

## **The (very) true legend of Richie the last of the Great Warrior Bards (and the very, very greatest of them all) and Di, Highest High Priestess of the Druid Clan (also the very, very greatest of them all)**

In a land of myth, and a time of magic, the destiny of a great kingdom rests on the shoulders of a noble warrior Bard ... and his name is .... Richie.

Truth to say there is some confusion about his real, actual name for always in lands of myth and times of magic there is some confusion about practically everything and names is normally the last thing that people have to worry about. But, in the place of music and song and the fiery breath of dragons, which some call Cymru, the name that is whispered to comfort frightened children and bring much joy to any damsel in distress is ... Richie .... (also known as Merlin, also known [secretly] as Emrys). This is absolute fact. Though some say it isn't.

Across the border in a land called England<sup>1</sup> there is a place with lots of trees that some call Sherwood Forest and in this place the rich are always ripping off the poor. Now everyone, except of course the Sheriff of Nottingham, thinks that this really isn't fair and what they need is the greatest hero of them all to do something about it. And the name that is whispered to comfort frightened children and bring much joy to any damsel in distress is .... Richie (also known [secretly] as Robin of the Hood). The problem is though, that the Sheriff has loads of men, who aren't very merry and Richie (Robin) only has Maid Marion who, in truth to say, is a bit of a wimp. So Robin has to recruit some men to be merry whilst they fight to their very deaths by his side (probably). Well, the recruitment wasn't really a problem, but for reasons of health and safety and camouflage all the merry men insisted that they wore tights. Richie (Robin) wasn't happy about this, but (just sometimes) a super-hero needs all the help he can get. And so, it came to pass the Richie (Robin) defeated the evil Sheriff by robbing the rich to give to the poor and mostly, everyone loved him and still do. This is absolute fact. Though some say it isn't.<sup>2</sup>

Across the vast Atlantic Ocean in the Cymru colonial colony of the USA there is a place that some call Gotham City and this place is very full of very bad people with very bad names like the Joker, the Penguin and Cat Women (weird). And

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<sup>1</sup> Dragons don't like it much in England because this maniac, unbalanced sort of guy called St George wants to slay every dragon in sight – weird

<sup>2</sup> PS. You wouldn't find Richie (Robin) in a pair of tights – not even if his very life depended upon it.

these very bad people are always doing very bad things, so the Commission Gordon calls for the greatest hero of them all to do something about it, and the name that is whispered to comfort frightened children and bring much joy to any damsel in distress .... is Richie (also known [secretly] as Batman). Now Richie (Batman) doesn't really want to wear spandex tights but sometimes, a super-hero just has too. And so it came to pass that Richie (Batman) defeated the evil Joker dude and mostly everyone loved him and still do. This is absolute fact. Though some say it isn't.

Now having to save the world every day is a very tiring job not only for Richie Super-hero but also for Red Bum, his faithful dragon, who is always on hand to set fire to anyone's pants should it necessary for hero reasons .... or just for a laugh. Now much as Red Bum loves Richie Super-hero he's really in need of a holiday so he pops down to Camelot for a chat where he finds Richie Super-hero working very hard in his workshop inventing Penicillin and the Pyramids.

'Bore-da boyo' says Super-hero, smiling as he tosses a piece of bread in the air for Red Bum to turn instantly to toast.

'Ay-ye-up Super-hero lad. Hows tha sen?' replies Red Bum, who's just been on the phone to a dragon friend in Yorkshire and picked up the accent.

'What?'

'Good morning Super-hero sir. How are you?'

'I'm very well thank you Red. How are you?'

'Bloody great, butty. Firing on all cylinders I am see.'

'Good, because I've got a little super-hero job for us to do. Just got a secret SOS from the most secretest part of MI6. The world's in trouble (again) and we've .....

'No. No. NO. Absolutely NOT.'

'What?'

'I'm not doing it. I need a holiday.'

'Well you can't have one. Dragons don't have holidays.'

'Oh yes they do.'

'Oh no, they don't.'

'Now look. I haven't had a holiday or flexi-toil-leave for 500 years and before I can put any real feeling into setting any more pants on fire I need a little chill time.'

'Ha ha! That's funny coming from a dragon.'

'Oh no it isn't and you won't find it so funny when I go on strike.'

'You can't go on strike.'

'Oh yes I can, just watch me,' and with that he did.

Now Super-hero Richie would normally 'kick some ass' when people got lippy. But this was no people and besides kicking dragons up the ass was (for some very good reasons) in breach of health and safety. So, there was only one thing to do and that was to go and get some advice from Di, Highest High Priestess of the Druid Clan, the very wisest of them all, also the very, very greatest, also his lover and friend and also in charge of all dragon transportation and requisitioning and practically everything else.

He found Di in the sacred Oak grove. High Priestesses spend a lot of time messing around in the woods doing secret magic and stuff and collecting Mistletoe.

'Morning High Priestess, love.' said Richie as he wrapped her in his arms in a bear-hugging twirl. 'I've got a bit of a problem. Red Bum's on strike so I need a temporary replacement dragon for my Super-hero duties. So I came to you, wisest of them, all for some advice.'

'Morning Super-hero,' said Di catching her breath after the bone crushing and trying to smile (Super-heroes sometimes don't appreciate their own strength and Di really didn't want to accidentally turn him into a toad or a frog or anything else unpleasant to look at.) 'Why is Red on strike?'

'He says he needs a holiday.'

'Well he probably does.'

'Well he can't have one. We've got Super-hero stuff to do.'

'Well the Super-hero stuff can wait. Red needs a holiday and I quite fancy a pint of Stella. We haven't been out for decades.'

'Sorry Di, but I just have to do this.'

Di smiled a small smile. She really did fancy a pint and maybe a bit of a dance over at Cinderella's Palace. Cinderella, as everyone knows, was always ready to party.

'OK so if you need a temporary replacement dragon you'll have to come over to my office and fill in a requisition form.'

'Do I really?'

'Yes.'

'OK.'

Di Highest High Priestess checked out the files and brought out a very, very, very long form ... with lots of small print.

'Name?'

'You know my name.'

'No I don't. You've got so many. Which one do you want me to use?'

'Is it important?'

'No, not really. There aren't any spare dragons around at this time of year. It's nearly Christmas, they'll all be roasting the chestnuts.'

So it came to pass that Red Bum had his holiday and came home all fired up after two weeks chill time. Richie Super-hero, the Last of the Great Warrior Bards, (and the very, very, greatest of them all) and Di, Highest High Priestess of the Druid Clan (also the very, very, greatest of them all) went over to Cinder's place for a party. Unfortunately, while they were there trouble broke out (again) in the USA in a place with lots of tall buildings called Metropolis. So the people called on the greatest hero of them all to come and sort it out and the name that was whispered to comfort frightened children and bring much joy to any damsel in distress was Richie (also known [secretly] as Superman). Fortunately, Cinder's kept a phone booth in her garden and Richie Super-hero was only away for a few hours. And so it came to pass that Richie (Superman) defeated all the bad people in Metropolis and mostly everyone loved him and still do. This is absolute fact. Though some say it isn't

The End

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