

Coachman

Romance in the air

Yes and the freckled girl ran this way and that giggling, “That tickles,” for she was fair and amazed at the tricks Dieaslave could do as he swung from tree branch to vine with the greatest of ease for he was an ambitious groveler; perhaps a trained trapeze artist too or Tarzan's cousin?

A groveler who wanted Cindy all to himself so was the only one here not a coach passenger. And the girl with pretty ankles knew all loonies did run after her, sparkle or no sparkle for girls taught by Granny know what a washed ankle can do..

“RATS,” she said hoping they did forget about her so she could live in a swamp with Dieaslave and live happily ever after with a talking wise cracking donkey as company. “Are you insane, a castle with a high wall to keep the rest out and a soft bed to sleep in and toss Dieaslave into the air and count his somersaults to get to sleep and a wicker basket nearby for Dieaslave to sleep in?” Now she was thinking.

“The rest of us get to sleep counting sheep jumping over a gate,” Aslop.

“I will fly over and bite them,” Dracula and sucked on thin air for his teeth was missing so shouted, “Eagor,” as sweetly as he could for he knew Eagor liked Lula Bell for she did not have a pointed chin like him.

“He doesn't look anything like Lula Bell so can huff and puff all he wants?” Eagor having learned a thing or too about anatomy. So Eagor carried Lula Bell after Cindy and all the rest of the crowd for the loonies wanted the sparkle and the angry druids the loonies. And Obeselix while eating boars called for his little missing white doggy.

“You need a diet,” Attilarix his friend.

I am not fat,” Obeselix and to prove it ate two more boars and gained three hundred pounds in weight so even Dracula amazed could not take his eyes off that belly.

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“You have no sauce to eat that bat Obeselix?” Attilarix wanting the bat simmered in garlic butter.

ANYWAY:

“&*^%\$%&*&(*,” Vikings at a sign post.

“The beech this way,” it read and also read, “Paris this way.”

“*((^&%^%£,” the Vikings unable to read as blood thirsty Vikings can't read so threw their squealing loot over their shoulders and headed to the beach that was sixty miles away and went to Paris.

“Squeal,” the freckled squealers giggling for they knew what a bad reputation the Vikings had. They also had Grannies for all freckled girls do and knew just how to get all the looted gold goblets off them Vikings. Why they did sell them pressed flowers of course.

“Squeal,” one of them looted girls on a Viking shoulder admiring a silver bracelet and winked at the Viking behind her and blew him a kiss. Yes the Vikings were about to be extinct.

And behind them the fluttering of bat wings as a bat flew to escape garlic butter.

“Garlic butter I am allergic too,” Dracula poofing himself back.

“Poof” he went in a cloud of sulphuric smoke.

“%^0%^&**,” the Vikings and threw rings of garlic the squealers kept for cooking at him.

And while Dracula came out in a rash Cindy ran to Paris; yes ran for Useless and them others was close at her heels.

“Here this is a dark wood full of Gaulish creepy crawlies that rip your liver out and fry it,” Bornaslave showing he was superstitious and very close to Cindy's heels.

“We can offer them your liver,” the sheriff.

“Yes a good idea,” Nameless wanting Useless punished for stealing the sparkle in the first place.

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“How many livers do you have Nameless?” H.M. blaming his misery on his servant.

“We can use my sword?” Lancelot blaming his relationship with Granny on Useless.

“Yes his kidneys too,” The Chancellor knowing Useless was to blame for Granny for Granny was a two timer.

“And while them lot offer that dwarf's liver to the creepy crawlies I am off with my loot,” the Oiler for he had sold many useless plastic trinkets to the Gaulish rural folk. Yes glass beads that was made of wax that did melt on your neck in front of the fire. Yes cures for piles and was shredded glass that shredded your insides so good so didn't have to worry about the piles. Yes love potions that was made from the venom of adders so made things needed fall off. Yes Oiler sold them many gifts like Lucky bags to the Gaulish children that was so old spiders and ear wigs ran out of the bags so keen to see day light in ten years; and covered the children so they looked like stick insects just what them druids needed for potions.

Yes Oiler was popular so knew he had to run through the forest with his loot or be torn to pieces by the Gauls.

And no one missed him as no one liked him; one less for Cindy's hand in marriage.

And above Wodan planned bad things so Cindy did wake up and scream when she looked at Dieaslave close up. Then he did win his bet with Eostre.

“Where is that wolf man?” Wodan knowing when a wolf man was needed he was never there.

But he was wrong, he was sneaking through the dark woods following an oiler. And the wolf man had his two girl friends with him. Two? Yes Goldilocks and Bunny who would make sure their man got the tenderest bits to keep up his wolfy strength. So Wodan found someone else to replace Dieaslave and win his bet.

“He will do,” Wodan and cast a spell upon a certain HIM.

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“Oh I can count past ten,” HIM blessed with the spell so is not a hint as to HIS identity as none here apart from in red can count to ten. And definitely not Eagor who can't get past one.

“Out of the way fool,” the sheriff pushing him out of the way and then looked back at HIM. for HIM was no longer covered in boils but handsome and smelling of soap.

“Here come back and let me cut your liver out?” Lancelot then noticed HIM and dropped his sword; HIM was so handsome if HIM was only a freckled girl.

“I must ask HIM what is his tailor's address?” The Chancellor knowing he had an expense account.

And HIM jumped on one of the mules and freed it and ignored the whips from Durno with these words, “Ha ha,” for he was brave and wanted Cindy and no good whipping was going to stop him. And the smell of fresh red stuff attracted a man covered in a rash.

“Oh I can't look,” Dracula but did for Durno knew how to whip.

Then HIM was away galloping after Cindy while “suck suck” as Dracula was on his knees.

“I dropped a contact,” Dracula wiping his mouth on a sleeve and the sleeve was not his but Useless's.

“I must send Eagor into the dark wood to find a lobster for supper,” Lula Bell wanting to change into a bat and go after HIM for HIM was ever so cute.

And behind angry druids, a crazed village, demented parents wanting to make an oiler eat lucky bags and Obeselix and Attilarix full of potions wanting latrines. For potions have that effect.

“What is that lovely smell?” Cindy ahead playing with Dieaslave as she threw rocks in the air so he could spin up and catch them in what teeth he had left.

And Dieaslave knew the nice smell did not waft from him for he was sweating and panting from leaping and twisting backward doing somersaults catching rocks and dried dog stuff Cindy

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mistook as stones to throw in the air.

“What is that lovely smell?” Granny above with an elf with pointed ears for Granny was a three timer.

And HIM galloped into the clearing and the mule came to a stop so HIM flew through the air and landed in Cindy's arms.

“What a lovely smell?” Cindy breathing in deep what Wodan had sprinkled on HIM.

And Dieaslave knew it wasn't him for the only stuff Wodan sprinkled on him from above was what little boys did behind trees so did not smell nice.

“Kiss me baby?” HIM full of confidence for his hair was two inches thick in gel and comb was in his back pocket and a lucky plastic pocket sized guitar was on a string about his back.

And HIM gyrated his hips.

And Cindy giggled and tittered.

“Kiss me baby,” HIM.

And the pretty girl puckered her lips.

And HIM puckered his and Dieaslave puckered his and stuck them on the end of HIM's who choked here and wheezed there and went blue for Dieaslave needed some kind surgeon to remove that wart. A wart that was real long and had gone straight down HIM's puckered lips to hit the tonsils.

“What have I bitten off and eaten?” HIM no longer feeling confident for warts are not meant to be eaten, especially not the ones that big.

“My without that wart you are handsome,” Cindy seeing Dieaslave as Dieaslave, ugly even without the wart. For Dieaslave had black puffed up eyes from Cindy throwing rocks in the air, bust lips for some of them rocks was small boulders and Cindy did not know her strength. And what teeth Dieaslave had left stuck out like they was from a rabbit.

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And yes don't forget the sweat.

AND ABOVE IN THE HEAVENS....."What has that fink Wodan been up?" Eostre and sprinkled dust over Cindy so she did love Dieaslave but HIM got in the way.

"Kiss me," Cindy and puckered her lips for HIM but HIM was being ill for swallowing a six inch long wart.

"I will throw her over my shoulder and run with her and imprison her in a castle till HIM's spell works off her," Dieaslave who knew how to think.

So carried Cindy on his shoulder puffing and panting while she scratched his eyes out, pulled his ears off, balded him for Cindy was in love with HIM back there, not Dieaslave who was now more ugly than ever before.

Poor Dieaslave, poor skinny little man who was in love with Cindy who hated the sight of him because of Wodan in Heaven.

And HIM said, "I will take a short cut through the dark woods and ambush him, then do nasty things to Dieaslave to remind him he is a slave fit for blowing balloons for H.M. I will peg him out for the creepy crawlies here to come and investigate." So perhaps HIM might be handsome but was not kind and generous like poor ugly Dieaslave.

And as Dieaslave almost bled to death for Cindy had run out stuff to pull off him except for one.

So Dieaslave was safe to populate the world full of future Dieaslave's; perhaps you are one of his? It is said one in every two hundred men are related to Genghis Khan? Perhaps in Dieaslave's case one in ten for a balloon blower got about for a balloon stops in every town. They might scream to touch H.M. who ignored them, but for a crust of bread spread in lard Dieaslave was yours and as royal as a crust of bread spread in lard could buy.

MEANWHILE A FORGOTTEN CHARACTER REEMRGES AS SOMEONE

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FLAMBIYANT AND EXCITING IS NEEDED TO GET THE WOMEN IN A GOOD MOOD.

Someone who went into the bilge room and was forgotten about because of the smell of all them polar bears down there.

“And such rooms aboard ships gave rise to the animal welfare right groups,” Aslop knowledgeably. And was tripe and onions for it was cruelty to them beasts that huffed and puffed royal balloons that gave rise to such groups.

“I am Dieaslave and am a man not a beast,” the slave somersaulting for a flaming stick.

“A new trick,” Cindy excited especially when Dieaslave caught fire places for she hoped while he screamed running about for a pool to refresh him parts HIM did reappear and tie weights to Dieaslave, hit him several times with a shovel, stuff an apple in his mouth and toss him in the pool. A Gaulish pool full of pike that did shred Dieaslave thinking he was a duck for he was the right size for one; for Bornaslave ate most of them beans when they was balloon blowers.

And where was Bornaslave? Haven't you guessed yet?

And HIM came running with a broom he had found lying on the road side and should have not taken it for:

“Some bum has stolen my broom.” A voice behind HIM so HIM trembled.

“I will stick the broom down Dieaslave's pants and run with Cindy to an expensive ski resort and get married,” Bornaslave imagining and not thinking for he was HIM.

“Fetch,” Cindy throwing another flaming stick in the air and Bornaslave leaped for it for he knew what was good for his rival was good for him.

“Fool, what good are you to me now?” Cindy and how should she know what was good for a sweet innocent pressed flower seller on dark lonely street corners outside rough taverns?

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“Halp halp me,” Bornaslave covered in flames for Dieaslave who thought about the future and not imagined what he wanted had accidentally pored 100% Brandy over his enemy in romance for all good balloon puffers carry that for emergencies..

So Dieaslave took hold of Cindy and allowed her to carry him to safety for all the trees about Bornaslave were catching fire.

“My mascara was beginning to smear in the heat,” Cindy not feeling guilty about leaving HIM as blazing trees fell about and flames one hundred feet high swept up from the burning shrubs.

Yes deer leaped over fallen burning trees, birds flew higher, but the snails had already been eaten by the Gauls, and the boars about would be nicely roasted to perfection by the time Obeselix arrived for he was a greedy Gaul.

And Bornaslave was in the middle of this Dante's inferno.

Who will save him?

And not far ahead, “Grrr,” and “sniff,” and “howl.”

And no signs to warn any travelers and there were many; a whole Gaulish village wanting someone to pay for Euro contest and behind them Obeselix and Attilarix seeking a little white doggy.

Not to mention Dracula and all them loonies.

“Grrr,” and “sniff,” and “howl.”

And not one of them was shredded as that long forgotten person had come out of the bilge room and wandered ashore.

“This is Gaul and have a wife in every port,” Neptune taking a sort cut through the dark woods.

And ahead of him Useless who is never left out of a good mauling.

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“Here shadows, it must be them sparkle thieves,” Useless hiding behind a bush with a shovel he had found.

“I am rich,” Oiler crashing through the bush so many thorns and brambles cut him to pieces.

“What is all this racket?” Neptune not wanting disturbed as he tried to remember which wife was in the nearest port so blended into the shadows so added, “I smell a wet rug.”

“Yes we all know a wolf man stinks like a dog out in the rain; a dog whose owner hasn't shampooed it in two years or muzzled it too,” Aslop needing gagged.

And then the polar bears fed up of the stench of three thousand polar bears in a tiny dark bilge room made a break for freedom.

Angy polar bears heading for all the loonies and stray cats seeking a home.

“I am off,” Useless not liking the odds and knew he was the one that got shredded always but ran into Neptune who had blended into the shadows.

“Grrr,” and “sniff,” and “howl.”

“Please tell me that your King Neptune come to save me?” Useless trembling at the knees.

Never mind Obeselix and Attilarix were seeking a little cuddly white doggy and blended into the shadows too.

“I am hungry Attilarix,” Obeselix living up to his name for he was a greedy Gaul.

And then the angry polar bears blended into the shadows as well.

MEANWHILE the music of comic book heroes is heard:

“Now Lula Bell said pick mushrooms for dinner and what does a mushroom look like?” For Eagor only saw chopped mushrooms in sauces Lula Bell made so looked for chopped stuff on the dark forest floor. “Sniff I smell smoke?” Yes Eagor was thick as thick toast.

And Eagor was right for the wood was on fire all about him.

“Ha ha,” Eagor enjoying the roasting for it tickled for Eagor was not only thick some place

but thick skinned.

“Wodan has sent you to save me?” HIM all covered in soot.

“Are you a mushroom?” Eagor hoping the blackened thing was so he could go back to Lula Bell.

“No,” Bornaslave who did not have Dieaslave to think for them so Eagor walked over him through the flames giggling as he was tickled.

“Wait here is a mushroom,” Bornaslave who was HIM lying for he was good at that so was getting a taste of a place he would live in for ever.

“Where is the mushroom?” Eagor who had come back.

And “I I I I stood on it,” was all Bornaslave could utter for he was a stupid bum and a loonie too. So Eagor tossed him over the highest flaming tree to land on his head some place for Eagor was mad. For Eagor hoped Bornaslave did land on a rock and do himself an injury. But Wodan blew Bornaslave into a pond so was not only cooled but washed of soot.

“Here I am Bornaslave and who are you lot?” As he looked at Neptune and Useless and did not notice all them polar bears blended into the shadows sneaking up on him.

So Useless was overjoyed someone else might be mauled and torn to shreds instead of him so jumped for joy and his head connected under Neptune's chin so Useless was throttled till he went blue; then Neptune tossed him away right on top of the polar bears that gnawed him real tender for Goldilocks and Bunny had been suffering a little colic so needed well chewed bits of steak to swallow for gang members look after each other.

“A miracle,” for Bornaslave like Useless always knew he was the one chewed so making it easy to swallow bits.

But he was wrong: “A gobbler?” Obeselix and threw a giant rock onto Bornaslave for it was dark so thought the slave a gobbler or a grunter or something else to put more fat about his belly.

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“What have you done Obeselix?” Attilarix fearing a costly law suit but Obeselex had done the slave a favor for he had saved him from a polar bear gnawing..

Then Dracula flew done and bit Attilarix on the neck. This is a red herring to distract everyone from the real story ahead.

About a wolf man who had just jumped out in front of Cindy snarling and drooling.

“If you love me and want me then protect me,” Cindy dumping Dieaslave at her feet.

“Nice doggy,” Dieaslave offering the wolf man a doggy biscuit balloon blowers kept for emergencies.

And the greedy wolf man almost took Dieaslave's hand off to eat the bacon flavored doggy biscuit.

And in the darkness sounds were heard as Cindy climbed a tall tree.

“What does a mushroom look like?”

“I can sell you one,”an Oiler wanting a sale.

“I need one for a potion,” a druid who added, “Servant go buy me one,” for druids never carried any cash in case they might have to buy something.

And just then King Neptune rushed into the scene covered in three thousand polar bears who wanted something big to sink their teeth into.

“It pays to be an under fed balloon blower,” Bornaslave thanking his luck.

And Neptune ran all over the wolf man who started beating the daylights out of them polar bears. Four thousand polar bears so didn't stand a chance.

“Quick up here,” Cindy offering Dieaslave a hand to climb the tree.

“She cares?” Dieaslave almost tempting Cindy to drop him.

“I have thought up new tricks for him, like sword swallowing as he somersaults in the air and lying on a bed of nails; heated nails of course,” Cindy knowing if she was not to bore of the little

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man needed to make sure he entertained her.

“I will do anything for my woman,” Dieaslave thinking of insurance.

“How sweet,” Cindy and squeezed his cheeks so they was red.

“She was a girl with pretty ankles and is the fault of Eostre the goddess who wanted Dieaslave to marry Cindy,” Aslop who had once dated Granny in his youth so considered himself an expert on women.

And a mushroom picker arrived and there was a yellow flower under Neptune and all them bears.

“A mushroom,” for Eagor was missing Lula Bell so did lie and say the flower was a yellow mushroom for Eagor was thick.

And things got interesting as they rolled this way and that right over Bornaslave.

Then Attilarix ran into them struggling with Dracula and Obeselix trying to pull Dracula off his friend with these words, “I bet it was you who ate my doggy up,” so Dracula wished he was never born.

So did Bornaslave under them all wished the same thing.

“^&*^&^%,” the Vikings thinking this was the road to Pris so not even a single foot or hand of Bornaslave could be seen; but he was heard for moans was heard so he was OK.

“Servant Eagor found a yellow mushroom, go and get it,” The Druid of The North and shoved Servant forward. “Stop trembling and get it,” he added for Servant could see bits of this and that so was petrified. “Either get it or what you value most will be onions in just ten seconds,” and was a threat so poor demented Servant holding his precious bits went into the dust and moans to get that mushroom; and unlike Eagor knew what a mushroom looked like and could only see a yellow flower that not a single foot or claw had touched.

“In all this dust that fool wont know what it is,” Servant having a brain wave for that is when

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brain waves come, when the shredding happens.

Unfortunately the druid knew the difference between a mushroom and yellow flower.

And an oiler fearing for his cash sneaked back into the shadows.

"I am still rich and intact," The Oiler but just in front of him two untrained dogs.

"Sniff."

"Can I sell you a hanky?"

"Grrr."

"Mm I recognize that grr," the Oiler vanishing up a tree.

Poor horrid doggies left with no one to chew too shreds. Shame but what is this an elf skipping through the dark woods.

"How happy I am to be away from them lot, free to exercise my right to choose who I want to suck suck from," the elf with pointed ears.

And so the two sad depressed dogs cheered for they had some one to gnaw and gnawed the elf.

"Here I am not going another inch forward," Lancelot not wanting to watch from the shadows and behind him a sheriff who was laying juicy bones about his back.

"I can't stand this Limey who speaks with marbles in his mouth," the sheriff and vanished in the shadows but what goes round comes round for the angry villagers had arrived and took out their disappointment at buying wax beads on him.

"American understand, here silk stockings and chocolate," the sheriff who carried these for emergencies.

And the villagers took them then did him good.

And above the zooming from a broom stick as Granny looked for a wolf man who was cuddly and when not needed could double as a rug.

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And in the shadows Lula Bell looked for a wolf man for she had sent Egor to find mushrooms. An impossible task for a Gaulish village was nearby so Egor did have to travel miles to find an unpicked field of them and did travel miles fore Egor thought a mushroom looked like a swan's egg and Egor had never seen one of them.

“Is that you wolfie?” Lula Bell finding Egor who was walking in circles for he was following his own foot prints: yes thick as thick toast Egor was.

“Lula Bell?” Egor and threw the polar bears away so they landed on the Oiler.

“I came to see if you needed halp,” Lula Bell lying through her back teeth.

“Aw how sweet,” Egor and twisted his legs so tripped himself up so Lula Bell disappeared into the dark woods seeking a holiday fling with a wolf man.

“My Lula Bell must have gone looking for mushrooms for me, just as well as I landed on the yellow mushroom and flattened it,” a worried Egor.

And King Neptune feeling sorry for Egor clicked his fingers and gave him a basket full of toadstools.

“Mushrooms?” Egor his faith in humanity restored.

“Yes,” King Neptune who lived in the sea so had no idea what a mushroom looked like.

“There are so many,” Egor so took one and stuffed it all into his mouth for Lula Bell did never notice one missing. So explains why Egor dropped the basket of purple red spotted toadstools and gripping his tummy went behind bushes every 5 minutes.

And a sign post said in faded letters: 'PARIS THIS WAY.'

“Come on I will show you off in all the balls I get invited too,” Cindy taking Dieaslave and jumping from tree top to tree top till they was ahead of them loonies; then got Dieaslave to carry her for her feet were red from walking and running and jumping from tree top to tree top.

And Dieaslave did and bathed her feet in a pool so they steamed as the heat left them.

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And Cindy put a hand out and stroked his thin hair for she had pulled most off remember.

It was a revitalizing touch of kindness and tenderness from the heart that made Dieaslave smile a rabbit smile.

Horrified Cindy withdrew her hand and allowed herself to be carried to Paris.

“Puff pant,” Dieaslave struggling under her weight but he was happy for he could look up her legs; legs like that he hadn't seen in twenty years blowing a royal balloon and never seen before that either. Legs like them didn't frequent the pressed flower sellers he used to know in his youth.

And Cindy felt sorry for Dieaslave so let him carry her.