

The Chronicles of Chesham
— Chapter 4 —

**MAINTENANCE
HATCH**

**AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL ONLY**

CHAPTER FOUR – Tooth of Worm

Richard the half goblin had originally been relieved to have been given the task of finding tooth of worm. He quite rightly deduced that he had never seen a very big worm in his entire life, and he had never ever seen one that had teeth.

After receiving the wisdom of Dave the Bastard, and conveying it to the rest of the Shouty Wednesday Crew, it was decided that a visit to the armoury at the furthest South East point of the city may be a good idea.

The Armoury was something to behold, a stone shop with a counter of wood, behind which stood the burly Armourer. Nobody knew his real name, not even Mick – he had just kind of always been there. He had a thick neck, and tattoos of various people being strangled and he wore a thick chainmail apron and a metal helmet. A large scar down his face indicated that perhaps some customers had tried to take his wares for free, it is a wonder what happened to those that had tried.

In one corner were some standard torture instruments, a rack for stretching people to the truth, an iron maiden for persuasion purposes, and a funny looking mouse trap with a spike on it.

“What’s that for?” Asked Richard, pointing at the mouse trap.

“For loosening the tongue,” replied the Armourer, Richard didn’t ask any more questions about that.

Whilst there, apart from Mick who always wore armour anyway, it was decided that they may need to get “tooled up”. Richard the half goblin already had his goblin knife, but the others decided perhaps a bit of self defence was going to be required in the circumstances.



Timmy chose a morning star, a spiky iron ball attached to a chain and handle. He wasn't great with it but he loved the swishy sound it made above his head.

Russ chose a double headed axe, his rotund physique gave him a low level of gravity perfect for swinging it around. Bob and Jeff would stand no such nonsense (although Bob liked to keep a pointy knife in the back of his lovely hair).

Leaving the Merchants, Ben and Frank. Ben did not want a weapon but Frank was more practical, he purchased a bow and arrow.

This was not just any bow and arrow though, it was a Curvace, the most wonderful bow and arrow ever. He didn't really want to use it but he liked how it made him feel, and that was the main thing (plus it was expensive).

The armourer spoke to Frank about the Curvace.

“This here is a top of the range Curvace Bow, with accompanying curvace arrows. You pull back on the bow and whisper to the arrows the target that you want to hit. You might even be lucky and get two targets out of one arrow if your timing is right. You release the bow and the arrow does the rest, got it?”

“Got it,” replied Frank as he slid the quiver onto his back and hung his new purchase from it.

“As long as you name your target correctly, it will never, ever miss.” Said the Armourer.

Suitably tooled up, the gang left the Armoury for the walk across the town, dragons circling in the sky above, menacingly.

Dave the Bastard’s briefing had been clear to Richard. The only place to find worms with teeth was within the Chesham Bois, also known as

“The Bois”. This was an area of woodland that no Chesham resident would wander into at night, fine tall thin spooky looking trees, hundreds of them.



Dave was also specific that Chesham Bois should not be confused with the other nearby woods of Lady Bois – going there would lead to a very different discovery indeed.

They arrived at mid-morning, and although it should be light, as they entered the Chesham Bois, it became extremely dark ... and quiet.

The ground was completely covered in leaves, of reds and golds and browns, ankle deep and magnificent, and the ground rose up and down at angles and curves and small hills and mounds at almost every turn but the quiet was deafening.

Bob was beginning to regret wearing his Grocs, with leaves sticking inbetween his toes and twigs impaling his feet.

As this was Richard's task, he led the way carefully, his tusks protruding from this bottom lip were being sucked on nervously as he moved forward step by step.

Dave the Bastard had told him that "the toothy worms were very large, and not to be messed with, get in there and get out and don't hang about!"

Dave had recommended that Richard take a watering can with soapy water in it to drive them out of the ground. Richard was not a fan of soap so decided to bring a flagon of beer instead. Eventually the eight of them reached a clearing, circular and brown and damp.

"Come on Ian, get on with it," said Frank, Richard ignored him splendidly.

They formed a circle, no one was quite sure why, but it seemed like the done thing to do in the circumstances.

Richard popped the cork from this flagon of ale and poured it into the ground. Russ and Ben looked on, and were finding it difficult to hide their disappointment that Richard was not pouring it into them instead.

Again, it was quiet, everyone watched as the ale made a damp patch on the floor and a sad little puddle of beer, Ben was quietly contemplating causing a distraction and then slurping it from the earth until suddenly it was not quiet anymore.

If this had been a nature program, with a confirmed and trusted naturist doing the voice over, then he would surely have said the following:

“In nature, in the natural habitat of the giant toothed worm of Chesham Bois woods, a person not familiar with the area would be well advised to watch out for the slow crawl of the giant worms, some as large as 18 feet long, with teeth that would strike fear into the very heart of any man. However, imagine if an 18 foot long worm with teeth that would make a daytime tv presenter proud, were given ... for the very first time ale.”

Then it happened, from the exact spot where the puddle had been made, a hole opened up at unimaginable speed, causing all eight of our trepid explorers to fall backwards with the force that it had created. It wooshed into the air, a gigantic worm, all 18 feet, supercharged with a feeling that no worm had never ever felt before, it was absolutely hammered.

It landed in a coil smack bang in the middle of our merry band, not knowing quite what to do with itself. Timmy gasped, Jeff pointed, Richard peed a little bit, he had never seen anything like it.

Then it got up, swaying backwards and forth, it had reddened eyes, and a strong stench of ale emitted from it's giant toothy mouth. It was now looking accusatorily at the band of misfits. Then it made its move, swishing its tail, and with great force it launched it forward with malice aforethought.



For Bob, what happened next occurred in slow motion. He looked in horror as the tail moved forwards towards him.

Timmy shouted in slow mo “Looooook ooouut, heeees garna get your craaaaaackeeers” and the brotherhood of men looked on in abject horror as the tail did indeed ping the underside of Bob’s crown jewels.

Pub Lore Fact

All of the men knew this was the worst injury of them all, a man can handle a full on kick in the nadgers in limited circumstances, but the underside flick of the cojones was unbearable.

End of Pub Lore Fact

“My goooooooooolies,” yelled Bob as he braced for impact and, when he felt the force of that abominable blow, fell straight to his knees, clutching his throbbing man marbles.

Russ looked away, Ben closed his eyes, Frank laughed his head off.

The worm, staggered a little, eyeing up the remainder of them, deciding who would be his next victim. Like an angry drunk looking to tell them all another thing.

Mick knew exactly what to do, and taking a run up, he used Bob’s bowed head as a stepping stone and launched himself into the air, where he kicked his armoured foot straight into the worms mouth, causing it’s teeth to explode in a horrendous bloody firework of destruction.

The worm was struggling, not only was it drunk for the first time but now it was getting into its first drunken brawl without so much as a bye your leave.

As the teeth shot across the woods, there was a slight shriek and then an “Ow!”

One of the worms teeth had landed smack bang in the middle of Bob’s forehead. It stuck out like a rhinos horn, with a small trickle of blood acknowledging that this was not part of Bob’s natural form.

“You’re not having the best of days, are you?” Remarked Timmy.

Frank was still laughing at the first injury that Bob had sustained.

The worm had fallen straight to the ground and was out cold.

Richard collected some of the teeth and put them in his pouch, relieved that he had managed to complete his task successfully.

“We had better get out of here,” said Jeff, who could see in the darkness the outlines of other giant toothed worms, slithering around the trees, observing what had happened to one of their own.

Timmy and Russ picked up the groaning Bob and put him back on his feet, and the gang beat a hasty retreat towards the Market Square.

As Russ looked back behind them he could see seven or eight other giant worms, slurping at the ground where the ale had been poured, and beginning to fight each other and wrestle. Chesham doesn't have a Royal Society for the Protection of Animals, but if they did – they wouldn't believe this if you told them.

No worms were injured in the creation of this chapter, just Bob Very badly.