

CHRONICLES of CHESHAM

DARVELLS
BAKERY



Chapter 7 - A Laggard's Toe Nail

Chapter Seven – A Laggards Toe Nail

Dave the Bastard had been very clear about the Laggards Toe Nail, when he was telling Timmy what to do.

“It needs to be from an actual Lag, you know, a prisoner – you will have to get into the gaol.”

Everyone had heard of a prison break out but a break in? That was going to take some doing.

The Chesham Gaol was situated to the east of the town, not far from the Jolly Sportsman hostelry, where a man could be a man and a woman could be a man too. They had exciting pub games, such as axe throw-
ing, and castration roulette, and there were plenty of people in there who would have experience of the Chesham Gaol.

Timmy rounded everyone up and they headed off to the Jolly Sportsman.

Timmy, it is fair to say, had never really been to the Jolly Sportsmen and so was not entirely sure what to expect, he was hoping that they were Orc friendly.



The gang made their way from the Queens Head, along Church Street, past the market square and the clocktower, dragons circling above in groups of two's and three's.

They walked down the high street, past the Drawing Room (one for the future), and where the George and Dragon would eventually be established (also for future adventures).

Finally, they arrived at the Jolly Sportsman, and could see the Chesham Gaol looming behind it.

Russ was excited, he loved a bit of axe throwing and had heard that this sometimes even extended to dwarves.

Bob and Jake, being of the more vertically challenged amongst the group, were a little more apprehensive, not wishing to end up as the darts for the evening.



As they entered, they could see trolls and other ne'er do wells in the bar and sat around the pub.

Jeff went to the bar to order some ale but it was standing room only and some bar craft was needed.

Pub Lore Fact

Pub lore dictates that you must, as a customer, be aware of the natural order of the people at the bar. You are expected to survey the scene and take note of those drinking at the bar. They are not in the queue, so they don't count and will be served attentively by the bar staff if they want a drink in any event.

Then there are the people in the queue, pub lore states that you must have a basic knowledge of who was before you, give them the eyes and acknowledge them or forever be branded a complete wally for not respecting the order.

Then, there are the bar staff, the good ones know who is next, and will acknowledge newcomers with a nod, but they can get busy, so the customers need to self-regulate to a certain extent.

If you know someone is before you, then you must direct the bar staff to the one before you, this will in turn endear you to the bar staff who will likely serve you next, even if you are a little out of turn.

What you must not do though, under any circumstances, is push into a bar queue with no regard for your fellow drinker, this will not do, and in a place like Chesham will surely lead to violence.

End of Pub Lore Fact

So, Jeff was at the bar, using his bar presence, leaning on the bar with a gold coin in his hand to express his intent.

Three, four orders had gone on, and Jeff was clearly next, when a huge troll approached the bar next to Jeff and shouted “Oi, I am next, get a move on.”

This was a terrible mistake to make, Jeff, although an engineer and definitely not a wizard, would not take kindly to such rudeness, and squared up to the huge troll, lumbering close to the ceiling and rippling with muscles.

“I think you will find I am next,” Jeff calmly explained to the troll.

“Oh, you think so, do you,” the troll flexed its chest muscles and cracked his knuckles in both hands.

“Yes, I do,” insisted Jeff, who then made a small wave of the stick that he had inside his robes that were definitely not wizard robes and was definitely not a magic wand.

The troll clutched at his buttocks, and then realised that he was about to either have a very borderline fart or completely unload in his breeches. He ran to the nearest toilet and Jeff calmly turned back around to the bar and said “I think it is 9 ales, one in a jug” the bar maid duly complied.

With ale in hand, Jeff handed out the ales, and one of the locals in the pub approached the group. He was a full goblin, a greeny, bluey hue, with teeth protruding from his bottom lip like small

tusks.

He spoke to Richard/Ian. "Hello friend."

Richard replied, "Hello," giving nothing away.

"I think I might know your mum," he said.

"I think a few people did, to be fair," sighed Richard.

"What is your business here? Can I help?"

"Maybe," replied Richard, "we are looking for people who have knowledge of the gaol, we are on a mission."

"You need to come out the back to see the guv'nor, but he will need some convincing, he is a very suspicious man,"

Richard conveyed the news to the others and they all went out the back of the pub.



In the hot tub, was the most extraordinary looking man, sitting in a heated hot tub with his entourage around him. He was a large man, bald with an enormous belly and wearing thick gold

chains around his neck, he had numerous tattoos and from where the gang were standing, through the thick smoke blowing from the huge cigar he was smoking, they could see that he was completely naked in the hot tub. He had a tankard of ale resting on the side of the hot tub, and around the edges were two trolls, and three other ne'er do wells.

The large bald man surveyed the motley crew in front of him with great suspicion.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" He spat, whilst perfectly holding his cigar in place in his mouth.

Knowing this was his task, Timmy stepped forward, "I am the man that requires your attention," Timmy put forward.

"Get in, no clothes."

"Er,er pardon?" Asked Timmy.

"Do as you are told or clear off."

"You won't like it if I get wet in there," replied Tim cautiously.

"Just do it, or you can get out of here."

The actual reason that The Guv'nor (also known a Biscuit) insisted upon this was because he had heard that some of Lord Jaspers secret police had taken to using magical listening devices to record conversations with local villains in order to incarcerate them for the rest of their lives, and due to his various nefarious (and sometimes hilarious) activities he didn't want to take any chances.

Timmy was uncomfortable, but managed to slip his kit off discreetly, using his hand to cover his modesty.

“Now, what do you want?”

“I need to know how to get into the gaol,” Timmy asked, looking slightly uncomfortable.

“The gaol?” Replied the Guv, nor.”

“The gaol,” Timmy replied, his eyebrows were now wiggling slightly, “we are going to need to be a bit quicker.”

The Guv’nor eyed him suspiciously, “and what’s in it for me then?”

Timmy’s eyebrows were now wagging about like two drunken caterpillars on a club 18-30 holiday. “What do you want? I can give you a free pass on the Chesham transport system, I’m a driver!”

This seemed to satisfy the Guv’nor, and to a number of stifled laughs in the background from the gang he said “You’re on.”

Mick and Bob in particular were struggling not to laugh at the deal, knowing full well that the Chesham transport system had hardly been open for a single full day since the orcs unionised.

The Guv’nor explained what Timmy needed to do, step by step, as Timmy’s eyebrows continued to waggle, and his eyes were growing wider and wider, was that No He looked like he was smiling.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Snapped the Guv’nor, and

In this instance, what appeared to be a giant sea serpent leapt out of the hot tub and stood completely upright in the hot tub. There were gasps, there was pointing and the Guv'nor leapt clean out of the hot tub backwards, causing Timmy to be completely submerged with this snaky object the only thing that could be seen. Was it winking?



Which brings us to the little known facts about Orcs. Orc actually stands for Oversized Reproductive Cord, yes that means that Orcs have very large ..er .. chaps. However evolution has been kind to them, and the modern Orc is able to function because nowadays the Orc pork is water activated, when dry it is perfectly normal.

“That’s Timmy’s willy,” pointed Jeff, as Timmy began to emerge from the hot tub.

“I told you, you wouldn’t like it,” said Timmy, trying to tuck his trunk into his trunks.

At this point every man there, and they were all men (sexist), did the same thing, and thought of their own limitations in

comparison with old Nelly pants over there. And then they moved on.

Everyone went inside the pub for a pint to thrash out a game plan. Timmy wasn't entirely sure, but he felt that he was getting served a lot quicker by the bar maids since the "hot tub incident", as he brought the ales over to the group and they planned their next move.

They headed to the nearby Gaol, it had previously been a performing arts centre owned by Lady Elgiva, who bequeathed it to the people of Chesham, many years ago. It was subsequently reclaimed by Lord Jasper and turned into a miserable prison for the ne'er do wells of the area.



The Olde Chesham Gaol has many infamous inmates, including many an orc and goblin, as well as more evil characters. The long term inmates were such delights as Harold the Poker, who did terrible things with a use your imagination, and Colin the Cattle Worrier, who had a particularly nasty affection for the farms of Pednor, but by far the weirdest and undesirable was a prisoner known only as The Spanker.

Rumour has it that he was an orphan that was dropped off on the doorstep of St Marys Church and had been taken in by the Cleric and the Nuns of Church Street. He was a vile child, who spoke in a soft voice, like a serial killer who didn't understand that he was doing wrong, and in order to control him he was punished, over and over again, by the nuns and the Cleric, who could not understand his desire to kill small animals, and other creatures in the most bizarre of circumstances.

It is rumoured that he had even captured and tortured a young dragon, and numerous Glis Glis.

The purpose of the Cleric was clear, he had to address this perversion, and through cruel punishment, and repeated beatings he managed to reduce the urges of the now young adult, to an addiction to randomly spanking people on the behind.

He eventually became too big and uncontrollable, even for the Cleric, and so was cast out from the Church, into the wilds of Chesham.

It did not take long, and on a particularly long, hot summer it happened.

Known locally as the “great spanking of 22” (others called it the fifty shades of May), he had gone on a wild rampage through the main square, everyone in the market got it, large powerful hands like shovels, swishing this way and that, he was now a large muscular, powerful man. Into Trekkers, bang, bang, bang, poor patrons clutching their heated rear ends in agony as the chaos continued.

Right through Trekkers, Brazil’s, bang, bang, bang – total carnage.



After swinging his way through Jermyn Street, the allotments, he eventually made the fatal mistake of running into the Forge, where Richard the Blacksmith was working away over a red hot fire.

The Spanker stopped in his tracks and surveyed the scene, Richard the Blacksmith looked up and sized him up.

The Spanker was probably about the same size as Richard the Blacksmith, however he (unwisely) fancied his chances and advanced upon the Blacksmith, much to the surprise of Richard.

As The Spanker approached, Richard the Blacksmith, quick as a flash, pulled a hot piece of ironwork out of the fire that he had been working on and thrust it into The Spankers forehead, causing him to scream in agony and drop to the floor. Richard the Blacksmith promptly put his foot on his neck, and the Guard came to take him away. The Spanker has remained in the Chesham Gaol ever since, he may never be released.

Probably just as unfortunately for The Spanker, was that the hot ironwork that Richard the Blacksmith had pulled out of the fire was actually an iron imprint to be used by the local bakery to burn into the crust of their bread, so he now had Darvell's Bakery seared into his forehead for the rest of time (Darvell's – you are welcome!).

Back to the Gaol, The Guv'nor had been clear, there was a specific prisoner that they needed to get to, Gunter Ausfahrt. The Guv'nor had been in Chesham Gaol on many an occasion and had the misfortune to have been cell mates with Gunter.

Gunter was a man of many a disease and a total lack of hygiene, and had been thrown in the Gaol for the rest of his days by the secret police of Lord Jasper, for being a smelly, horrible, unhygienic obscenity, apparently a crime in Chesham.

This also meant that Gunter never, ever cut his toe nails, apparently they were twisty, and dirty, and infected but definitely an easy win for the object of this particular exercise.

The Guv'nor described how to get to the cell through a ventilation shaft that could be accessed from the side of the Gaol, but it was very small and it would only accommodate the smaller members of the team, and with a push Timmy, who had been very proud of his exercise regime whilst he has not been working.

And so it was, in darkness, they approached the Gaol. Frank, Ben, Mick, Rich/Ian and Russ took point looking out for the Guard, keeping to the shadows to avoid attention and out of the sinister light of the fiery torches that burned around the building.

The three stood beneath the ventilation shaft entrance, it was not closely guarded because not one person had tried to escape that way before, and certainly not one person had tried to break in.

“Right,” said Timmy, “Bob, you stand next to the wall, Jake you get on his shoulders.”

Bob and Jake did as they were told, and Bob was beginning to regret having a solid stone man (even a little one), standing on his shoulders. With what must be described as a quite sensational piece of athleticism, Timmy ran towards the two, jumped up onto Jake's shoulders and swung his morning star straight at the shaft cover, which shattered into a hundred pieces. He then clung to the edge of the shaft on the side of the building and swung his way into a very tight spaced shaft, barely big enough for him to go forward on his hands and feet.

Timmy dangled a foot (Jake thought it was a foot but Timmy was not completely dry yet), and followed suit into the shaft, with Bob essentially holding onto Jake's leg, they were now all in the shaft.

There was some awkwardness to this, the shaft was very dark, and the three heroes were crawling on their hands and knees. This led to unfortunate bumping into each other, where head and backside were in highly risky proximity. Leading to a succession of "ouch," "I'm sorry," and "do you mind?" This was not the only problem.

Pub Lore Fact

If you are a drinker of ale, then you must be alive to the fact that ale is a feisty drink with many moving parts, and when ordering ale you must inspect it to make sure that the barrel from which it came is not at an end. More fool you if you ignore this advice and drink a cloudy one, and an uncomfortable visit to the latrine is in your near future if you drink ale that is "gone".

End of Pub Lore Fact

Jake, prior to his time in the Lantern Making Guild, had not been that much of a drinker, and he was not particularly aware of the need to check your ale. For the purpose of this current predicament, it was a tad unfortunate that Jake had, indeed, consumed an ale at the dog end of the barrel, not knowing that he should inspect it.

It was also doubly unfortunate, that as a golem he didn't currently wear any clothes either.

As they crawled through the ventilation shaft, Timmy had been instructed to keep going until he reached the second grill in the ceiling over a cell.

As they made their way through the darkness Timmy could hear a curious sound, it was like a whistle followed by a sound like pebbles being thrown. At first Timmy stopped when he heard it, which caused Jake to stick his stony nose into Timmy's bottom. Not wishing a repeat of this, Timmy kept going, as did Jake.

Unfortunately for Bob, he was well aware of what was happening, and as he followed, nose to stony cheek behind Jake, he heard the whistle and then felt a dust cloud of pebbles shoot him straight in the face. This was, however, a minor discomfort compared to the horrendous smell.

Oh – the hoppy, lively, smell of a bad pint, right in the mouth for poor Bob, who was now choking and cursing his luck once

Again. "Have you had a bad pint?" Complained Bob to Jake.

"I am not sure what is happening," said Jake, as he convulsed slightly and fired another dust cloud straight into Bob's face.

"Oh god, how can this get any worse?" Poor Bob wondered.

And, when wondering if things can get worse, the cruel Gods of Chesham (more in future episodes) were listening and did indeed decide to make things a lot worse indeed.

The mission was to crawl through the shaft, get to the second ventilation grill and then drop down into the cell of Gunter Ausfahrt. This did mean, however, going gingerly over the first ventilation grill. This was not so problematic for Timmy, who was quite lithe and managed to bundle his way over the top of it, noting that although there was some light below, it was indeed a dingy cell over which they were crawling, wondering who or what lurked in there.

Jake followed suit, however the first grill had seen better days, and was certainly not designed to take, even a diminutive, stone chap over it. As Jake expelled toxic gases and crashed over the first grill, he severely weakened it.

Bob had decided to hang back a bit, fed of getting repeated mouthfuls of Jakes digestive system, and then he encountered the first grill. He tried to negotiate it gingerly but it was too late, Jake had fatally weakened it and as Bob shuffled over it, it gave way and with a blood curdling scream, Bob fell through into the darkness, where he landed with a thud.

Timmy heard the scream in the distance but had by now reached the second grille. There was poor light and it was only seconds later that Jake arrived and once again stuck his nose accidentally into Timmys Orcy sphincter.

“Ow,” protested Timmy.

“Sorry about that, my eyes are not so good in this light, used to Lanterns you see.”

“Don’t worry about that, “ said Timmy, who was now loosening the grille, which came off very easily due to it’s age. Timmy dropped down into the dark of the cell, followed by Jake, and immediately vomited, the stench was unbelievable, they had found Gunter Ausfahrt.

Back with Bob, he at least felt relieved that he had managed a soft landing, he was on a mattress, filled with hay, that broke his fall, there didn’t appear to be anyone in the bed, and Bob for one sweet, sweet moment said to himself, “I don’t believe it, I have landed in an empty cell.”

Then a very high pitched voice in the darkness spoke, “Oh no you haven’t!”

Bob was now very concerned, he was unsure he would be able to jump back into the ventilation shaft, and so knew that he would have to confront his new “cell mate”.

A high pitched voice came from the darkness, “We must be dreaming,” like Sean Connery in James Bond but a lot more serial killer to it.

“It has been so long since we had company,” said the voice from the darkness, “welcome to our home, we are afraid you will have to take us how you find us.”

“Who is here?” Asked Bob, who was becoming very worried indeed.

“Just little old us, we have been here for a very long time indeed, so nice to see someone.”

Bob’s mind was now racing, who would be a good person to meet in here, scrub that, there can’t be any good people to meet.

“Are you an Orc or a Goblin?”

“Tee hee,” came the high pitched voice, “guess again, we like this game.”

Who could it be, Bob was trying to think of his preferred options.

“Do you like farmyard animals?” Bob asked desperately.

“Oh no, he died last week, hee hee hee.”

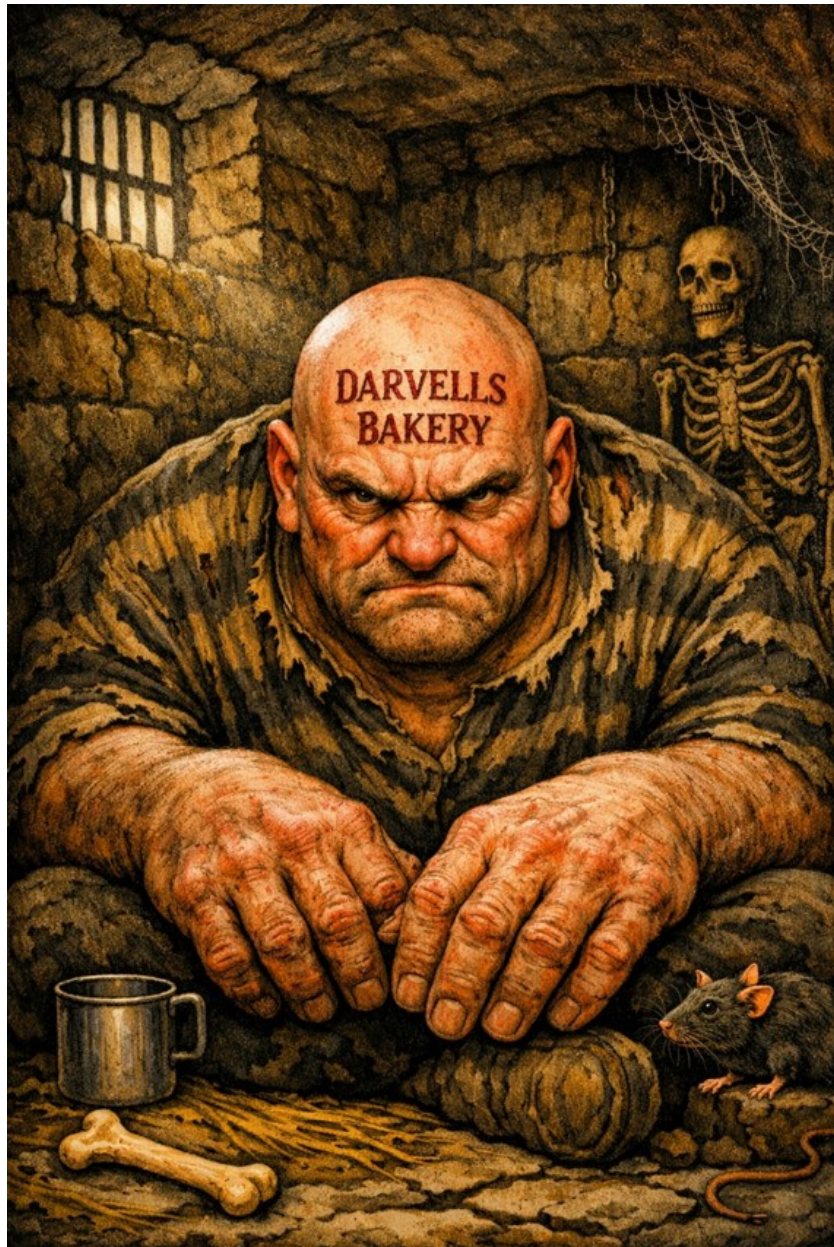
“You haven’t got a poker have you?” Bob was starting to realise the gravity of the situation.

“Oh, dear lord no, we don’t need one of those,” came the reply.

Bob was now frantic, “petty thief maybe?”

“You can call us Spanky,” the very annoying high pitched voice retorted. Bob immediately developed the same condition as

Jake from the ale, he knew this would not be good, and as his panic set in, a candle was lit in the cell next door and shone through the grill in the wall and there he was. As the light began to shine through and flicker, Bob could see the scar on his forehead, clear as day, “Darvells Bakery”. He was huge, bald and muscular, a skeleton behind him must be the remains of his last cell mate, who had peculiar damage in the pelvis area. His hands were like great shovels, Bob shivered, he was in a cell with The Spanker. Oh how Bob had wished he had got the cattle worrier.



Meanwhile, Timmy and Jake were now looking at a fast asleep Gunter Ausfahrt, the most diseased, smelly and horrible specimen in the whole of Chesham.

He was snoring, and his feet were exposed.

Winding out from his disgustingly minging feet were curly wurly toe nails of abject depravity.

“Give me the knife,” Timmy quietly asked Jake.

“I don’t have the knife, I have nowhere to keep it,” Jake replied, letting Timmy observe his rocky nakedness.

“Oh bugger, where is it?”

“Bob keeps it behind his lovely hair,” Jake replied.

Timmy gulped, “Have we got anything, anything sharp at all?” He looked around the room but there was nothing.

“I haven’t even got any teeth or nails,” Jake explained softly.

Then it occurred to Timmy, and his little Orcy face went a little more green than usual, he was going to have to bite the toe nails off.

He leaned towards the disgusting twisty, stinking nails, he gagged slightly.

Now Timmy was not to know at this point that not only was Gunter smelly and disgusting, he also had a weird sexually transmitted disease which meant he could not wear shoes anymore.



Furthermore, it was so rare that no-one really knew what the risks and consequences were, should contraction occur.

Timmy leaned forwards again, and rested his lips upon the nail of the big toe of Gunter Ausfahrt.

He bit, and the nail cracked, but Gunter turned slightly in his sleep, he was having a dream, and he had put his toe fully into Timmys poor unsuspecting mouth.

“Oh yah, das is good,” murmured Gunter, as his sceptic big toe swished around inside Timmys mouth, as Timmy tried to munch on his toe nail.

To be fair, Jake was struggling to watch, he had been in the Guild of Lantern Making for a very long time and had definitely never seen the equivalent of the local leper getting a toe sucking from an Orc, he was also still suffering from the effects of his ale and didn't know whether to hurl or poop, in the end he did both.

At the same time, Jake could hear some rather bizarre noises coming from the cell next door, he could hear what sounded like a very noisy man crying, and at the same time a very loud slapping sound, once every five seconds or so. He dismissed it as he looked back at the scene, Timmy in action with Gunter was something that he was not going to forget for a long time to come.

Then he heard it, “CRACK”, the sound of a nail that had not been cut, washed or loved for ten years had now broken off in

Timmys mouth, who placed it in his pouch and then threw up all over the cell. Gunter woke up, stunned after his wonderful dream, Timmy was not impressed.

“Let’s get out of here!” Shouted Tim, and Jake knew instinctively knew what to do. He took ten paces back to the other side of the cell and although initially he was going to try and jump up into the ventilation shaft, that is when he heard it.

“Please help me!”

It was unmistakably Bob in the next cell, where the slapping sounds were coming from, and Jake changed tact and launched himself, stone on stone, against the cell wall. He made it through in one go, dust and brick everywhere, and before him was the second weirdest sight he had seen of the day. Bob was bent over the lap of this huge man, with huge hands, advertising the local bakery on his head, Timmy followed behind and just looked and stared, he had no sick left in his body.

“Leave my friend alone,” Jake pointed his stony finger at The Spanker, who was quite taken aback by the whole situation and dropped Bob to the ground.

“Let’s get out of here,” shouted Timmy who, in a heartbeat, grabbed the poor injured Bob and leapt onto the shoulders of Jake and took them both, miraculously through the ventilation grille that Bob had fallen through, putting Bob in front and shouting, “Now move.” And move they did, Jake looked menacingly at The Spanker, who liked a challenge but knew he

would be on a hiding to nothing with Jake, a man (small) of stone.

“Put me up there before I change my mind and cause you grief,” Jake threatened.

The Spanker had never seen such a thing, and obediently complied and lifted Jake up to the grille to the shaft.

“One more thing,” The Spanker asked of Jake.

“What?” Jake asked impatiently.

“Tell him, I love him.”

“Er... ok.” Jake replied.

The Spanker was way too big to follow and bring up the rear, so remained in his cell, awaiting for the inevitable arrival of a guard, what with all the commotion. Then he saw the broken wall, and Gunter Ausfahrt lying confused in his bed.

“You look like a really naughty boy,” The Spanker winked at Gunter.

Gunter passed out, who knows what happened next.

Our heroes fled back through the ventilation shaft, with a distant sound of someone being slapped echoing in the background, until they reached their point of entry, and they each dropped down one by one, Timmy was gagging but had the nail in his pouch, Jake was heavily traumatised by the events, and Bob kept rubbing his poor buttocks, he had been spanked within an inch of his life and he was starting to wonder what else

would happen, what with the way the tasks had gone so far. They crept out of the grounds, looking for the rest of the gang but they were nowhere to be seen, they had got bored and gone back to the Jolly Sportsmen to have another beer. Nobody was surprised.