

Coachman

Continuation

And Cindy said, "I have the sparkle so need to escape this floating cartoon bin," for she did not mince her words.

And The Chancellor passed holding his red brief case muttering, "That Granny is working my fingernails to the bone rubbing sun tan lotion on her wrinkles," then noticed Cindy and jumped her: "Give me the sparkle give me give me," and drooled about the mouth with some foam.

"Hey that's my woman punk," the sheriff who knew anyone holding a red brief case must be a punk so span his six shooter.

"&*^%\$," Vikings who wanted The Chancellor as a washer woman for their unmentionables walk by themselves and the socks bred too.

And in the gun smoke Cindy escaped.

Down past the dark bilge room she tiptoed for she did not want to wake the two thousand thousand polar bears for they had been busy.

"Secret Room," was what she was looking for and entered.

"This place stinks," Cindy complained for the secret room was at the bottom of the boat and full of everything dripped through planks above. Things that swam at her feet. Leeches and hag fish and baby alligators flushed away by prophetic owners.

Yes definitely a horrid secret room for boys only who did not mind bad essences.

"I am Cindy of the red hood," she whispered into the bad vapors clouding her. At once the room cleared and she could see and did not like what she saw.

"Grrr," and "sniff."

"How did you get here?"

"Grr," and "sniff," they answered.

"Listen bite me and every son of Adam on this boat will skin you understand?" Cindy for

Coachman

without the red hood her knees was showing; pretty knees.

“Grrr,” and “sniff,” the answer.

“Right go chew a sheriff who thinks he owns me,” Cindy and opened the Secret Room door for them to leave.

“Grrr,” and “sniff,” the two beastly dogs and left for Cindy was always obeyed for the sun shone from her bum and the sound of chirping birds followed her; yes the sound of cascading water from a crystal fountain too and a rainbow was above her head.

And Goldilocks and Bunny were relieved to be away from Cindy and were revived by the smell of two thousand polar bears in crowded quarters.

And did not gnaw the sheriff for they knew he had six guns and were not daft.

“Where is my woman,” the sheriff thinking of the sparkle and what belonged to his woman belonged to him.

And below in the Secret Room Cindy hid the sparkle in a bucket of yucky stuff, all the dribbles and stuff that drooled down through the ship's planks it was. And on the top of the brown smelly water thick strands of polar bear saliva and some dog fur for the dogs had been thirsty and had had plenty of practice drinking out of toilet bowels.

And since the Vikings were huddled in a group planning to take the six shooters off the sheriff no one was steering DAS BOAT.

“I am wanting back home to Germania,” Wodan wanting adored by a million blond woman. So it is his fault the boat went to France for he had no idea how to sail a ship. “Just puff here and blow there,” the idiot and pretty soon “Land ahoy,” was heard.

“Here the place is crawling with hopping frogs,” Nameless proving why he should remain nameless.

“That is Gaul,” The Druid of The North thinking of the European Druidic contest and fame.

Coachman

“You must catch me a cauldron full of them frogs Eagor,” Lula Bell wanting to eat exotic.

“And Servant can bring me a cauldron too,” the druid needing frogs to make a winning druidic potion.

“Land, fresh blood,” Dracula emerging from the bilge room where he had been hanging upside down as a bat.

“I must hide from my Master or he will have me carrying his coffin,” Eagor slipping over board and wading ashore with a cauldron for he did do anything for his Lula Bell, for Dieaslave his friend was forgotten.

“I will claim my long lost line of decent from Charlemagne and call myself King of Lille De Gaul,” H.M. living is a fantasy world of war games. “Nameless come here?”

But Nameless was no where to be found but a copy of LIBERTY was and wealth of Nations.

“Splash splash,” Nameless making a run for a new life in Gaul where thingamajigs like H.M. went to Madam Guillotine.

“Viv La Revolution,” Nameless just before he waded into quick sand.

“Eagor save,” Eagor showing even monsters had kindness in them, “now you carry the cauldron and fill it full of frogs,” for Eagor had learned much from his teacher Lula Bell.

And a bat flew past them; a silly bat for it was daylight so started frizzling and smoking so flew into the nearest thatched house with smoke coming from the chimney.

“Attilarix what does roast bat taste like?”

“Leave it Obeselix it is a flying rat, go eat a Gobbler instead,” a wise reply.

“Attilarix? Obeselix? The magic potion, I must suck them dry and be the strongest vampire ever,” Dracula proving he had lost his marbles.

And outside a druid with sickle was cutting mistletoe for he wanted to win the Drudic Euro competition and the first prize of a million euros and a holiday in Cuba.

Coachman

“I will swim ashore and hide behind a rock and jump Cindy as she passes,” Useless showing he wasn't all that useless for “pretty girls always want to come ashore and buy fresh lipstick and sell their pressed flowers.”

So hid behind a giant rock so could not see anything so was useless after all.

“Gaul is full of romantic Gauls,” Granny making sure her stay young spell did not wash off in the sea spray as she made The Chancellor carry her and her broom ashore. “I know I can fly but being carried ashore by a servant shows the locals I am something special.”

“What is good for Dracula is good for a vampire elf,” the elf with the pointed ears so slithered under a collection of beads and plastic trinkets obtained when buying burgers the Vikings intended to trade with the locals for wine, women and pillaging.

“)*&^&^^&,” the Vikings complaining about the extra weight so being Vikings checked to see if any slave was escaping for Vikings were cruel blood thirsty masters.

“%&&%^*,” the cruel blood thirsty masters finding the elf so turned him inside out for blood thirsty masters were good at that sort of thing.

“Good grief,” the elf not liking it nor being thrown into the bilge room where two thousand polar bears did not like being woken after tiffen.

“I am a vampire elf and will turn these bears in to vampire bears who will serve me ha ha ho,” the elf dreaming of disposing Dracula.

But the bears had a good laugh then mauled him real good and chucked him away so he landed all dazed right in front of them two dogs wanting to go ashore for they could see trees.

“Ha ha I am already dead so gnaw away,” the elf so Goldilocks and Bunny not wanting to disappoint him gnawed him to shreds. “Where is my coffin,” the poor vampire elf now just stains on the ship's deck fed up of life but he was dead but was fed up being dead. “This never happens

Coachman

to Dracula,” the elf reassembling in front of Lula Bell and since Egor wasn't handy she swept him up and closed the kitchen door.

“If Egor catches me?” The wise elf helping Lula Bell make batter for them frog legs.

“He is lost in Gaul so don't fret,” Lula Bell not thinking about making batter.

“If Dracula can have a milk maid in every movie so can I have one in this horrid story,” the elf not showing wisdom for Egor was a huge gormless monster who did pull his arms off without an anesthetic.

“Suck suck,” the Delila of a Lula Bell.

“Suck suck,” the stupid elf.

“There is Dieaslave sneaking behind Cindy so I will sneak behind him and steal the sparkle,” Bornaslave showing he could not think.

“Cindy oh my Cindy why reject me?” Dieaslave in love.

“Well for a start there's that big wart,” for pretty freckled girls know they can get away with anything when men are concerned, especially ones with warts who worship them.

“How cruel,” Eostre and sprinkled dry rot over Cindy so she did fall in love with whom she saw; for one day only.

And the dry rot made her sneeze and blink and when she opened her eyes there was Bornaslave standing where Dieaslave had been a moment before.

“The temptation proved to much,” Bornaslave holding an axe.

“Vile deed that was done,” Aslop thinking he was Shakespeare.

And in the water Dieaslave waded to shore to wring his rags out behind a big rock for he wasn't standing next to an axe wielding ex frie3nd who hated him; he wasn't nuts.

“Marry me?” Cindy and Bornaslave could not believe his luck.

“Where is the ship's captain?” Bornaslave and asked the Vikings; foolish Bornaslave who was

Coachman

put to work carrying the plastic burger trinkets ashore to trade with the Gauls for wine, women and pillaging.

“I must follow him,” Cindy and waded after him.

“Howl,” a naked man on all fours following for he knew Gaul was full of romantic were-wolves of the opposite thingamajig.

“Gee up,” Durno whipping the mules who pulled the coach ashore.

Unhappy mules for they knew the Gauls could make a tasty sauce for mule steaks.

“Here I know you?” Useless seeing Dieaslave crying behind his rock and was afraid his cover did be blown so throttled poor heart broken Dieaslave. Now one does not be a blower in a royal balloon for a life time and not develop muscles on a diet of watery gruel.

So Useless the cruel dwarf throttled Dieaslave who went blue for gruel makes you thin.

“Oh dear I have killed him,” Useless fearing he did be arrested but was a lie for he was happy there was one less who did compete for the sparkle and Cindy so went into the dark forest.

“Chuckle,” the swine of a murdering useless dwarf.

Does this mean Dieaslave is no more? And as Useless scampered away into the dark forest of Gaul snails slid over Dieaslave.

“Ga how disgusting?” Dieaslave revived by their trails and peeled them off his face except one slid into his mouth. “Better with garlic,” and promised himself he did ask the locals for a recipe how to cook them. So feeling full for he left not a single snail he made his way after Cindy full of vitamins and super servant strength.

“Cindy,” he had just seen her naked ankle disappear into the forest.

And because Useless was looking at the dark shadows imaging monsters never heard “Gee up,” right behind him as Durno and the mules and coach went right over him.

“Proving what goes round comes round,” Aslop.

Coachman

And Dieaslave ran over him too and jumped here and landed there with these words, “What fun a discarded bouncy castle,” but he must have known the difference between a bouncy castle and Useless you did think.

And ahead, “A village full of thatched houses for the trail of dropped plastic trinkets from burgers go there,” Cindy wanting Bornaslave for s day.

A village where Obeselix was sulking for he wanted to try roast bat. A man only gets to eat something exotic once in a life time; and now Mr know all Attilarix had said go eat a Gobbler. Well he was sick of eating Gobblers and boars every day and as soon as Mr Attilarix went out he was going to catch that bat and roast it then swallow it just like that without even chewing his food so there.

“%^&*(^&,” the Vikings at the village gates knowing they did be opened for them for they knew all locals was stupid just waiting to be pillaged and murdered.

But not these locals for they had a druid cutting mistletoe who made vile magic potion that made you strong so you could beat the daylights out of Vikings.

For Vikings was famous for trying to trade cheap shoddy plastic toys out of burgers for women, wine and pillaging.

“Hello can I get in?” And was Cindy at the gate.

“Attilarix I am in love,” so Obeselix the fool opened the gates.

“Thank you,” Cindy and walked right by Obeselix who stood there gaping, drooling and looking foolish.

And as he twiddled his thumbs the horrid Vinkings carried him away in chains to throw onto their ship.

A bad mistake for Obeselix weighed in at a tonne.

“%*&^^\$**\$^,” the Vikings exhausted so collapsed in a heap.

Coachman

And with a sigh Obeselix stood up and stretched for being carried about was exhausting work. So bust his chains and with these words, “Nasty Viking raiders take this and that,” and jumped up and down over the collapsed Vikings who moaned in unison.

“Whoopee,” Obeselix running back to the village so the earth shook.

*

The European Druidic Potion Contest.

Was a star studded occasion where druids turned annoying commentators into newts for vile potions. Why the druid of the peaceful Gaulic village was humming away behind stage shaking a potion bottle to see if the newt was still wiggling.

“Now where is that bat Obeselix caught and Attilarix tenderized with his feet?” The peaceful druid searching his pockets so “Eeek,” was heard from him as bats bite you know; especially if they are Mr Dracula waiting for a moon and lonely pressed flower seller.

So the peaceful druid shook his bitten finger this way and that till the nasty bat pinged away right out an open window back of the stage.

“Poof,” Dracula becoming himself and added, “Mmmm Gaulish cuisine,” as he sniffed the air that was full of expensive Gaulish perfumes worn by chic milk maids so out popped his fangs for he was DRACULA.

He was in Gaul, he was Frank the lad in Frank Land, he was in France so fluttered to his belly and groveled for he kissed the dirt with these words, “La Fashion, Le Lingerie chic, drool,” for he knew Gaulish milk maids was usually size 6-8 so had a fit.

“A night sucker,” the friendly druid with the sickle and “POOF,” turned Dracula into a bat because Obeselix was next to him with a plate so a stake wasn't needed.

“I will give him upset tummy so will escape the other end,” Dracula not thinking in his right mind.

Coachman

“Attentioniaon,” a Gaulic speaking loud speaker that was a Roman slave chained to a horn and he was doing a terrific imitation of Gaulic speaking for no one threw empty grails at him.

“Phew,” the imitator and winked at a contestant, a beautiful druidess for this competition was open to both sexes.

“Oink oink,” the imitator and was not lucky for Obeselix had been passing and was hungry.

So an Aslop question is needed: *“Just how many gobblers and grunTERS did the druid make from legionaries? Mmmmmmm? Are we dealing with cannibals here? What is this Obeselix? The first case of uncontrollable eating? A man full of wild mushrooms so imagines everything oinks, grunts, gobbles and winds? Or just a greedy bum that because he was the side kick of Mr. Attilarix became famous because he rounded up legionaries for the druid?”*

“We are Eco minded here and know an unsustainable appetite will erode our beautiful green forest. I can make potions, vile to taste for we all know medicine that does not taste like newt something will not work. And the Romans are like rabbits for they own every girl in Gaul so there is an unlimited supply of gobblers and grunTERS for Obeselix with just a hint of sun dried Mediterranean tomatoes.”

And have you wondered why some speech is in ITALIC and some isn't? Well when you bought rabbit and turned out cat didn't you whisper behind the butcher's trousers he was selling dog as was worried you might be sued for BLASPHEMY?

So Aslop is wise and therefore allowed to speak here in ITALICS for he does not want to come home singing from a visit from a pressed flower seller in a dark street corner and find a law suit to make a lawyer rich. Perhaps from the pressed flower seller for Granny brought her up proper for Granny: *“Men think of one thing only and that is the price of chocolate bars.”*

For Granny was a big liar and wanted to live a long happy life not surrounded by grand children and great grand children and maybe great great grand children so Cindy stop

Coachman

believing about Mr. Stork giving leaving you a baby in a cabbage patch.

“I want grand kids some day,” Granny lying and jumped on a moped and sped away at 20 mph and got a thrill. And a bigger thrill as she crashed into the village wall.

For she was Granny of the beaches and Granny of the Bingo Halls where she sat in the back seat and flashed \$\$\$\$ about.

Yes Granny knew all about kid goats and how to get more kid goats and was secretly lonely: “My time is approaching and been selfish and want kids to rub that sun tan lotion onto my back on a beech in Cuba for at my age even spells don't work.”

“For Granny was 1600 years old and a dried Tuscany prune,” Aslop holding a bible and other religious books just in case defenseless Granny got annoyed; but Granny was in one of them silly moods for she had been lying under a sacred oak groove where 13 oaks grew and she was in luck for an extra year had been added to the Gregorian calendar to make it work so was 1601 years old.

Still a young woman.

“Here what is this fur sprouting on my legs?” Granny getting a little worried and next to her a naked man who was used to howling.

“Snore,” as he was still asleep.

“It is all his fault,” Granny not to blame herself and took her broom stick and not only broomed the naked what ever he was away but by accident really made him howl; nasty old wrinkled woman.

“HOWL,” the naked man holding where he sat for Granny was a good aimer.

“I need reading glasses,” Granny lying through her expensive gold fillings false teeth.

“HOWL,” the naked what ever then sprouted fur for no one broomed him places and got away with it.

Coachman

“Grrrr,” the naked man about to eat Granny up.

“My what big teeth you have wolf?” Granny.

“Grrrrrr slubber,” the naked man.

“My what a big chest you have wolf?” Granny.

“Snarl drool,” the wolf man.

“My what a handsome brute you are wolf,” Granny.

ANYWAY: “Attentioniaon,” the Gaulic speaking loud speaker that was the Roman slave, a small Roman soldier. Something Obeselix kept for beating black and blue for a laugh.

“I hate that fat Gaul,” the small Roman slave and never said it to the Gaul's face. He also wanted free and saw escape was stamped on all these imbeciles just arrived. “I am alive and see a dwarf good at chewing chains,” the slave seeing Useless spell bound by the bright lights of the Euro Vision Druid contest where girls dressed as Gobblers ran about gobbling.

“Drool,” Useless jumping up to catch drifting feathers so looked rabid.

“Never mind he can chew iron,” the Roman slave without a name.

“Who said that?” Useless worried Nameless was near but he needn't worry: Servant was in pink tights under a wig with his vest stuffed full of oranges for it was his job to help The Druid of The North on stage.

His job to ask for volunteers and get Gauls full of XXX so would never scream as he handed the druid a blunt saw to saw them in half.

“Ketchup,” the Gauls knew so kept volunteering for they had gobblers and grunterns on their minds only.

And behind the stage H.M. sitting fascinated Nameless was a magician as well as a servant so clapped and shouted “Horay horay,” for he was dim. So dim he hoped Nameless did conjure up his sparkle. So explains why he lent Nameless to The Druid for servants are like stagecoach

Coachman

parts, interchangeable.

And Servant the real druid's servant who carried a 60LB rack sack always for good servants do for the sac is full of nappies, just in case, tinned meat just in case, never used razors ever just in case, toilet paper always needed as a good servant knows, and thingamabobs needed when chatting up milk maids so Servant was the type of servant any good prime minister or chancellor needed.

"I am Servant drool slurp," and allowed the Druid of The North to walk over him onto the stage then slithered after him to play a one man band; for he could not play a mouth organ, strum a banjo, kick a drum or fart musically in tune with his singing so was booed off the stage; and The Druid of The North went with him covered in eggs.

Thousand year old eggs of course so stunk bad.

"I will cure him like bacon," the nasty druid.

"Of master I love you," Servant showing he never went to school so did not know what CURED meant.

And another servant was about to make his debut in the Drudic Euro contest, a servant dripping saliva at the mouth, a servant completely gormless and dim witted.

"Eagor," the dim wit said and smiled a toothless grin.

"Good grief what is it, we must ground it up for a new experimental vile potion," the druids and fought each other for the honor of who would grind Eagor up for they did not know how strong the dim wit was?

"And this is Lula Bell," Eagor showing of Lula Bell in a dress made of flowers for Eagor didn't have any money to buy a new one.

"He could get a job," some fool called Aslop.

And the druids saw Lula Bell and many said, "That dandelion I need for a potion," for they

was dirty old men.

“And that blue bell I need for my potion,” others for they had one track minds.

“But how do we get past that dim wit?” for they could see Lula Bell play with the dim wit's biceps that were huge.

“I like flowers,” the dim wit and began to sniff and eat his way through the flowered dress while the milk maid tittered and blushed and made no effort to stop her Egor for she was a flirt and saw a night's bite in them druids; druids she knew she had wrapped about her fingers.

“Munch,” the dim wit.

“Eat that flower there,” some druids showing their true self, the true self of a son of Adam.

“Munch,” the dim wit.

“While they are showing themselves up I will escape with the sparkle,” Cindy showing the true meaning of being a female; cold and calculating like a black widow spider. A warm armful of black widow spider for Cindy was descended from a long line of womanhood that sprouted out of roses.

And Dieaslave who had recovered from his throttling saw Cindy and drooled after her for even though the goddess Eostre had for some strange reason favored him to be Cindy's husband he was still a drooler, a son of Adam and perhaps in his case not even that: a wart on legs.

“Oh Cindy is this what you are looking for?” And was the other one, Bornaslave who now let Dieaslave do the thinking for he had said, “He no longer eats beans but what scraps Egor leaves out the back door of the kitchen. Scraps that are chops, steaks and mash for Lula Bell feeds that dim wit different stuff from the beans we get smeared in lard.” For Egor saw Dieaslave as a pet he always wanted, something that groveled for a bone thrown through the air.

A bone covered in meat for Egor didn't know what to do with meat for Dracula never fed him any, so threw it to his pet.

Coachman

So Bornaslave had seen Cindy hide the sparkle amongst that horrid smelly water in the bucket. “My hand is green and septic from groping in that bucket but it will grow back again,” Bornaslave doing his own thinking.

“Sniff, what is that smell?” Cindy for Bornaslave had wiped the decayed juices in the bucket on his slave trousers that was awful thin.

And “Sniff,” and “grrr,” was not heard from behind the druid stage for there was much clapping as Eagor ate his way through the flowers. And the smells that wafted away on the summer breeze from Bornaslave was paradise to the two horrid dogs.

“I smell Bornaslave?” Dieaslave not wanting to share Cindy with anyone for he was thinking proper. So Dieaslave ran past Cindy who stopped completely taken by surprise so said, “He ignored my pretty ankles,” and was so annoyed she made up her mind to do everything in her power to make sure Dieaslave would be around her for ever, even till the end of time; to look at her pretty ankles, the poor demented girl.

“I will drop these old bones here and there, bones Eagor could not chew the meat off for he is toothless,” Dieaslave and led a trail to behind the stage and to the dark room where two thousand polar bears lived.

“Oh Cindy marry me and I will give you the sparkle,” Bornaslave holding out the sparkle so was definitely thinking.

“What for me?” Cindy and snatched the sparkle and ran for it.

“Here you are supposed to marry me,” Bornaslave so surprised he did not think about running after her. Then the two horrid dogs that had followed the bones found him. Also the polar bears who thought his bones was exotic as they still had meat on them.

“Eeeek,” the meat Bornaslave running for it but Dieaslave always thought ahead so had greased the area with lard.

Coachman

“Eeeek,” Bornaslave doing a somersault and the bears was so amazed by this trick got him to do it fourteen thousand times till they bored, then gnawed him good. And don't worry there was enough of Bornaslave to go round so the two horrid dogs got some of him to gnaw so didn't go to bed without supper.

MEANWHILE: “Oh handsome look what I have?” Cindy wanting the wart on two legs to worship her that he already did but she was descended from Deadly Night Shade flowers whose perfume entrapped Dieaslave.

“I know she means me,” Dieaslave but looked about for the handsome bloke just to show he was modest and seeing Bornaslave crawling away gave him a bucket to drink from; thus showing Cindy he was kind and caring for he knew freckled girls liked kind men.

“Gawd what am I drinking from?” Bornaslave recognizing a bucket he had put a hand in earlier.

And Dieaslave took the sparkle from Cindy and sat on her lap for he had been a slave for twenty years puffing a balloon across the Lost Kingdom so was skinny and small. Now if he had been strong as an ox H.M. would have made a gladiator out of him and he did been killed and Cindy spared looking at his wart between his ears.

So Dieaslave was in luck for he was light as a feather so did not send Cindy's legs to sleep with cramp.

“Weee,” Cindy tossing him in the air where he did tricks to her amazement for he was a true groveler.

“I must shove him out of the way and do them tricks and steal the sparkle at the same time,” Useless thinking of eating fire in the air and making funny faces Cindy did be so enthralled did keep him and not Dieaslave.

So jumped high into the air and hit Lancelot swinging through the air with the greatest of ease

Coachman

to steal the sparkle in one foul jungle trick.

“Stupid little man,” Lancelot being rude and kicked Useless some place so Useless was useless.

“Here no one kicks me where I sit,” Useless and went bananas thus showing Lancelot why dwarfs was dangerous little people with bad tempers they got from gnawing iron leggings to escape.

But Lancelot was seven foot tall so after giggling lifted Useless up and tossed him aside.

“Thud,” Useless landing in front of a vampire elf.

“Halo handsome,” the vampire elf with pointed ears.

“Me, me handsome?” Useless showing he was lacking topside.

And behind them the sound of a commotion as Eagor ate the last flower.

“Where that knight went so do I,” the sheriff not worried about his chances with his woman for he knew he had the bluest eyes out.

“Where that cowboy goes go?” The Chancellor getting away from Granny for Granny had kitted him out in a red dress to match his red brief case.

“Be real quite mules and a whole carrot for you all later,” Durno on his wagon coming up real silent.

And what about the naked man, well them two horrid dogs had found him and was giving him bones to gnaw for he was a handsome naked man who sprouted fur and big teeth so was in love.

And this paradise could not last for: “Attilarix I am ill,” Obeselix holding his tummy.

“It is that bat you ate, here drink this magic laxative and be rid of it,” Attilarix his friend who was so small was jumping here and there to see what was hidden under the last flower Eagor had eaten.

“She bites,” was then heard as Lula Bell sucked away vampire fashion.

Coachman

“A night walker?” And it only takes one druid you know so just like that they bolted instead of turning Eagor into a mushroom for the milk maid with the teeth was too shapely, so didn't need changing into anything.

“Here the earth rumbles under my feet?” Lancelot staring at his feet knowing if he stared long enough did see why the earth rumbled.

“That idiot can stare all he wants, that is a stampede coming this way,” the sheriff so bolted and ran for a hill, for high ground was the safest place to be. Except polar bears knew that too!

A stampede of druids in warm soft slippers to keep old feet warm and cozy. Slippers treated to magic potions so came in all sorts of designs. The scythed type, the spiky ones, the studded ones, them covered in political satire for them Gauls was good at that. Yes thousands of slippers went right over Lancelot who was so good about it.

Not a whimper or moan as he crumpled and vanished under them.

“Flutter,” a bat that a moment ago had been an elf with pointed ears.

“Get it,” and takes one druid for the elf was not pretty like Lula Bell so was caught and stuffed in a thousand vile potions for them druids was the sharing type..

“Hey look one of them,” and takes one druid for The Chancellor was one of them meanies that taxed every penny out of you and his fame had reached Gaul.

“Granddads leave me alone,” The Chancellor threatening the old druids in their fancy slippers.

“Obeselix come here you are needed,” and takes one druid.

And Obeselix did not come nor did Attilarix who was in the sulks.

“Take this then,” and takes one druid and gave The Chancellor piggy ears for being so greedy with your money.

“Moooo,” The Chancellor and wobbled away on webbed feet.

Coachman

"For a druid never forgets," Aslop wishing he could be mean to the tax man too.

"Lula Bell don't you love me no more bo ho," Eagor sitting on a tree trunk.

"Suck suck," Lula Bell tickling Obeselix who was much firmer all round than Eagor and Lula Bell liked a man who liked food.

And Attilarix sulked next to Eagor for he was once Obeselix's best friend you know!

"Cough cough," Obeselix not liking what he was eating for Lula Bell could only cook English food.

So was running for it for Lula Bell knew how to beat the day lights out of a man who didn't like her cooking so shows Eagor had some brains somewhere but not where you expected them.

"My Lula Bell needs me?" Eagor happy.

"Obeselix I am coming," a happy Attilarix.

"Grrr," and "sniff," was heard nearby so no little white dog that followed Obeselix everywhere could be seen.

And a bat come out of some place flew away.

"I have won," The Druid of The North walking away with a golden sickle that was just as expensive as the sparkle; but he hadn't won, just everyone had gone.

"Hello handsome?" Granny hovering over him, "Want a lift?"

"Why not? You are only young once," the druid climbing onto her broom stick and they flew into the moonlight hand in hand and was sickening.

They was loonies in love.

And while the loonies was being loonies the nasty Vikings raped and ravished Gaul for they was mean Vikings and had been affected by their passengers so was demented Vikings too.

Vikings who needed to let off steam and stress from living with loonies and polar bears. Poor nasty Vikings so was alright to rape and pillage Gaul to feel better.

Coachman

Yes they was loonies too.

“Grrr,” and “sniff,” them too.

*

And what about all them yanks, well they wasn't needed so was asleep remember and is always late for everything. So “yawn,” was heard as the sailors woke up and said; “Hey where is the pretty girl and where are our chocolates, stockings and fur coats?” For they was Greeks and Indian Givers.

“I want everyone here never to mention the coach to anyone,” the captain all stapled back together and gave the three hundred sailors shore leave as a bribe.

“The yanks are coming hurrah,

We want silks and chewing gum.

Taught to play baseball.

And many McDonald franchise.

Learn to grease.

Take drugs and buy porn.

The yanks are coming hurrah,” and was a popular Gaulish melody.

*

And an imp added his melody, “No one trashes me tra la la lee.

I want that job for I am mean.

And seen a pretty ankle

So knows she loves me.

Tra la la lee.”