

## The Coachman

And the sky was a bright green as the Aurelius Borealis that magnetic storm was above and sitting in a tree every half mile a crow.

Green crows for the magnetic storm made them green so was happy birds for life had giving them a fresh start.

“Kra kra,” the happy crows looking dejected and fed up sitting. They wanted to fly high in the sky and like sea gulls float in the choppy sea without sinking, and to eat all your lunch when you looked the other way for they worked in gangs, one to distract, one to eat and took it in turns for they was smart thieving things.

**ANWAY:** STRAIGHT OUT OF A VAMPIRE MOVIE SET A BLACK COACH NEEDING OILING:

“Ya take that mules and Gee up,” for the Coachman was imaginative. “I know the power of words,” he adds all wrapped up in his great coat that is ripped at the shoulders from whipping the poor mules so almost fainted with each whipping as essences of sweat waft gently up. “The problem is I hate baths,” he explains so we automatically know his type; a bum and a single bum that is found lying in gutters singing and why no decent woman did invite him home for Sunday lunch.

“Enaw,” the poor mules sweating it out pulling the coach and added “ENAW” as whip touched delicate bits and hated the bum at the other end of that whip. If only he did come and face them without that whip they knew what they did do the bum, gnaw him which is different from shredding.

**AND:** 'Flying Scotsman,' was empanelled across the side of the coach.

And a carrot at the end of the whip for encouragement for the Coachman knew about team effort. “Them mules are starved so will do anything for a nibble of juicy carrot,” the Coachman

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huddling in his great coat; a great coat made thin by the weather so “Chatter,” was heard often.

And does this Coachman under a blue bonnet have a name.

*“He isn't mine, that wart ridden baby mine?”* So there's the answer!

**BUT?** With thunder and green mist for every good film needs some special effects?

“Durno,” the bum replies replies as a mule shrieks for the whip missed places too. “I isn't seeing double yet” for the drunk liked the XXX and did not see pink elephants but pink dancing mules.

**AND:** “I only hope a wheel hits a rut and the Coachman falls off,” a pretty little thing under a red hood sitting in the coach fed up bounced this way and that for it made her youthful thingamajigs jingle and what was hidden there show; *for nothing* which made **her** Granny turn in her bed for Granny knew men were all suckers so had to pay for what wasn't the wife's.

“Sparkle,” from what was hidden amongst the youthful stuff and the sparkle is a mystery to encourage your imaginations.

“Let me comfort you dear,” and the voice was oily and belonged to him under a black bowler hat in a plaid suit; a shiny new one for oilers needed to look shiny for they who sign the dotted Hire Purchase Agreement X; customers. For the oiler was sniffing for an oiler sniffs when cash is involved and smelt cash on the girl. So he wasn't a dirty old man chasing young fillies but a respected businessman on the make and there was no ring on his married finger either. And if he had one it did be hidden in his pocket safe; for Oiler's have a lot of insured wives: so beware of the OILERS in plaid suits and bowler hats.

No ring the pretty girl noticed for **her** Granny, *“Single men give nothing but married men flats, diamonds and the wife's subscription to National Geographic,”* for a granny got around. So the pretty thing wasn't interested as she had ignored Granny's advice. *“Get close enough to men till you smell their cash, credit cards and overdraft limit.”*

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But the oiler was “Middle aged,” the pretty girl's own words. Yes the oiler had a double chin and belly held back by a belt from which a sporran hung and creepy crawlies ran about it guarding.

“Yucky,” inside the mind of the pretty girl for this is a favourite pretty girl word.

A sporran and the pretty girl eventually remembered Granny, “*Get close enough to them men till you smell their cash, credit cards and overdraft limit.*” So the oiler was in luck, the journey to where ever they was going in far away far away forgotten place was long and boring.

And the oiler dropped a penny so those beside the pretty little girl under the red hood did fight over it, leaving room for the oiler to make his move so he could say magic words such as, “Come here often?” “Want a Star Buck Coffee perhaps?” “Or a cup of Typhoon tea for I have a flask?” (hot water with a rusty piece of iron in it for Oiler was a true miser, one that got around.)

'His name was Oily.

Pure Omega 3

Anchovies and sardines.

For Cod was costly.

And engine oil stained his seat.

For his name was Oily.'

But the oiler was met with smiles from the other passengers that he read correctly. “Make it a pound dropped and will move?”

But the oiler was a salesman of brooms so explains the lack of manners: perhaps a banker from the South East for he carried a case covered in exotic stickers to impress pretty girls to back up his claim, “I am on my way to Bolly Wood as am a director,” the oily stoolie.

A case that smelled of sweat, your sweat for he was an oiler and the best in the land for last years catalogues littered the inside of the coach; like bear traps.

So opened his suitcase and showed the competition many brooms to take home to the wife

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but not the girlfriend. She who helped make the bedroom messy and the dog blamed and thrown down the well with weights. Never mind this is a happy story and the dog had learned by practice to sit in the bucket till water was drawn so was pulled up always to dinner, a bone and while shivering sneezing would dream of chasing innocent white bunnies in a golden field as harps played.

A dog that would savage the mail man to rid itself of stress.

And still not a person moved away from her under the red hood.

Lust was seen in all the competition eyes for they was males descended from slugs, snails and water fleas.

£££££ and \$\$\$\$\$\$ was sparkling in her lovely eyes for she was related to perfumes, oranges and diamonds. She was after all a pretty ankle.

*"I need a secret weapon to get rid of them,"* the oily salesman and tried to think hard. *"Last years prices, done that, Xmas sale but this is February, what can I do? Show a bit of leg?"* Then remembered his was hairy so forgot the idea.

"Ga," and one of the competition changed seats for he who had been sitting next to the foiled oiler was massive and wrapped in a fleece. A fleece that seemed to be alive with thingamajigs that bit so hard the man jumped seats next to the oiler.

But Oiler did not move for a merchant on the make is a stubborn thingamabob; so began to scratch for he was no longer ignorant of what was in the fleece. Never mind the competition would share his new experience so was happy as this story is full of happiness.

"Scratch," they went and "ouch," when they scratched too much and being an oiler in perfect control and harmony with the universe smiled and showed teeth that sparkled with gold fillings and let the creepy crawlies suck away. Not a twitch, not a scratch for an oiler knows when to impress and hold his bladder when a pretty girl is involved. Especially one selling pressed

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flowers. “Why in my old age I can take her for walks and all will think I am virile especially when I leave a trail of pennies for beggar kids and all will think they are mine; the proof. ”

And Cindy remembered: “*Look at a man's teeth they are just like a donkey, and check the fillings, gold is OK but diamonds better,*” Granny for see did that to all her prospective boyfriends so many were toothless.

'For a granny got around.

Her name was Granny.

Granny McSporran to you.'

“Judas, I must sell myself flea powder,” for oiler kept his books well and now all hated the man in the fleece who had contaminated them with microscopic life, and is important for “*How you treat someone later depends on first impressions,*” Aslop and his fables and moral warnings is back unfortunately so the man in the fleece was for it.

**Anyway:** “Sir are you the big bad wolf?” The girl under the red hood for Granny had brought her up proper with words for she was afraid of the moving fleece?

And there was silence so even the oiler crunched back amongst the reseated competition for the night is when legends come alive. Howling legends from thingamabobs that are were-wolves wanting to shred an honest oiler to marmalade not like them mules that did gnaw .

And there is no reply for the man in the fleece can only say, 'Ga' thinking mysterious suspense wins ladies and also because his head is empty of thought.

And Ga was saved for outside a “HOWLING” as a were-thingy ran beside the coach snarling and drooling wanting in for the moon was up.

“Crack,” the sound of a whip with a carrot at the end of it.

“Yelp,” the sound of a were-thingy getting a taste of carrot places so the mules were not alone in their hatred of the bum holding the whip.

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“Gee up,” the bum thinking of higher things than carrots waiting for starving mules at the journeys end. The drunk was thinking of his penny a day pay and what to spend it on? Perhaps he did take good advice and buy shares in a bank?

And this story has a hero, he/she is just waiting to surprise you who he/she is as this is the type of story you have to peel off the layers of disguise to find one.

At least we can guess it isn't the were-wolf as whoever heard of one of them being a hero?

**ANYWAY:** “Save me sir?” The girl under the red hood not wanting to be were-wolf poops and swoons into the lap of Ga who had infested the coach but not her for she is pretty and related to moonbeams, blue skies and fat bank accounts so fleas instructed by Heaven must leave her alone. And shows even a pretty girl in one glance sees all before a swoon to see where to be caught can still can make a navigational error.

And the fleecy stranger is mortified as does not know what to do? The love of his life is in his arms; unable to speak being so close to her under the red hood and something is sparkling in her bosom?

The mysterious sparkle that this story is about, not the lecherous passengers descended from Adam and scorpions.

“Save me sir?” The girl again as the coach bounces out of a hole in the road and wraps her arms on Oiler to make sure her girly pongs engulf him like a fog for Granny taught her well with these words, “*Men are idiots*” and “*oilers always have a brief case full of sales accounts and magic store departments like French scratchy woollies a girl can always do with; and silks too,*” as an afterthought.

But this bliss cannot last as things live in the woolly fleece of the stranger and not the oiler for the coach is dark and bouncy; and the word mysterious stranger is not used for the coach is a happy coach.

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“Why am I scratching?” The girl under the red hood asks for some times being related to unicorns, sunshine and rich old men are not enough to keep the biting thingamabobs away.

“Madam I bathe,” the oiler opening his suitcase showing many viles to be used against biting creepy crawlies. “Not at discount prices,” he adds for he knew girls had a granny advising them to make him pay for the privilege of wrapping his oily arms about her so his big rubbery lips could whisper the goods out of his Xmas catalogue.

And green light from the Aurelius Borealis filled the coach and the faces lit up for a second all green as if eating mussels out of season. Mussels a certain oiler kept in jars to sell.

Jars a drunk above had found and thrown at the mules for he knew mules ate anything.

So now the mules did strong pongs that did blow back on a drunk for revenge was sweet.

”Gawd what them mules been eating,” Durno for a drunk never remembers.

“Eeeek,” and is a scream of terror so all look except for the screamer at the coach window thinking the were-wolf thingy had got in. But they was mistaken for the passenger under a sombrero was no longer protected by the darkness was puffing on his chewed cigar butt as spaghetti deafening music was heard.

*Charisma was in the air.*

So the cigar butt glowed red like the coals of Hell and his eyes seemed full of well, hormones so why the screams from the other passengers who had never seen the likes before.

“*What eyes, all blue like mine,*” the girl in the red hood perhaps not all there in the head?

“*I know his type,*” Granny's words and was ignored by the girl.

“Here I will buy your viles,” the girl in the red hood and the salesman Mr. Oiler was happy for he not only sold potions to rub on bites from blood sucking insects found in an unwashed fleece, but potions made from secret ingredients to add real essence to a girl needing jasmine essences.

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And the ingredients were not labelled for *“they are secrets that me and them mules only know,”* the oiler salesman locking his mobile safe he kept in his sporran for a sporran has many secret rooms and even been known for a white bunny to appear, *“surrounded in puff pastry of course.”* And a sporran is a purse strange men keep wrapped about their tummies and the Oiler was one.

Strange and oily.

Slippery like an eel.

Like wet soap.

Oily was his name.

And he in the sombrero is handsome, so handsome he has stolen the girl in the red hoods mind, so she reeling from his beauty pants in terror in case the sparkle in her cleavage is known; the mystery and then the story did end and we can all go home; without the were-wolf of course' it is for the bin.

*“I must learn the man's secret so I can steal minds and make them my slaves for I own a dark forest full of goblins and need slaves to fetch wood for my boilers. Boilers to keep my mansion with a hundred rooms warm,”* the salesman Mr. oiler whispers for he knew about central heating benefits.

Obviously an oily cad and greasy bounder?

And silence surrounds the sombrero and the owner thinks this is part of his mystery and girls like mystery for the director told him he was a STAR and stars are a mystery; who knows what they make? More than me and you certainly.

But the competition, *“I cannot remember what dad told me what to say to girls,”* the man in the fleece needing a good wash but was jealous of him in the sombrero so said “Ga,” again for only sawdust was between the ears.



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*"He spoke but sounds like Italian, my luck is in for these men of Genoa are famed for romance,"* the girl under the red hood showing girls are made of roses, lace and nothing else.

"What is that sparkle?" The oiler asking the cowboy under the sombrero? And the girl clutched her bosom afraid the sparkle there had been seen.

And the sparkle was a tin star on a chest and many bandoleers holding maces, axes and butchering implements for doing nasties to those that got in the way of them blue eyes.

And next to him a dwarf in chains who moved this way and that for he was jealous of those blue eyes and fed up for his eyes were full of dropped cigar ash so couldn't see the pretty girl clearly, except that she was a girl, a girl in a red hood, "Gasp wheeze," for he had been chained for twenty years so had forgotten what a girl was.

And next to him an elf for he had long pointed ears and held a suitcase too. Was he the opposition to the salesman or a holiday maker or perhaps an eloper who had woken up and run from his bride when the XXX wore off?

And he shifted this way and that for elves are like bunnies so hop about the seat; perhaps needing a bunny vet?

But one thing was for sure there were spare seats and many stage coach inns on the way to where ever they was going.

Far away as possible perhaps?

And the coach had left where ever they had left some time past.

"Howl," the were-wolf thingy outside the coach wanting more lashing of carrot.

"Speed up mules or that were-thingamabob will eat us all, after ripping our kidneys and what not out of course," the coach man called Durno who knew that speaking to animals made them calm and workable.

"Enaw enaw," the terrified mules.

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And ahead at the cross roads a sign post erected for the convenience of green crows to sit and poop on for they was bored waiting, a man sat waiting for this coach.

In his hand a soggy wet burger for it was raining. In his other hand a coach time table also wet and unreadable. Cane toads sat at his feet waiting for crumbs.

“I must get on that coach for my life depends upon it,” the stranger under the steel helmet. A stranger who was cold and shivering for his mail armour was porous so his unmentionables were soaked. And his zipper was unzipped and the cane toads watched for they ate anything wiggly; they also had long tongues so could reach easily.

'They was toads,

Cane toads.

Aliens that croaked.

They gave you warts too.

About a hundred was about him.

The size of squirrels,

hungry squirrels.

Yes sir that coach better hurry.

“Croak” them cane toads croaked.'

And behind him a rack sack full of essentials, a mirror, a vile of hair gel and deodorant for as every man knows travelling on the road makes for strange essences.

“Ah here comes the express too as far as way as possible” the man and since his life depended upon getting on the coach threw away his wet candle to flag the coach down and resorted to surprise antics.

He stood in front of the coach the stupid Burke.

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“Enaw enaw,” the approaching mules.

“Ya yee wet brutes put ya backs into it so we can get home quick,” the Coachman Durno and whipped the carrot out far ahead and then it vanished as was caught in the hands of the mysterious man.

Then a hundred tongues wrapped about it and was gone and the toads was still ravenous.

“Here mules see what I have?” The mysterious stranger in chain mail and as the mules stopped in front of him gave them the wet soggy burger.

“Enaw enaw,” the mules grateful for a breather but not the burger that did give them bad wind that did blow towards Durno of course.

“Here is this a hold up?” Durno trying to remember if he loaded his flintlock and importantly, where was it for drunks never remember?

“I am a passenger wanting on,” the mystery man.

“Then what is the secret password for passengers too board the coach in the middle of no where?” Durno asked.

“Neaps,” the mysterious stranger thinking he was funny.

“That be correct friend, come aboard,” Durno the Coachman reconnecting a carrot to his whip.

“Enaw,” the mules cursed as the whip snaked through the air.

“Eeeknaw,” the mules as the whip connected.

And silence greeted the mysterious stranger inside the gloomy coach. A coach full of stale breath and cigar smoke from a salesman under a plaid bowler hat.

“The image counts wheeze,” the oiler and added, “here there is no room so go sit up above.”

And the mysterious stranger shock his chain mail so drenched the oiler good; and strange Western guitar music sounded and was borrowed from The Good The Bad and Ugly as he in the

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sombrero wasn't amused.

And she under the red hood perked up, as long as it was male, young and hopefully healthy and wealthy an interest would be shown for Granny had said, *"Men will open their wallets to a pretty smile for men don't think with their heads."*

*"Granny where do they think from?"* The pretty girl had asked.

*"With their toes where men sit"*, so never told the girl so she believed men thought with their bottoms for this Granny was mean.

"Here let me sell you a warmer," the oily woolly salesman opening his suitcase and he who just got in saw many hot water bottles and some filled with XXX.

"My name is Lancelot," and the new comer looked at the girl under the red hood not sure if she was good bad or ugly for she hid her face but something sparkled from her bosom that made Lancelot think with his toes of course and hoped he was on the right coach.

THE COACH TOO NOWHERE.

"He is more handsome than the other, the Italian and have heard of him, a knight of legend so my luck is in for he can introduce me to other knights and there sell my pressed flower collection in my basket on my lap," the girl wishing material riches.

"What is your name girl?" Lancelot living up to the legend that he was a womaniser.

And the girl "Titter titter," in the fashion of girls.

"Ga," the Italian fascinated by the softness of her voice so his breath was taken from him for only spaghetti was between his ears.

"And what is your name?" Lancelot asks needing to know if he was on the right coach.

"Ga mia ga," the Italian overcome by clouds of cigar smoke.

"Only the finest cigars from Havana grown under a Caribbean sun, why you can taste the pineapple in them," the oiler salesman and draws on his cigar, "cough gasp wheeze."

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And to make sure Lancelot got the message a red dress was raised to show red stockings.

“Ma ma mia ga gasp,” the stranger in the fleece feeling hot and frustrated at the sight of brazen ankles for mummy had never warned him about girls in red hoods. Girls in blue hoods yes but not red hoods.

“Wheeze my heart gasp,” Oiler finding age was a hindrance at the sight of red stockings.

“Let me help you, a pebble in your shoe?” Lancelot the fibber as it was an excuse too take off the dainty red shoes so sweaty essence from weary feet wafted through the coach for Lancelot was a knight on the make wanting the girl to swoon for she might be the girl Granny spoke of?

*“I smell sales, perhaps lavender can be sold here?”* Mr. Oiler salesman.

AND:

*“The pong of dainty feet never deterred Lancelot the son of Lancelot the grandson of Lancelot,”* Lancelot full of himself for he was a Casanova male on the make; the type that can raise an eye brow in a micro nano second, and worse in the nano second unzip the thousand buttons on the corset full of mice traps for Casanova fingers to get mangled.

Yes Lancelot had lots of experience; just ask Granny?

And how did he know Granny? Not for me too tell.

*“Oh this man seems more exciting than the Italian who I cannot understand anyway,”* the girl under the red hood showing maybe boys are related to skunks but girls to empty balloons; balloons that smell nice of course.

“Lavender 10 pence me lady?” Mr. Oiler.

“Get lost,” Lancelot replying for the girl for he was a knight, brave fearless and mortified of Granny. He also hated competition.

And Mr. Oiler to you whispered to you also, *“He might be a knight but I will have him polishing my fly buttons before long or my ancestors weren't Oilers.”*

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And Lancelot's mail was open at the top so part of a hairy chest showed and the label as well:  
 “Cousin Jackie Emporium 22A Lockjaw Road, Nang King.

*“Gasp a glue hairs gasp and bought from that gasp low life Cousin Jackie and not from gasp my Xmas catalogue,”* Oiler and hated Lancelot's.

**ANYWAY** as Oiler frothed and went blue and no one cared a pretty girl dreamed for they are capable of some things like looking pretty. *“So forthright and assertive definitely a man of the world,”* the stupid girl under her red hood but still smelled of roses.

“Ha ha just what I like to see, them that pay taxes made to look like a donkey,” the dwarf and rattled his chains at the oiler and then fell silent for the sound of that girl's voice was familiar. So was the red hood but all girls wore red hoods these days and red dresses.

“Rattle,” the chains went.

“I smell a sale here, them chains need oiled,” the oiler salesman a true salesman but decided the dwarf must be broke so yawned and stretched out his feet.

“Ouch,” the dwarf under them for Oiler was a cruel bum and liked to show them less privileged they belonged under his soles. And being a dwarf and a miner he thought, “These nails holding his soles on will aid me to escape these chains,” so removed them for dwarves are cunning buggers; and very nibble with the fingers too. And just in case Mr. Oiler noticed a cold draught on his toes dwarf huffed and puffed on them.

**ANWAY:**

“Gee up lazy mules,” Durno above whipping the mules with a carrot as they headed for a tunnel, one without lights.

“Howl,” the were-wolf thingy at the coach window as the beast was fed up running so wanted in, then shred unwary passengers into bitties.

“Eeek,” the girl under the red hood seeing the naked wolf man at the coach window.

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“Ga,” the handsome European jealous in Italian.

“Give me an axe and that lunatic covered in fur will wish it was back in the nut house,” the dwarf and rattled his chains for the sheriff had the key who knew the dwarf was a psychopathic failed ventriloquist who had kindled 99 dummies into wood shavings. He also wanted the key so he could get closer to the pretty girl to see if it was HER who was familiar. Then all he remembered was a red hood and dress and an outhouse for dwarf had a bad memory; also clumsy fingers for he dropped the shoe nails and lost them in the dark places of the coach.

“I hear growls and sniffs from the dark places so am staying here,” dwarf who could be sensible, but in truth was terrified for spiders might lurk there; besides teddy wasn't with him and every dwarf brings one into the mines for luck. Real ones on a chain.

“Twang,” the sound of an elf arrow tipped in silver for every elf knew silver was needed to kill a were-wolf beast for elves watched horror films.

“Howl,” the were-wolf thingamabob howling with laughter and relief for the arrow had missed. Lucky for the wolf man yes. And more lucky the coach was entering the tunnel locals called the Tunnel of Love. Dark it was and narrow too, no place for a well fed were-wolf hanging on the outside of a speeding coach.

*“Oh my if Granny was here I did get a spank,”* the girl in the red hood who dreamed of fame as she felt hot breath on her neck, *“this Lancelot is quick and needs taming,”* so the girl slid out from the **fury grasp** of Lancelot and sat on the other side of the coach next to the oiler.

*“Gasp my heart, her beauty and girly essences have made my blood boil gasp wheeze my heart gasp,”* the oiler not accustomed to girls in red hoods selling pressed flowers.

“Who sir are you?” Lancelot holding in his arms the wolf man for 'Wolfie' got about.

*“I must buy a lead for that wolf and see if he is house trained?”* The girl realising Wolfie was just a dog that could protect the mystery sparkle in her bosom. A dog to catch sticks she would

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throw in fields covered in rabbits. Rabbits that would make Wolfie too fat to chase sticks.

Here an Aslop fable, *“Scarlet girls buy rouge for they need fake blushes for they are scarlet women.”* What has this got too about Wolfie chasing rabbits only a shrink knows.

“Ga,” the handsome European pretender fainting at being so close to a wolf man with talons needing cut and fangs seen better days.

*“What a hairy chest? Definitely that wolf man knows how to make a girl swoon,”* the silly girl and swooned across those next to her.

“Howl pant grr,” the wolf man for being a man was descended like the rest from pepper and Peri Peri sauce. He also thought with his toes proving Granny right but the pretty girl knew better than Granny.

“It says here a bounty of a hundred pound paid for the scalp of a wolf man,” the sheriff needing cash for there were many inns on the way to as far away as possible the coach did stop. Inns with badly lit rooms full of centipedes and spiders and more importantly, floozy waitresses serving French onion soup with them insects floating about in them as croutons.

“I can't see a thing and worse can't breath either for this girl has fallen across my face gasp pant,” the dwarf and no one felt sorry for him for all thought he was the luckiest man alive. “Did no one hear me, I am suffocating?” The dwarf again and all thought he was drunk so ignored.

*“I had to make sure and get close to him, it looks the same dwarf as is just my luck and must keep my hood up so he wont remember me and then he might not anyway for the night had been dark and he was preoccupied with Bunny and Goldilocks,”* the girl and was a whisper so the dwarf did not hear. AND WHO WAS BUNNY AND GOLDBLOCKS MMMM I WONDER?

“We elves know what to do when a pretty girl falls out of heaven across you,” thus proving Aslop correct about that race. *“Lock them up,”*

“Howl slurp,” the wolf man.



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“And I kissed you in the dark?” Lancelot afraid he had caught worms for wolfs and dogs have bad habits of smelling their bottoms and worse, licking them then you.

“Gee up lazy mules,” Durno above as the coach headed for Old Deer Town and an inn with a room full of spiders, centipedes and floozy waitresses in the shadows smoking clay pipes for they cared not for their image.

“Howl yelp,” the wolf man getting the bung from Lancelot much annoyed.

“My hero,” Mr. Oiler for oilers are those Granny warned the little girl about, *“They offer you sweets to X the dotted line.”*

“Ga is the bad doggy gone?” The handsome useless twerp in the itchy fleece.

*“The route to as far away as possible is plagued with wolf men so must get rid of this fearless Lancelot if I am to claim any bounty and visit them shady inn rooms that are full of cheap pungent perfume essences,”* the sheriff not grateful 'Wolfie' was gone.

*“I must keep this elf too for Aslop was right about them,”* the girl and added *“but the dwarf can go.”*

“At last I can breath,” the poor dwarf only thinking of air and not pressed flowers.

“Garlic necklaces going cheap, sure to ward of wolf men,” Mr. Oiler oiler.

“Ga I thought that was for vampires,” the handsome useless man and chattered his teeth.

“Them too,” the oiler and sold many necklaces to the useless man in the fleece.

*“Why has nature made him so handsome but with no brains?”* The girl seeing beauty was just skin deep and worse 'Ga' was eating the garlic and opened his mouth so all paled at the stink; for vampires isn't the only ones!

**AND OUTSIDE.....**

“Here get off my mules,” Durno and whipped the wolf man to shreds with the carrot.

“Yelp yelp,” the wolf man rolling off into shrubs, the thorny type so was not amused.

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And the coach rolled into Old Deer Town and came to a stop at a shady inn. And in the shadows a fat man in a dirty apron he had just wiped his grubby hands on. An apron that had red splotches on it and about his neck a rubber chicken.

“Carry your own luggage and follow me,” the lazy no good proprietor just interested in your money and led the coach travellers into his shady inn.

Where the crackle of fat sizzled onto a fire as a spitted bison roasted. And above the fire ‘NO CREDIT GIVEN’; for authenticity.

And the sheriff pegged the dwarf near the fire so he did think of being cooked instead of escaping for the sheriff knew how prisoners thought.

*“Ga I must remember what mummy said then about girls,”* for the handsome man in the fleece had given up trying to remember what his granny had told him.

*“I hope he never remembers,”* the girl under the red hood. *“When the hood comes down fantastic things get revealed but must keep them all in a state of suspense,”* she added for she knew she was a good looker.

*“I am Lancelot, brave and penniless and know the girl under the red hood must be the niece of that rich granny just waiting to meet a handsome knight and make me rich.”*

And Granny would know what do to with Lancelot?

**ANWAY:** *“Lancelot must be a knight and well in at the king's court so will lead him down the garden path,”* the girl.

Here an Aslop fable, *“Beware of the one who never tips.”*

And outside on the inn tin roof the wolf man bided his time, not even a howl parted his lips under the clear full moon. Not even a slurp as the smell of roast meat wafted up. Not even a whimper as he crossed his legs.

He wanted on the coach for as far away as possible that was so big he could eat away at the

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population and never be noticed. It was a wolf man's dream and full of exotic dishes; hot spicy Indians from Bangalore. Cold Scandinavians for hot days. Frenchmen full of the taste of Province. Americans stuffed in sesame buns covered in tomato sauce. Yes he needed to go there for he was fed up eating rats; especially after Dracula had got them first for then they was second hand rats. All exhausted and no fun for they didn't run about and do tricks.

“Here a carrot each for you and don't say Durno treats you bad,” the Coachman and hung his whip up in front of his mules to let them know what they got for being lazy no good mules.

Which they was for they had been seconded down from beach rides.

And ahead a man waited to meet the coach, a man under a black hood; a man fed up waiting.

“Howl,” from someone who couldn't help himself as a tree was nearby.

\*

And before the red hooded girl had got on the coach to far away as possible she had been selling pressed flowers on a street corner watched by a crow, a well fed crow someone fed heaps of breadcrumbs. . Late at night when all the drunks stagger about and will buy dozens of pressed flowers from a pretty girl under a red hood. And for all they knew she could have spots and gaps in her teeth under that red hood, but never mind men thought with their toes so the girl knew she was safe.

Until a dwarf approached her with these words, “Are you a girl?”

“I think so,” the girl and checked by pulling up her red dress.

“Gasp,” the dwarf thinking with his fingers and toes for men think with them when they run out of fingers.

“I need gasp need a pant,” the dwarf drooling at the mouth.

“Need a collection of pressed flowers?” The girl who was innocent and sweet and knew to stand under dark street corners when drunks stagger about.

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“Yes, come with me to a room in that shady inn and show me your collection?” The dwarf proving dwarves where descended from skunks, dung beetles and sons of Adam.

And hustled the girl away and flipped a shady inn keeper a farthing which was less than a penny for a room above. But the shady inn keeper had met his type before so with a “click,” let two huge dogs meet the cheap stake dwarf who while being mauled and shredded flipped a £ to the shady inn keeper.

“Bunny come here,” so only one huge ugly dog left the dwarf.

“Don't be a Skinflint, I don't like churls and niggards,” the pretty girl under the red hood.

“Grr rip shred moan ouch,” sounds coming from the dwarf so flipped a fiver towards the shady inn keeper.

“Come to daddy Goldilocks,” the shady inn keeper and the last dog left the dwarf who was very relieved and crawled upstairs to a room full of spiders to see a collection of pressed flowers.

And the room was dark, smoky and full of creepy crawlies for it was a shady room in a shady inn. AND WE KNOW WHO BUNNY AND GOLDDILOCKS IS NOW RIGHT.

“Here what are you up too?” The startled girl feeling the dwarf's hands at her buttons and she knew once those buttons were undone her red dress did fall off. So did dwarf and that was why he was doing it thus proving dwarves are related to men, rodents and plague infested PC viruses.

“I need a gasp, haven't seen a pant pretty ankle in oh my blood pressure twenty years and have forgotten what to do, wheeze blast it,” was the dwarf's answer.

And the girl remembered what Granny had said, *“Nothing in life is free.”*

“Are you going to buy my pressed flower collection?” The girl seeing a fleecing approaching for Granny had said, *“Take them for what they got then run like blazes.” And because she had long pretty legs insured for millions knew she could out run him.*

“I will give you this jewel for gasp pant wheeze oh my innards,” for the dwarf had eaten a

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mince pie earlier filled with gravy and juicy stringy meat and a ringed tail was floating in the gravy. Eaten it with these ravenous words, “Beats twenty years slurping up runny gruel with funny ringed tails floating in it.”

“Here get out of here,” the pretty girl kicking the dwarf some place as he fumbled for a chamber pot under the springy bed for that strange meat wanted out of him, so was making his tummy curdle and give off rude sounds and worse, horrid stinks.

So the dwarf clutched his trousers and fled from the room seeking a place where people go with serious gastrointestinal disorders.

“What is that stink?” The shady inn keeper shouted and soon all the shady customers had filled the corridor where the dwarf was holding his trousers as he let bad vapours circulate with these words, “Where is the out house?” And soon found it as he was thrown out with these words, “Don't come back,” and to make sure, “Bunny, Goldilocks come here.”

“Ah eeek shriek,” dwarf holding his trousers as he opened the out house door that was pitch dark so never noticed he shut Bunny and Goldilocks in with him.

“I am safe in here from them crazy dogs,” he said but we know better.

And “I am rich that ugly naughty dwarf who wanted to undress me has left me a ruby, the biggest ever a pretty girl under a red hood could want,” the girl and stuffed it between her bosom so a sparkle was there **and that solves the mystery of the sparkle.**

And decided to run like blazes then remembered Granny so sat down and finished off the French onion soup for selling pressed flowers in dark street corners is ravenous work.

“What happens if that dwarf comes back?” Then she remembered Bunny and Goldilocks so felt secure. “But I need to go to far away as possible where a jewel like this can make a pretty girl like me a someone for Granny will make me give it to her and still will have to sell pressed flowers in dark street corners,” so decided to catch the coach in the morning and went to sleep in

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the shady room's shady bed but because she was the essence of the sun, the stuff lace is filled with and a girl in red not a shady bed bug bit her.

For bed bugs are related to that dwarf who tried to undo the buttons on her red dress.

“Grrr,” from the outhouse.

“Oh my let me guess?” The dwarf and guessed correctly.

And a crow fed up of the outhouse noise and pong flew away.

And the pretty girl had nightmares dreaming of Granny taking the ruby and spending it on face transplants, monkey injections and wigs so she could sun bath on Spanish beaches.

“I am young and deserve a life,” the pretty girl shouted in her dream so stopped dreaming of Granny and dreamed of having someone else wash the dishes, mend Granny's bloomers and peel the onions for she would be able to afford hired help.

\*

And next day the dwarf was let out of the outhouse by Bunny and Goldilocks who wanted to frolic in the morning sunshine.

“My clothes are ripped to bits, here a card board box,” and wrapped it about himself and “now to find that girl and that will be easy as how many girls are there selling pressed dates in a red hood?” The dwarf forgetting what the girl was selling. “Or was she selling life insurance?” For he had not listened to his mummy who had said, “Here you squirt, if I see you licking the cream off the milk again you are living with the dogs who have worms, rabies and never been fed and never get drunk when a pretty ankle is about.”

But the dwarf did for he grew into a dwarf man and men don't think with their brains but with toes and fingers.

So crawled for them dogs was good gnawer's, rounded a corner and there was a square and it had at least a hundred girls in red hoods selling everything from pressed dates to post cards girls

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in red hoods would sell a drunk in a dark street corner; perhaps pictures of Granny weaving too?

“Groan,” the dwarf then a coach went by and his cardboard box got hooked on a wheel so he stood there as if he had just been born.

“A pervert,” and just takes one girl in a red hood amongst a thousand red hoods and soon the dwarf was wishing he was never born.

“Moan,” and “someone save me,” and “you lot can't be girls,” for dwarf remembered girls smelt of roses and were made of sugar, chocolate éclairs and hot water bottles not viscous kicks with laced up boots and poking fingers with sharp manicured nails. And because them nails got close the dwarf was able to admire the artwork on them; miniature windmills, churches and sheep, stars and portraits so he was now cultured; and in a lot of pain too.

\*

And Granny was instructing a gardener rippling muscles to close her suitcase that was stuffed with bikinis, anti wrinkle cream and hair dye and her passport of course. “Remember to water the mint and press some more flowers for Cindy to sell as this months mortgage payment is due,” and wanted to take him with her for Cindy didn't know what to do with a handsome hulk apart from make him do her cleaning chores; “Give Cindy this note,” Granny who had written, “Men give you constipation so leave them alone,” knowing Cindy always listened to her so did leave the handsome gardener alone and go sell some pressed flowers.

\*

And why did Lancelot's life depend upon catching the coach going to where ever unimportant? “There was this job vacancy for a pool side attendant in a ski resort where rich skiers visit and the pool was heated so was happy jumping out of my chain mail and there was this rich granny wanting sun tan lotion. A granny who spoke of her niece selling pressed flowers who thought granny was at home ironing.

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And Granny was sure she liked this skinny runt oiling her for the sun high up in ski resorts is bright and scolding so explains the nearby crows wearing sun glasses.

“What is the nieces name?” Lancelot wanting information for a future scam as Lancelot was a poor knight and a womaniser too.

“Cindy but what's it too you?” Granny a little suspicious at all these questions so Lancelot rubbed here and dabbed there with sun lotion so Granny sighed and purred and Lancelot felt ill.

“Where can I find Cindy?” Lancelot and spiked Granny's rum punch with whiskey, gin and rice wine so Granny saw three skinny runts oiling her.

“On a coach too far away some place forgotten,” Granny wanting more rum punch and oiling and got it for Lancelot was a bum on the up and up.

And Lancelot gave poor Granny the whole bottle of rum, whiskey, gin and rice wine for he hated Granny for she was past her sell by date and grabbed a passing poodle and made it sit on Granny's bottom where it licked happily away at sun lotion.

“Lovely what experienced hands mister, “ Granny.

“Why is she heading too far away some place foul so is forgotten?” Lancelot.

“She mugged a dwarf for a jewel for she has an expensive granny,” the expensive granny for news gets about for Granny watched Sky.

“And if I wanted to buy a pressed flower how do I know her?” Lancelot thinking bad things.

“She wears a red hood,” Granny enjoying the poodle licks and because she was seeing triple deserved what came next.

“Goodbye Granny,” she heard Lancelot as he pushed her to a ski slope and sent her away where she zoomed down the steepest slop ever at speeds of 420mph.

“Wee,” Granny enjoying the adrenalin rush.

“Woof,” the poodle about to be sick.



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“Ha he ho ha,” Lancelot taking a chair lift down the mountain for he had a coach to catch as his life depended upon it for Granny knew what to do with sun tan oilers who left a speck of flesh unoiled. So explains why Lancelot had seen crows sat on a cross road sign post messing it up for they was bored waiting. Crows that knew if they talked to Granny did get bread crumbs. Why the rake had caught this coach. Why Lancelot did hate crows for the rest of his life.

\*

And two slaves were resting at their seats in a balloon designed for fifty blowers and there was two hundred of them crammed amongst the seats and in the bilge room another sixty spares.

“It is H.M.'s birthday and we are in luck, extra gruel and bread and cheese and pardons someone, perhaps it will be me today Dieaslave for I feel lucky,” Bornaslave and “because I do all the thinking I get the extra gruel.”

And Dieaslave didn't like the look of the extra gruel as it had roaches swimming in it but didn't mention it as Bornaslave didn't want interrupted when he was thinking.

“Here you can have the crust Dieaslave and I will take the useless white filling and look the cheese smells so don't eat it Dieaslave unless I taste it first in case it's off,” Bornaslave doing the thinking.

And Dieaslave was grateful his best friend was risking a sore tummy for him.

“Oh my sore tummy,” Bornaslave doing some fast thinking.

And Bornaslave with out complaint drank his watery gruel and dreamed of a time when he did meet a lonely girl who did keep him in a life of luxury for slaves dreamed a lot about things they never got.

“Oh my sore tummy,” Bornaslave rubbing it in.

“In a red hood sigh,” Dieaslave dreaming away.

“Here what are you dreaming about, why what a selfish friend you are not sharing your dream

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about a red hooded pretty girl,” Bornaslave suddenly cured of his sore tummy and because he did all the thinking didn't have a mental capacity left to dream of a red hooded girl and knew it must be a girl for he knew all Dieaslave's secrets for that was what best friends were made for, “*One has to be the user and the other the giver*,” Bornaslave doing some thinking and added, “here is your share of the beans, ten for me and one for you, five for me and two for you, sixteen for me and one for you,” Bornaslave distorting sums so Dieaslave did not notice how many beans he got.

But Dieaslave always knew for loud wind followed Bornaslave where as he left scents of primrose for those in charge above felt sorry for him.

\*

“He never complains and shares all he has where as we gods take and have a good laugh at the mistakes of them below and thought it amusing we made Bornaslave and Dieaslave. And now we are ashamed,” and was a lie for it was god Wodan's honey goddess Eostre with the long legs who was sorry and wanted heaps of blessings thrown at Dieaslave with these words: “Beauty is skin deep so got lots of work to do if that pretty thing in a red hood is to swoon over him, for one Dieaslave is the opposite of handsome and he is broke for slaves own nothing.”

And in the background the gods placed bets to see if the goddess of rebirth Eostre did succeed with that shuffling cretin Dieaslave.

“Shuffle,” as Dieaslave passed leaving the scent of primrose.

“Gad,” complainers as Bornaslave passed leaving a stink for too many beans ferment and boil away in places never mentioned.

\*

“Sniff sniff,” Goldilocks thinking of that dwarf.

“Grrr snarl,” Bunny thinking of that dwarf too.

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And a crow was glad it wasn't that dwarf.

And above "Is this crow pooh on me?" Wodan for them crows certainly got about. And who was Wodan?

"I am bored with humankind as they don't like me any more the more," Wodan and sucked his thumb, "I used to ride chariots and lead ghost warriors into battle and pillage villages," revealing he was on the police most wanted list of madmen. "Yes the whole sky was mine but now I am cooped up on a few clouds with relations and other gods." And he sulked until a goddess with insured legs approached.

"Hi handsome," and Eostre the fertility thingamajig lied for she saw him as an ugly duckling; "What you doing petal," and was another lie for she saw him as a cacti thorn.

"I am watching this bunch of refugees on a coach," Wodan who was fed up of Sim World Planet Earth and wanted to wash his Sims away with tidal floods, earth quakes and aliens and start again.

*"To the potter belongs the clay,"* Aslop and his annoying fables.

But our divine narrative illustrates that the gods are bored and when they become boring let off boring smells and run about on all fours grunting. Then human kind is in for a bad time and a new ERA is born.

So Wodan is a bored ugly psycho and Eostre a bored attractive leg and both need excitement and oh yes, Eostre is the psycho's girlfriend as he already has a wife; so he is a two timing bum as well.

"I only hang out with him for his presents," Eostre defending herself to us but enjoys the power and social standing amongst the divine who whisper, "Here comes his girlfriend," as this is a clean story line.

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And before we hit chapter two them mules want to say something important, “ENAW.”

“Gee up,” Durno their taskmaster covered in mule skin leathers for he doubles as a Skinner and them mules know it. Why cousin Fred is his left trousers and Bert his right and other relations clothed him too.

“Just lazy donkeys too me,” Durno and whipped them mules places.

“Enaw,” them mules knew they was mules and dreamed of not only carrots but of stampeding all over Durno places good. And knew they were escaping for they were in front running away from Durno on the coach behind. Yes them mules was smart creatures.

And Lancelot was a failed knight so supported a failed mentality which made him selfish. He was also broke so was a future thief for every knight knows a white unicorn to ride on costs a lot of money and imagination.

And the sheriff knew he was handsome and never boring and a cruel man too, why he kept the poor demented dwarf chained 24/24. “He knows how to cross his legs,” the sheriff and listened to spaghetti western music.

And the elf with pointed ears hated humanity for humanity made fun about elves and their ears and the only acting parts he got was in Santa films. Once a year parts so fermented and seethed so had a chip on his shoulder weighing him down, so explains his hunched stance.

And Ga was just a moron who was too afraid to speak to girls so deserves everything nasty about to happen.

Like the were-wolf extra hoping to rip his bits out and make a stew with them. Yes a wolf man who loved humanity for they tasted so nice.

And Mr. Oiler the merchant and that explains him, a greedy swindling overweight drooling bum. He who is typical of Adam's sons descended from mangrove swamps, rotten fruit and Adam who got kicked out of a garden.

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And the heroine is the pretty ankle under the red hood, she who sells pressed flowers in dark street corners to drunks. And because she has a pretty ankle is innocent of all crimes. She who amplifies girls are descended from sweet smells and such.

And Bunny and Goldilocks trained to gnaw the sons of Adam.

**Welcome to the Coachman.**

\*

And deep below the worms a hot coal fire burned.

“Lovely,” an imp who had a forked tail, horns and was reading the Financial Times for imps knew Money makes the world go round.

For money is slippery.

So makes for slippery imps.

So makes imps rich imps.

So got tax problems.

And are the friends of rich and famous.

Why this imp sits on shoulders.

Giving advice.

Oily advice.

And never takes the blame.

And by his arm chair a case with tooth brush, pyjamas and soft toilet paper for he is about to visit a coach full of refugees; and one in particular, Mr. Oiler the arch enemy of Cousin Jackie who sells fortune cookies. Just remember the name, COUSIN JACKIE.