Spot of Tea?

The Ogres club smashed against the Goblins shield. The Goblins rolled to the side to help absorb the mighty blow. With his own weapon, a simple branch with an iron spike, he struck the Ogres leg, stabbing him in the calf.

“Haha!” came a child’s laugh. Zachary, the giant youngling, pointed a finger at his twin brother who sat across the stone floor of their bedroom.

“He’s not done yet,” Jonathan replied. “Come on Greeny!” he encouraged, “you can do it!”

Between the two giant younglings sat a makeshift arena, fenced off in a child made shape resembling a circle of bramble bushes. A band of Ogres fighting a band of their neighbours, a Goblin clan, had been captured by the younglings parents weeks ago to be a birthday present. Being the tender age of four, they now had a single goblin and ogre left.

The Goblin and Ogre eyed eachother warily. They had seen their comrades battle to their last breath. They both knew that there was only way out…

“Zachary, Jonathan…” boomed the commanding voice of their mother.
Both boys froze, a look of dread on their faces.

“Time to brush your teeth.”

“Aww muuummmm,” they replied in unison. Thunderous footsteps echoed down the hall to their room.

“You know how the ground bones in our bread get stuck between your teeth,” she scolded with a pointed finger the size of a tree trunk. “You can play later.”

With an exaggerated ‘herumph’ the two boys made their way past their mother who turned to follow them making sure they reached their destination. Unnoticed, the thumping pitter patter of dainty giant toddler feet made their way to their door.

Emily looked at her older brothers toys with longing in her big blue eyes.
Both Ogre and Goblin tensed. This was it. Hastily they threw their weapons to the side sitting down cross legged in the center of their arena to face one another.

“Spot of tea,” growled the Ogre in his poshest accent.

“Certainly old chap,” the Goblin responded by holding out an imaginary cup. His gnarled little finger was stuck out at just the right angle.
As the Ogre poured the imaginary tea Emily jumped up and down, clapping her hands.

“Ah, Emily,” the Ogre looked towards the giant youngling as if he had only just noticed her, “So nice of you to join us!”

“Tisk tisk tisk,” the Goblin interrupted the tea party by standing up. “This is no suitable place for a lady to have tea?”

Emily shook her head the embodiment of disapproval at where their tea party currently sat. She then looked left and right before running into her brothers room to snatch the Goblin and Ogre before running back to her own room.
She threw her two new playmates up onto her big girl bed before making the effort to scramble up after them.

In unison the Goblin and Ogre bowed.

“Please take a seat my lady,” the Ogre motioned for Emily to move closer to the window. The giant youngling wriggled across on her bed until she was seated in just the right spot.

“Now for some tea,” the Ogre held up his imaginary tea pot but was again interrupted by the Goblin.

“No no no, this won’t do at all,” the Goblin shook his head. Emily gasped, wondering what could be so wrong.

“We should be drinking tea on a wonderful day,” the Ogre and Emily nodded in agreement.

“Ah, the solution,” the Goblin pointed towards the window shutter. “Emily, be a dear and open the shutter, let the light in.”

Emily nodded again, pushing herself to her feet; the fact that it was near night time not interfering with their magical tea party. The wooden shutters were twice her height, set into the rock wall of the Giants mountain home but with a little bit of awkward effort she managed to flick the latch and the shutters swung open to great the night.

“Much better,” the Goblin exhaled a sigh of relief. “Now, shall we?”
Both Goblin and giant youngling held out their imaginary tea cups with little fingers pointed appropriately for the Ogre to begin. Just as he was about to finish pouring, two crises of anger echoed down the hall.

Emily placed her hand over her mouth. Her wide eyes looked around wildly before grabbing a pillow which she used to cover her two tea companions. Ogre and Goblin were smacked flat onto the bed before Emily scrambling off the bed to then pump her little youngling legs towards the safety of her mothers apron.

The pillow on top of the bed shuddered and finally the Goblin managed to poke his head out into the fresh air. Wriggling he finally freed himself. The meaty hand of the Ogre stuck out, mumbled curses caused the Goblin to bend down, grasping the hand to pull with all his might until the Ogre was free.

Immediately they ran over the obstacles provided by the crinkled bed cover towards the window. The Ogre grabbed the Goblin by the belt, throwing him up to the ledge with all his might. The Ogre leapt as high as he could, just managing to catch the ledge with his fingers. His toe claws scratched the wall as he tried to maintain grip. Again the Goblin was there, pulling his comrade up until they both stood on the precipice.

The Ogre looked down at the Goblin with a vicious fanged grin. He bowed, waving one hand towards the exit.

“After you my dear chap,” he said with all the eloquence his growly voice would allow.

The Goblin bowed in return. “No no, after you,” his own leathery features broke out into a grin.

“But I insist,” the Ogre bowed again but before the Goblin could respond a squeal of alarm sounded from behind.

“Together then?” the Goblin queried. The Goblin and Ogre leapt from the windowsill to freedom leaving the giant younglings behind.