacksmith, and had also noticed that Timmy was starting to swish his morning star around menacingly. Mick had drawn his sword, and Russ was now holding his double axe in both hands. Even Bob had got his knife out from his lovely hair, and Rich/Ian had his goblin knife ready to go.

On seeing this sight, they didn’t really fancy it, and decided that retreat was the honourable option and started getting back into the hedge.

“Where are you going, you traitors?” Protested the pygmy leader, “Nevermind, I will kill you all on my own.” Quite a statement from someone being held quite upside down by his ankle.

“Get rid of him, Blacksmith,” growled Frank, and with an almighty toss, he hurled the pygmy way over the hedge into a nearby field, who was still screaming “I will killlll youuuuuuuuu.”

“Could become a game that,” Russ thought to himself.

After what seemed like an age of uphill marching, the band saw it before them, a gaping fissure in the ground – slightly glowing

red, and occasionally belching natural gas into the ether.

They had found Herberts Hole.