

This story excerpt, comes from Chapter 5, Book 2 (a work in progress) 'THE PLATOON – DANGERS IN THE DWARVISH STATES'.

The Dwarvish States are locked in constant civil war, and Rastus wants to be High King by any means necessary. To give peace a chance an Ogurtian General sends a small platoon under cover into the war zone.

At this point in the story the platoon members are finally together in Dwarvish territory. Before they can get on with the mission however, they need to extract Max who accidentally plunged head first into a tree.....

“Exactly, how is this *latest* bout of tomfoolery *supposed* to work?” interrogated Rose Weedling while fluttering in front of Ansile’s face.

“Amo San ...” Ansile nodded his head in the direction of the small Ahcinese warrior “... is going to run up to *here*, leap up to the tree-top and then cut the branches that are currently holding Max in place”, finished Ansile, with his finger pointing towards the miserable trapped figure in the tree.

“How is he going to *chop* the branches?!” questioned Rose suspiciously with a raised eyebrow.

‘I *really* must stop pinching my nose’, thought Ansile as he rubbed the bridge of his nose. “With his *katana* of course.”

“I *thought* that those *swords* could only honourably *cut* people and bamboo in half?” continued the now very suspicious fairy.

“So, I take it that *you*, dear Rose, haven’t seen him use it then?” queried Ansile before he gave Amo San the go ahead.

“*B-on-n-n-s-ai-i-i-i!*” screamed the warrior, turning into a blur as he passed the captain and fairy.

“He *does* know that he’s virtually saying ‘Potted Tree’, doesn’t he?” asked Rose Weedling.

Once in the tree crown, Amo San began dashing across tree branches and falling into vertically-orientated somersaults until he was in a position above Max. Not wasting any momentum, he proceeded to slice with his katana as efficiently as any buzz-saw all the way to the ground. By choosing his strokes with care he managed to slow down Max’s rapid decent.

With a slight 'poomff', the dazed and confused form of Private Mashin Abdul Xachinoshau Buliba Zalib Dashish sat upon the grass before the astonished platoon.

"Huh-heh-h-Oh my most worthy friends, to be freed from this most unexpected and uncomfortable coffin encasing experience is such a most heart-warming of joys!" exclaimed Max, rubbing his head, "To my most honoured Ahcinese friend, I offer my never ending thanks! Now where is my once humble wound turban?"

"[Translated from Ahcinese] Is there anything *else* that you wish to be done?" inquired Amo San, his round face a lake of pure calmness as he minutely rolled his eyes.

Shaking his head in response, Ansile beckoned Grimsby over to Max, as he easily outpaced the still lumbering blue teapot.

"Elefanten, Ho!" ordered the genie from inside the anthropomorphic teapot.

"Am I seeing that which is most uncommon even in the most uncommon of parts?" asked Max, his gazed transfixed upon Zuzabah's latest application of magic before turning his attention towards the worrisome sight of Grimsby with a medical bag, "Oh no! Sahib Captain. Oh no! I beg most profusely of you, to *not* be of the sending of our most esteemed medical personage to my aid!!"

This story excerpt, comes from Chapter 6, Book 2 (a work in progress) 'THE PLATOON – DANGERS IN THE DWARVISH STATES'.

At this point in the story the general, in desperate need of intelligence about the platoon's activities, calls in the best techno-chemists (a.k.a. wizards) so that they can open up a communication channel. Taking place after that meeting, this scene provides background on the platoon's techno-chemist.....

“So all that high an’ stuffy general wanted was for us ta call this drop out?!” questioned the disgusted third, older wizard.

Ableston College’s Mark Two-Seven-point-Nine Powered Dirigible had held up quite beautifully for the journey south to Ogurtia City, but that had only been the first leg of their flight. The northern parts of the Ogurtian peninsular could catch some real doozies of high speed air fronts coming in from the Odercian Ocean, especially at night.

“He didn’t drop out Professor Bertram!” corrected the second, leading wizard of the group as he manually adjusted the angle of the dirigible’s winglets, “He took an open-ended scholarship abroad.”

Professor Bertram gave his junior a wry look, “That’s just the *dignified* option that we give to you *slackers* when your grades get low and your granny’s college trust fund has run dry!”

“We’re in the new decade Professor! The Chancellors changed the rules when we decided to go Open-College last year”, chastised the second wizard as he leaned over the edge of the dirigible’s open air gondola to check up on the propulsion unit, “*Keep your legs moving* Hobson, we’re starting to *carry with the wind!*”

The ‘propulsion unit’ nodded his head slightly so as to not look down at the two kilometre drop below him, before returning to pedalling the bicycle that had been converted into the power generator for the airship.

So to the ‘*untrained*’ eye, the sight that was traversing the night time skies of Ogurtia looked like a hot air balloon holding up a double sized metal bathtub being pushed along underneath by a poor fellow furiously riding a bicycle that had a propeller ungraciously stuck on its rear.

Peering closer at the file in hand, Professor Bertram ran a bony finger down the included picture, “You kept blowin’ carriages apart, didn’t ya ...?”

“What?” yelled the leaning wizard over a sudden gust of wind, “Faster Hobson, *Faster!*”

Running a vengeful stare across the bottom of the gondola, Hobson shut his eyes and forced his trembling legs to keep moving.

“Don’t twist yer pantaloons in a bow on my account! Think about that nasty general. Go faster!” snapped the Professor as he re-read the name in the file: *Gilgooty*.