

## Coachman

## The Ruins of Paris

It was a fine city with fine houses with spires with millions of sparrows flying about in the day and at night, bats. Bats that got stuck in your hair.

And the city was full of chic folk sipping coffee at many a river's edge.

A bliss about to be taken away from them.

“%&\*&^%”, was the strange sound they heard first but still sipped their soft drinks.

“Squeal,” also from the loot carried on the shoulders. But not to worry the loot had made Viking fight Viking for no one winked at a Viking's girl and lived.

“At Paris there will be no Vikings left and we can walk away with the loot,” the squealing freckled girls on the backs of Vikings remaining for they was not daft.

And Cindy was carried to the outskirts of the great city and a painter seeing her had to paint her.

“Go behind the bushes and look for a fairy ring and make a wish,” Cindy getting rid of her pet so she could be painted all over for Granny wasn't about.

“When I find the fairy ring I will ask them kindly to change me into a handsome balloon blower or else trample the ring under foot,” Dieaslave fed up being ugly and making the stars hide behind the moon when he was out.

“Bo ho,” Dieaslave and Eostre was so overcome with pity she told the fairies this, “Do his bidding or else chop chop?”

So the fairies waited for Dieaslave to change into a handsome pet that could somersault and catch razor blades between his teeth for Cindy was never bored when Dieaslave was about.

But: “I hate that bum, he has usurped me out of the sparkle and Cindy who I know wants to marry me so follow,” Bornaslave covered in bandages for them two dogs have sharp teeth.

And a cathedral was in the middle of Paris and when the Parisians saw Bornaslave hobbling on crutches they shouted, “Hey it's that fink of a hunchback, let's get him.”

And a beautiful girl swinging on gargoyles saw Bornaslave speeding up on his crutches that fell apart so splinters stuck to him.

“Ouch,” Bornaslave complaining but the crowd covered him like something out of Lord of the Flies.

“That is my hunchback,” Elmslarada so swung down the gargoyles and shouted, “Aghhhhahhhha,” and the real hunchback eating a banana on another gargoyle heard so swallowed unexpectedly so went blue.

And the crowd stood still watching the billowing pleats about Elmslarada for she did not follow her Granny's advice about ankles.

So Bornaslave slithered away all black and bruised with these words, “Groan.”

“Have they hurt you my sweet?” Elmslarada straightening out Bornaslave's twisted bits. “Oh dear what have I pulled off?” So Bornaslave trembled. “Oh silly me it belongs to this man in the crowd,” so Bornaslave was relieved and allowed Elmslarada to carry him up to the gargoyles where he had a pigeon view of Paris so was green and ill on his savior.

So he was beaten black because he already was covered in blue bits and sent to clean the bedroom up.

“Mmmmm,” Bornaslave tidying up toys and “mmmm,” again as he started trying them on and , “I could get to like it here.”

But the real hunchback had recovered from his choking fit and arrived and he knew THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR TWO HUNCHBACKS AMONGST THE GARGOLYES OF NOTRE DAME.

“Here you Jimmy,” was the only warning Bornaslave got from the Glaswegian psychopath who was the hunchback of Notre Dame.

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“Tighter,” Bornaslave thinking the rack he was on part of the bed room games.

And was Elmslarada's fault for she stood nearby in black plastic stuff flexing a thirty foot whip embedded in broken glass and live red ants.

“Cur lovely,” the idiot Bornaslave so deserved what he got.

MEANWHILE a mile below the gargoyles of Notre Dame Cathedral Cindy was in The Saloon showing all the great painters the latest life work of Montezuma the impressionist.

MEANWHILE in a fairy ring.

“Because Eostre can change us into pigs we have agreed to change you into a handsome prince,” the fairies unanimously not wanting to be boring boars.

“Poof,” Dieaslave now a handsome princess.

“Hello ducky,” lots of faerie imbeciles wanting to be swine and in a poof Eostre changed them into rashers, then ate the lot of them for she had been on a month diet.

“Where are my clothes?” Princess Dieaslave and of course held three fig leaves.

“They are special invisible clothes,” the lying fairies paying Eostre back for no one threatened fairies the hard guys of the forests and meadows.

“Will Cindy be impressed?” Princess Dieaslave who was after all just a balloon blower.

“Of course,” the fairies stifling a giggle for Cindy did think Dieaslave had marbles rolling about topside and run a mile; poor Dieaslave.

“He needs help,” so Eostre spoofed him into Prince Dieaslave with one fig leave and was a dangerous thing to do for some of them fairy hard guys of the dark forest liked princes.

And why did Eostre help Dieaslave, well some pets are lucky while some get slob as masters who boot them all day long and take them for walkies once a month so are all bunged up.

MEANWHILE Dracula was a shadow in the dark back streets of Paris for he was trying to decide whom to suck suck? For on every doorway a girl selling something but Dracula wasn't

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sure what. They all had black fish net stockings, a red jacket and a black bonnet. And of course all smoked Gaulish cigarettes on the end of holders so there was this tobacco haze so Dracula, “Cough wheeze,” for he was a sensible non smoker.

“I am starving,” Dracula drooling at the mouth and in the distance a Gaulish sunrise appearing and a coffin nowhere nearby. “Suck suck,” Dracula biting himself as he could not make up his mind who to ask, “I am an American tourist can you help me please,” the lying bum. So flew amongst the girls and got bed and breakfast for he promised, “I am a loaded count and pay well.”

MEANWHILE the crowd below Notre dame Cathedral was running about like ants screaming, “The monster is back.”

“Where?” Eagor afraid of monsters.

“Never mind dearie Lula Bell is here,” and Lula Bell had a good look about and saw this man a bit on the large side standing on a balcony.

“Suck suck,” as her fangs flipped out for she could smell ROYALTY. “Be a dear Eagor, wait here why honey bell goes gets some mushrooms?” Lula Bell and Eagor was happy for he didn't know what they looked like and soon would.

But would the monster remember after he saw one?

And in an instant a bat had flown up to the balcony.

“Hello handsome?” Lula Bell keeping a straight face for the man was definitely on the large side and stuffed into garters and stockings for he was an aristocrat.

“Ssh,” he whispered to Lula Bell and “the queen is making tarts and I see you are one, let me see if you are baked just right?” The king used to flogging peasants and riding them down with his coach.

“Suck suck,” as Lula Bell let him sample the tart.

“What are you doing madam?” The king new to this game.

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“Suck suck,” as Lula Bell turned the king into a vampire.

And in the streets past the sell by date washer women with red, white and blue cocked hats carried flaming torches with these words, “Viv La Republic,” for they wasn't having any of these foreigners in Paris, especially the monster who was using the flower pots as a latrine.

MEANWHILE: “Servant here is a tourist map of Paris and all the cultural sites for me to visit, so visit,” The Druid of The North poofing a big shield for him to lounge on eating grapes as he visited cultural places.

“I isn't carrying that,” a foolish Servant under the shield who quickly added, “I will carry you anywhere master kiss kiss,” as he was a quick learner so the cows udders vanished from a certain place. So Servant the gnome puffed and panted his way to The Saloon where Cindy lay on a divan surrounded by artists and critics all wanting to marry her for she had a freckled face.

MEANWHILE an elf with pointed ears was in an opera house making a noise on an organ.

“Beautiful,” for he was tone deaf.

“We must burn that opera house down for it has a phantom in it,” for the neighbors had had enough.

MEANWHILE: “I am the royal tax collector so hand me your wallet,” The Chancellor at his stall in a market so fermented revolution for the greedy man gave no change from his swollen red brief case.

“Hello baby,” a strange Parisian holding a red handbag.

“I am a man madam,” The Chancellor.

“So am I,” so The Chancellor was afraid.

“There is the royal tax collector, guillotine him,” a rough unwashed washer woman under a red, white and blue cocked hat.

“Come with me I will save you from Madam Guillotine,” the strange man and The Chancellor

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followed for he was afraid he did loose his red brief case and his head. So was taken to a sewer full of rats covered in fleas that jumped all over him so he jumped this way and that.

“Viv La Republic,” the strange man and hit The Chancellor somewhere with his red handbag and while The Chancellor was lying in the sewer covered in rats and banana skins and stuff the strange man vanished with all the taxes.

“I will set up a new stall and tax them treble,” The Chancellor standing up brushing of all them unwashed rodents.

MEANWHILE a granny on a broomstick was silhouetted against the moon and on her broom a wolf man hanging on tight for he was afraid of heights.

“I can't breath,” Granny so slapped the wolf man's hands free so “Howl,” was heard as he fell all the way down to the crowd.

“A were-wolf, why hasn't the king sent his musketeers to protect us?” A disgruntled washer woman tired from a days wringing of heavy soiled sheets. “Off with the kings head,” and only takes one. A strange man encouraged by a nights sewer mugging saw easy pickings ahead.

MEANWHILE: “Sniff,” and “grrr,” was heard by the beggars who needed crutches for they had been run down by aristocratic coaches. “Sniff” and “grrr” was all they heard before “Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeagh,” filled their throats and the night air of Gay Paris.

“Hooooooooooooooooooooooooowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwl,” was also heard for Paris has excitable were-wolfs like any other city.

“Where is the queen and the army to protect us from what is sniffing about our beggars? Viv La Republic,” a cartoonist who made a lot of money ridiculing folk so knew he was in for good times ahead.

Then Goldilocks and Bunny ran about every tree in Paris and bit everyone they met spreading disease.

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MEANWHILE polar bears was sleeping in Parisian beds after eating the porridge and mauling who lived in the house. And because they wasn't house trained Paris began too smell.

“If the greedy king pays us more we will empty the chamber pots of them houses,” the night soil collectors who was the modern sewer system and was lies for they had seen what had happened to Night Soil Collector Marcel. The bears had shredded him.

“Let's go ask our king what he intends to do?” A strange man with a red handbag impatient to live in the royal palace and steal all them garters and stockings.

“Viv La Republic,” the crowd swollen with big washer women so no one dared argue for they could walk over you and you did be flattened.

“Suck suck,” Lula Bell turning the king into a vampire.

And somewhere under the tables at a market Useless was walking in a hurry. “I want my sparkle so where is that hussy?” And because he was in a hurry trailing an ax cut all the ropes he went by. And why did he have an ax? Well all dwarfs have them and also because he believed he was Napoleon; so was an imbecile needing a padded cell.

“And all about Useless anger wanting who ever was responsible for fresh fish fished a hundred miles away a week past now on the market floor paid for for an idiot had cut the ropes.

All the octopus tentacles up ankles needed caught so all the men of the market were catching them. So the wives took chopping knives and followed so much screaming was heard and octopus thrown about.

“Here I can't see a thing,” Useless with an octopus about his face so walked out from under the tables and was seen.

“Eeeek a troll,” and takes one wife holding a chopping knife and a second to say, “The troll caused this,” and a third, “We must catch it and guillotine it,” for these Gauls could only think about that and ankles. And a fourth shouted, “Viv La Republic.”

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“Here what are you touching?” Useless not wanting the touching too stop but was too bashful to speak straight; so spoke with a snake tongue for he was a macho dwarf and useless in all he put his tiny knobbly hands to.

Knobbly because mining does that to tiny delicate hands.

So Useless was thrown in a cauldron for Gauls cooked anything as it gave an excuse to invent a new sauce.

“Tripe and onion sauce is needed,” a fifth Gaul so a cow was found.

“When they try to get tripe out of that angry cow I am off,” Useless and saw a blue light sparkling in a saloon window: “The sparkle,” he hissed and hurried away.

He was a mile away when the sixth Gaul shouted: “Hey the troll is escaping,” so an angry market crowd ran after him waving chopping knives.

“Oh how happy I am about to be super rich and I will buy an abandoned mine to mine,” Useless speaking to himself for he was demented so never heard the angry crowd behind him.

And in the SALOON Cindy was paralytic for them painters have one track minds and the honor of art demands the painted play bingo.

Cindy was not safe for them Gaulish painters have champagne running out of the taps. Poor Cindy who will save her?

“I don't want saved,” Cindy enjoying the effects of XXX; “Hick,” for she was drunk.

And outside a sheriff had loaded his six shooters with silver bullets with these words: “No naked fury were-wolf is going to steal the sparkle from me.” And being a Son of Adam did not mention Cindy.

And the clink of amour alerted him to trouble for Lancelot was climbing up a drain pipe to enter the SALOON.

“A zombie,” a painter and threw pain brushes at Lancelot.



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“Ow,” Lancelot for he was delicate.

“My sparkle is up there and my sparkle needs rescuing,” the sheriff and blasted the front door down so had no silver bullets left.

“Howl,” behind him.

“Gee up,” behind the howler.

“I need the sea,” King Neptune wanting the smell of fresh fish.

“I don't need Useless when the sparkle is here but they are all bigger than me so how can I get past them unless Useless is here to distract them by being beating and shredded Bo Ho,” Nameless and why he was a nameless no one.

Then Useless arrived and threw his octopus away, straight onto the back of Lancelot who screamed and danced this way and that and slashed his plastic sword this way and that so the painters fled.

“Creak,” a broom cupboard opening in the Saloon as oily fingers gripped it from inside.

“I double as a broom salesman,” The Oiler emerging and seeing Cindy painted was overcome with lust.

“I must have her so all will think I am virile for I keep a painted ankle at my side. All will want to buy my Potion of Virility and I will be more rich than any sparkle so Cindy is the sparkle,” and a puddle of drool formed at his feet just before he clutched his chest with these words, “No no this isn't fair,” then fell in his puddle. But this is a happy story that even middle aged Sons of Adam can read and take hope, so as he ate Epsom salts.

“Ah much refreshed,” The Oiler and dragged Cindy away for he was full of gout, arthritis and middle age pot bellybuttons. All the way down the stairs he went bumping her head on each step but never mind Cindy felt nothing for she was paralytic.

“If she doesn't stop singing I will go insane,” The mean Oiler and there outside the back door

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a coach and mules waiting for Durno to whip them into life.

“In the luggage compartment,” The Oiler and stuffed Cindy in amongst the hat boxes and traveling stuff for he knew women was bags.

“Gee up mules,” he coughed for the night air was not healthy for oilers at his age. And the mules did not move. And as he thought hard what he must say to them, “Abracadabra,” he tried and “Please,” but to no avail as the angry crowds of Paris got near.

“Viv La Republic,” was heard as chopping knives was thrown about so many screams and groans and moans was heard as well as that red stuff.

“Do you know who I am?” King Neptune to middle aged washer women covered in soiled unmentionables needing washed for they took their trade with them on the move.

“No,” them hoping he did tell them for they hated suspense.

“King Neptune,” Neptune and glared at them as to threaten them with a rainfall of fresh fish.

“Royalty to Madam Guillotine,” the washer women who had large warts on their noses and added, “Viv La Republic.”

And Useless was just standing there minding his own business thinking how to get into the Saloon when they went right over him.

“The troll the troll quick the sauce,” and takes one.

And Nameless saw his chance, the door was open and he ran straight by the sheriff with these words, “I am first he he ha ho.” Then the sound of bullets from a six shooter that had been reloaded with silver bullets just in case Nameless and others were wolfs in disguise.

“Stop stop it's me Nameless,” Nameless holding his shot up pieces for the sheriff had just been aiming at the space between the Servant's feet to make him dance, and missed heaps.

“A fly got in my nose,” the sheriff reloading and blasted away for he knew it was Nameless.

And then silence except for gasps and “Don't look,” and “Ha ha what is that?” For outside

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Prince Dieaslave had arrived.

“Cindy my beloved where art thou?”

“Neeew,” a reply from mules waiting for an oiler to make them move.

“Gendarmes one for Madam Guillotine,” and was not one of the gay Parisians who celebrated life. It was The Chancellor wanting rid of Dieaslave for the man knew with all the competition gone Cindy would see him as the only handsome man left in her world.

And Durno walked by cracking a whip and cracked many so many jumped and danced. Then he whipped his mules by accident for he was showing off.

“Neeaw,” the mules getting what they had been waiting for and was off straight over the nasty sheriff and chancellor and through the crowd.

“Look an ankle?” Dieaslave seeing Cindy's ankle hanging out the luggage box at the back of the coach.

Then two crazed dogs arrived just behind him.

“Grrr,” and “sniff,” Dieaslave heard and was afraid his new expensive invisible clothes did be torn to shreds.

“Where am I?” A troll covered in tripe sauce that smelt lovely to two horrid dogs that immediately set upon him.

“I am off,” Dieaslave running after the coach.

“Is that that roach?” Bornaslave in black leather gear and stockings from his encounter with Esmeralda.

“Mmmmm,” that strange man in the crowd holding a red handbag.

And as Bornaslave reached out to trip his enemy up a net was thrown over him.

A net all strange men with red handbags have in them red handbags to catch men to play bingo with.

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“I am a royal balloon blower so let me go,” Bornaslave wiggling.

“Royalty I am honored too night,” the strange man and disappeared into the catacombs of Paris under the Cathedral of Notre Dame where he would summon his two friends to join him.

A demented hunchback and his crazy girlfriend who had this rack and whip covered in glass and red ants who had met Bornaslave once before.

“Let me free I am a royal blower,” now a fading sound in darkness.

“Oh sweetie tell me more,” an answer.

Is this the end of that miserable Bornaslave?

“Humpty do da dee,” a man sang as he pranced down an alleyway.

He was H.M. needed as an extra.

“Look royalty,” a washer woman for H.M. wore a crown to show he needed servants to take him to the out house and cut up all the paper squares.

“Kneel in my presence,” H.M. and held out his gemed fingers that were no longer gemmed as washer women have to pay for soap and washing boards you know.

And H.M. ran for his life all the way to a balcony where sucking noises and red stuff was squirting about as Lula Bell was feeding.

“We want a king for Madam Guillotine,” one of them washer women and saw H.M. on the balcony.

“There is the king, off with his head,” and the crowd went nuts and is the end of H.M?

And a were wolf was running for its life because Van Hesiling and a mob of Parisians waving flaming torches was after him.

Was this the end of the wolf man?

And Dracula was flapping through the air as a bat thinking he was disguised amongst the twenty million bats of Notre Dame cathedral. And below a crazed mob of girls in black bonnets

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and fish net stockings.

“That bat owes us for a peep show,” for Dracula had changed into a bat and flown about them undecided which neck to bite. A drooling untrained bat who was soon unwanted for a customer recently returned from Transylvania had said, “That bat has a black cape on it so it is Dracula.”

“There is the masked caped pervert,” one of them crazed Parisians so threw sharpened wooden stakes in the air.

Is this the end of Dracula who never paid his bills?

And what goes up comes down so Bornaslave managed to escape and ran into The Chancellor who was tip toeing past them horrid dogs that was on top of Useless who was always good for a chew.

Is this the end of The Chancellor and Bornaslave?

And an elf arrived panting hard for he had been running so hard had forgotten he could fly as a bat.

“Puff pant save me?” The elf for behind him Parisians who wanted him out of opera for ever for he was tone deaf.

“Why?” The sheriff and was a good question.

“Because I am just a tin man,” Lancelot coming out of the saloon followed by a mob of artists throwing paint brushes at him.

“Ouch,” Lancelot wanting the sheriff to use his guns.

“I am the law,” the sheriff and was ignored as Servant ran onto him, clawing his way up his legs to his head.

Is this the end of the sheriff?

“Servant have the cultural sights of Paris been too much for you?” The Druid of The North being sarcastic for Servant had been to 3000 art galleries, 400 museums at night and 1600 royal

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palaces and eaten everything from snails to frog legs so was ill mentally.

Was this the end of Servant and the lot of them?

Yes the lot of them for a wagon was coming loaded with aristocrats to meet Madam Guillotine and anyone could join; especially this lot.

“Eagor afraid,” Eagor walking over the two horrid dogs so Useless was saved and because Eagor had size 24 boots and spiked was this the end of the mean dogs?

Then the polar bears arrived and did they smell?

Were they about to eat everyone up?

And a coach went by with an oiler unable to control the mules for he was not a coachman.

“Stop right there mules,” Durno pointing at spot X in front of him.

And his mules recognized him as that bum of a coachman that whipped them and fed them nothing.

So went right over Durno sixteen times and so did the wheels.

It was horrid and as the mules stopped not on the spot in front of Durno but on him to tap dance with them steel shod hooves and all the loonies got aboard.

“Groan,” Durno at last dragging himself into the luggage box as the coach sped off to collect more loonies. But the polar bears they left behind as they smelt and were no good angry polar bears so was a gift to the Parisians.

“Giggle,” Cindy wanting to play bingo for she was still paralytic.

“I am too beat up,” Durno.

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“Where is my Cindy?” Granny zooming about Gargoyles. Gargoyles who had potential so Granny turned them into handsome bronzed gargoyles.

“That isn't the hunchback?” An angry crowd member below wanting the hunchback to bully

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as he was small.

“What are you lot looking at?” Granny amongst the rafters as gargoyles slaved for her. Some cooked snails and some frogs and all used garlic so no bats was about. Then Granny being Granny sent the gargoyles down with samples of their cooking for she was a business woman. But the watchers fled in panic but came back with washer women.

“A witch is up there, we must burn the place down,” one of them washer women needing teeth so only ate watery gruel so was always moody.

“Yes get straw,” another washer woman who was obese so her husband had left her so hated the world.

“Eagor help,” an idiot who had missed the coach for he was looking for Lula Bell who was now on the coach.

“How warm and cozy it is up here,” Granny above sun tanning in the flames leaping about her.

“Eagor think this game fun,” Eagor setting fire to nearby houses for Eagor was an idiot.

“Here that's the monster,” a crazed mob member and got a pitch fork and Van Hesiling.

“What do we do?” Another crazed mob member.

“Burn it,” Van Hesiling so the mob went nuts and set fire to more houses for they thought it was a good game too.

“I am off,” Granny and left the gargoyles as flames leaped about them.

“Save us woman,” for the gargoyles was grovelers as sixty foot flames licked their stone parts.

And Granny zooming about on her broom stick had pity so wasn't that bad. And it looked like she was going to land and save them but flew off instead with these words, “Men always want something.”

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“I am Egor not monster,” Egor at the top of a church tower as flaming torches were thrown at him.

And Egor had gone up there for he hoped to see Lula Bell who was in the coach sitting next to the elf whose pointed ears fascinated her.

Poor Egor was just an ugly unloved monster.

“I want my Lula Bell Bo ho,” poor Egor crazed out of his mind for Lula Bell.

“He is crying,” a crazed member of the crowd and all fell silent thinking Egor was telling them where he had buried his secret treasure chest.

And a coach loaded with imbeciles thundered his way.

“I can't stand it a grown man crying,” Granny so zoomed down just in front of Egor.

“Save me?” Egor and held out his hands and where have we heard this before?

“Sure honey just climb aboard,” Granny on her pink painted broom for Granny was a girl.

“Egor saved, Egor happy Egor hug you,” Egor and Granny knew Egor was strong and didn't know his strength so backed her broom away under the monster with these words, “Sonny never trust a scarlet woman.” So is an insight in how Granny saw herself.

“Eeeeeeeek,” Egor as he sped downwards to Van Helsing holding the biggest pitch fork ever pointed up at him.

Is this the end of Egor?

And a coach thundered all over Van Helsing and them mules was in a bad mood so stopped and bit him here and there so Egor landed on the coach so was saved and the mules finished with Van Helsing smelt on breeze smoke as Paris burned: so was off to the country where they knew rabbits did point the way to fields full of juicy carrots.

And polar bears wandered the streets so no one worked Madam Guillotine so all the aristocrats escaped Gaul and lived happily ever after.