

Coachman

Where next?

Wodan was in a good mood and fed up of H.M. for remember the revolutionaries had got him back in Paris. In a good mood because Eostre had been wondering about in a flimsy night dress so his hopes was up. For girl friends did that not wives who wondered about in hair curlers and mud packs. And Wodan fed up of H.M. for all H.M. did all day in hell was complain about room service.

"Here Nameless isn't here with the Andrex paper but you will do so come here," for instance H.M. to Wodan but H.M. wasn't having anything to do with these new fancy latrines that washed and powdered you. Especially as he was the new latrine and that is one of the things that can happen to you when you tell lies and end up below. Where the floozy imps, all the loose women, all the xxx salesmen are. That is why there are so many imps living down there for they know a good thing when they see one.

So H.M. Would run away and hide in a broom closet for hell has them too. And Wodan did send many imps to look for H.M. So topside got a break from evil and was called a 'Golden Age.'

"We will give you one more chance at life," Wodan lying just wanting H.M. Away.

"I promise to be a good boy," H.M. not knowing what a good boy was? Maybe it was something Nameless knew what that was but Nameless was away looking for Useless when he should be here. So H.M. Did not know what a good boy was for they mend their own socks and brush their own teeth.

And Wodan knew he did see H.M. again for he had made him a Son of Adam after himself.

"I am sick of his complaining about washing the coal down there," Eostre so Wodan was fed up of her nagging him so H.M. was sent back to Nameless who cursed his luck he was back.

ANYWAY:

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“Not in my cabbage garden surely,” a Prussian dairy farmer loitering on her side of the Alps eating pickled herring; jumbo hot dogs smeared in garlic mayo, salami sausage dipped in chili garlic so was safe from the BAT.

A bat from Transylvania who preferred cabbage cooked in BLOOD.

“Yummy,” the woman and her breath cleared all the weeds away just like that. Weeds blown in from England so was used to plain breath from eating plain food and nothing more exciting than Yorkshire Puddings and gravy.

“Obviously football weeds of an unnamed coach?” Aslop needing a stake some place for he thought he was being funny? *Perhaps he needed the dentist?*

And who this loitering dairy woman?

Just another irritating extra promised to have her face pasted in front of every picture house in the world to be part of this story.

ANYWAY:

“MoOO,” for these Alpine healthy cows full of musalie could mooooooooooooooooooooo. Udders as big as the woman eating raw herring all the way from the Baltic a thousand miles away.

“Lovely,” the woman swallowing some parasites that went with raw fish for as Aslop says: *“A medieval plague recipe.”*

“MoOO,” the cow wanting its udders emptied so was prancing about.

And the first signs all was not well was a naked man running up the sheer fourteen thousand Alpine mountain face.

“Howl,” the naked man forgetting he knew how to speak but never mind The Matterhorn would freeze something of the wolf man making him a little pussy cat.

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"That's why one should use the cable car," Aslop who was very annoying.

"Gertrude?" The naked man feeling a lost love in a faded memory.

"Adolf?" The woman whose thingamabobs was bigger than the cows.

"Mooo," the cow needing milk.

"Howl," the wolf man thinking he was Adolf where as some thought they was Napoleon.

And Hungarian violin music filled the air so all was cute; and no chaperon but this is a fairy tale where ugly orcs don't marry a princess whose got the choice between living in a swamp with a bad breathed baby eating toads and being a beautiful princess with a million subjects to tax.

As every princess knows the yacht in Monaco needs refurbishing so the orc gets a mill stone about the neck and thrown into the swap it loves so much. So all freckled girls can sleep well at night dreaming of being a princess.

And silly orcs can tremble in their swamps not daring to dream of marrying a beautiful princess.

"Gertrude," the naked man learning a new sound.

"Adolf," Gertrude and puckered her lips.

"Mooo," the forgotten cow.

And just like that the sun went down and the moon came up; a full moon.

"Adolph you always had a cute hairy bum but this is beyond it," Gertrude covered in foot long fur.

And things came out of the fur for were-wolfs have no one to groom and shampoo them with insecticide.

Until now.

"Slurp," the wolf man licking his lips.

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“If you want to play rough then take this,” Gertrude not likening them sharp teeth so slapped the wolf man up a bit to tenderize.

“Howl,” the wolf man showing his indignation.

“Slap slap,” went Gertrude who was as big as that cow so did Wolfie real good and then kicked him so he rolled and bumped all the way down that Alpine mountain

“Splat,” when he reached the bottom but don't worry kids wolf men never die.

“I am not that desperate,” Gertrude way above and threw the empty jar of herring after him for Gertrude was responsible for littering the mountains for she was not GREEN MINDED.

“Howl,” way below as the jar hit.

But Wolfie was a warning what was to descend upon the chocolate forests of Germania, where everyone was blond and the forests full of witches that ate children.

So nasty stuff waited for the coach travelers as they thundered across the frontier bridge and frontier guardsmen sleeping it off on their crossbows and muskets.

“Ha ha I was so fast they never got my number plates,” Durno and added “Gee up or the glue factory,” for Durno had not learned his lesson so his mules planned ahead for their retirement; a thing Durno never did as he lived for the day so explains why he was still working at seventy eight when it was raining and freezing cold.

So at the next breathing place for passengers can't expect to sit cross legged for the trip the mules ate tumble weed to give themselves upset tummy. Durno would pay when he came to clean out the stables for mules never forget unkind words. They was mean mules not like that fast talking donkey who has an orc as a friend. These mules give donkeys and stallions a bad name.

But the mules was in a world not of ours for pretty soon Durno had them speeding along the forest road.

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“Neeewmoan,” the mules with sore tommy and Durno never cleaned out the stables anyway, he hired paper boys needing extra cash for that and never paid them, “Work experience,” he called it.

And because he was whipping the mules too speed never got the chance to pull the breaks on when an old woman on crutches offered him a red apple to buy. Of course she had a wart on her nose and wore a large black hat where a spider ran up and down continually for it was mentally disturbed. A whole world waited for it if it could only let the wind blow it away. A world of opportunity where fat juicy flies waited to be caught and eaten.

And the mules went right over her and shared the apple between them for apples according to the Iclander that cycles across Toy Land is a cure for everything.

“MEANWHILE some place in those witch infested forests a man in a doctor's white uniform covered in red stuff for in them days as ours, laundry isn't cheap. And about him jars full of brains, dead ones of course.

“I miss him,” the doctor staring at a picture on a wall.

'Eagor with love xxxxx'

it was a signed picture.

And the doctor went out onto his balcony and below the village was asleep for without Eagor they had no excuse to rip him apart. But suddenly “Gee up,” was heard as a coach thundered to a stop in the village square below.

“Eagor,” the doctor recognizing his monster get off the coach. Unfortunately he was heard for someone was sneaking home after visiting Veronica. Sneaking home to Helga who slaved all day washing his unmentionables and feeding his thirteen kids.

“Eagor back?” The sneaker and slid into the shadows for sneakers have learned many survival tactics.

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“This place reminds me of home,” Dracula for the air smelt of dumplings, brown bread and cheese not forgetting the cabbage.

And above a doctor held a picture and said, “It is Dracula come for my monster,” and sent for Ingrid his secretary who did everything for HER doctor from changing his bed sheets to cooking his potatoes.

“What is it Herr Doctor?” Ingrid silently coming up behind for she was in her fluffy slippers for it was late.

“Dracula is here, go and tell the major,” the doctor remembering how Dracula had taken his monster away for Egor was strong and able to carry Dracula's coffin on his shoulders; when he remembered where he had put it of course.

And Ingrid looked and saw how handsome Dracula was, and a count too which meant a castle and servants and away from this doctor who never noticed her. It was about time HER doctor was made jealous and stop taking Ingrid for granted.

So naughty Ingrid did not tell the mayor but went silently away in her slippers to welcome Dracula and show Egor the coal shed where straw littered the cold stone floor. Straw for Egor to clutch and keep warm for the nights here were cold. And a bucket of swill nearby for the pigs but Ingrid didn't mind if Egor had some for Ingrid was kind.

“Egor happy,” Egor later in his shed clutching his straw.

“If you think I am sleeping here think again boy,” Lula Bell and flew away to find the most important man in town.

“Mayor Yodel,” was written on his letter box.

And Lula Bell didn't even ring the door bell but flew in the open window and poofed back into Lula Bell.

How strange that in vampire were wolf ridden infested back yards the windows are always

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left open.

“Drool,” the mayor seeing Lula Bell as knew all girl vampires was beautiful young milk maids.

“Lula Bell where art thou?” A monster wondering the streets; a broken hearted monster that was crying for inside the monster's chest a heart that his maker had stolen from a hanged murderer. A heart wanting to murder but murder whom?

And Eagor knew he had to murder whoever was writing this story for Eagor was fed up being Eagor and wanted the story line to change; then he would be lucky Eagor with all the girls hanging onto his arms and hairy chest that Eagor was proud of. Yes Eagor combed his hairy chest and smeared lard on it for the Oiler had told him girls love that.

And now Eagor was alerting the town folk that **“Eagor was back.”**

And “For thirty shekels I will lead you to the monster,” the late night survivor in the guard house.

“And how will we know which one is the monster?” The captain of the guard.

“The one I hug,” the survivor wanting thirty shekels so he could take Veronica on a Caribbean holiday. But not the wife Helga so deserved everything after hugging the monster Eagor who had murder in his heart.

And Cindy crawled out of the hat boxes for people crawl after drinking expensive artist champagne you know.

“My love?” Dieaslave standing in front of her making sure she saw how handsome he was now.

“This brown paper bag with monster written on it over him and then a push and ha ha blinded and dizzy Dieaslave wonders into a tavern,” Bornaslave now standing in front of Cindy who was feeling ill so was ill. Yes that is what happens when girls with pretty ankles party with artists.

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“The monster,” a passerby taking his sausage dogs for a walk so they did not mess his carpets.

And the doctor leaned over his castle balcony to get a better look and fell out. Landed right on top of Useless who was innocently stretching his legs, then bounced off and flattened Servant and for good measure pushed Nameless under the mules who got frightened and put their hooves places.

“No no not there,” was heard from Nameless instead of moans but never mind the familiar groans was soon to be heard.

See Useless has no need to feel angry that he is always the one that gets chewed or shredded.

And speaking of chewing the dogs weren't chewing Useless, **yet** but taking an interest in them sausage dogs that had pink leads.

“Here dirty dogs with no pedigree get lost,” the sausage dog owner and obviously did not know whom he addressed. Dogs he knew in this town obeyed him for he was the baker of coarse brown bread stuffed full of cherries and laced with icing that dogs dig tricks for a nibble.

“Giggle titter,” Useless amused it was not him about to be needing a doctor.

“Grrr,” and “sniff,” the two nasty dogs with no pedigree just before they jumped Useless for the dogs did not want to show the sausage dogs in pink leads they was roughnecks.

“Ah Gawd no halp me someone,” Useless disappearing under fur and sharp teeth too.

“Come Cindy here is my castle,” Lancelot telling fibs for once inside he did get a servant to carry Cindy to a room where he did get the sparkle from her.

And because he was helping Cindy gingerly step over Useless and them horrid dogs never noticed the sheriff pore cat nip all over his bottom parts that are never mentioned out right in decent clean stories. Cat nip bought from Oiler at inflated prices.

“Meow,” from nearby Prussian cats used to being thrown out at night and feed themselves on the rat population. So was big and ferocious and some had one eye and others missing teeth and

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some mange and others THE PLAGUE.

“Here Cindy let me help you baby,” for the sheriff was a Yank so was limited in vocabulary.

“Here I was here first,” Lancelot about to complain but the cats covered him, one thousand of them. Out of garbage cans, sewers and granaries: where ever rats lived they was from.

“Hiss,” some went as they taloned Lancelot good so his chain mail bottom bits pinged open.

“Meow snarl,” some went as they raked them now exposed bottom bits with six inch talons.

“Spit,” some went spitting into Lancelot's eyes so he was blinded and unable to fling the cats of the war god Vulcan from him. But did manage to scream, “Oh someone save me.”

“This way Cindy baby and want some gum,” the sheriff ignoring Lancelot prancing about.

“Once he gets Cindy in there I will be penniless,” The Druid of The North so sent Servant ahead to jump from behind a suit of armor and over power the sheriff.

“Why me,” Servant muttering.

“Because you are a small ugly gnome,” the rude druid and, “I have sprinkled Mr Universe dust on Servant to help him and the effect is not permanent just in case he gets ideas.”

“Here this isn't my body? Where did the druid hide it?” Servant illustrating why he did remain a servant and not become the owner of the Ford Motor Co. And opened a door in the castle to find himself in his old gnome body that belonged to a toothless smile and a nose that could double as a beak. And he did not like this body for, “Bo ho where did the druid hide my new body?” So did have something topside after all, just a little bit though or he did get ideas and want to evolve from a gnome into a dwarf then evolve into an elf with pointed ears who aspired to be a human.

And the door he opened was not a broom closet but the laundry chute and below a soft landing in the wash house where “Giggle titter,” from washer women with crooked noses and warts on them.

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“A man,” one of them no longer washing the doctor's smalls.

“The first I seen down here in ten years,” another on crutches.

“Let's keep him,” another with no teeth and hairs growing out of her beak.

“Here let go of me,” Servant afraid for none had pretty ankles.

So the sheriff was not stopped and took Cindy into the castle; the lucky coach passenger.

But the elf with pointed ears was in there first for castles attract vampires like dust on a bowl of plastic fruit.

“I will change into a rabid bat and bite him on the neck,” the elf with a battle plan.

“I have followed the sheriff in and will bash him on the back of his head with my red brief case and take Cindy away to a forgotten room in the castle, tie her to a forgotten rack and make her tell me where the sparkle is?” The Chancellor with a better battle plan.

“I will jump out after he has the sparkle and ask, 'Who am I?' And when he replies, 'My majesty' then say 'Then give me the sparkle.’” H.M. with the most brilliant battle plan yet.

“And above watch where H.M. puts the sparkle then zoom down on my broom and whisk it away stuffed down my pantaloons that my massage boys never touch,” Granny with a wicked Granny battle plan.

“If these dogs did stop gnawing me I could think of a battle plan,” Useless so did not have a battle plan.

“I am not called Nameless for nothing,” Nameless thinking of crawling up the drains and then jump out off them in the out house he knew all castles kept in doors and surprise the sheriff, take the six shooters and flush them down the latrine, then steal the sparkle and then climb down vines growing up the castle walls and escape to where? He had no idea for he had not studied geography for he was a servant and Nameless too.

“I will just wait outside for Nameless with this shovel, a shovel I dug a hole for Nameless to

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fall in, then hit him on the head, steal the sparkle and run for I can out run anyone,” Bornaslave with a brilliant battle plan.

“I will wait and see what befalls everyone else then think of a plan to steal Cindy and the sparkle, or maybe just the sparkle?” Dieaslave fed up being rejected by his love.

“I will give the sheriff a tax demand and get the sparkle that way,” The Chancellor and was his battle plan.

“I have shiny catalogs for him to look in and spend the sparkle in so will get it that way,” Mr. Oiler and gloated.

“I will whip the nerd to shreds with my whip till he gives me the sparkle,” Durno but needed a battle plan to get past the six shooters.

“Enaw,” the mules who would wait for him to stand on spot X for them to stampede over.

“I am an elf so will tell myself elf jokes to get mad then jump him, wrestle him to the ground and fleece his pockets,” the elf with the longest pointed ears ever.

“I will lower my cleavage and blind the sheriff then steal the sparkle and in case Cindy objects pull her hair out so she is bald ha ha,” Lula Bell who was rustic, vulgar and coarse.

And there was a horrid scream as Egor hugged the born survivor for Egor did that too Lula Bell. But Lula Bell was not a mortal with bones and thirty shekels on him.

“I am rich, now I can take my Lula Bell to the movies and eat popcorn,” Egor running through the town folk and flattened many and many ran for it throwing their flaming torches here and there they had brought to burn poor misunderstood Egor; the ugly smelly monster.

“Here mules it is time I am out of here,” Durno not likening the way the towns folk was catching people and shouting, “I caught the monster,” and then thrown whom they caught into the flames.

Monster mania and monster phobia was loose. No one was safe, everyone was a monster.

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And the monster Eagor led the monster seekers straight to Durno and them mules.

“Are you a monster?” Someone asking the mules.

“Neeaw,” one of them mules just before the lot of them hoofed him good for they was not in the mood for pleasant chatter.

“There is the doctor,” one of the monster seekers who surged forward braved by numbers.

“And here is the monster,” another for Eagor had found his doctor.

“Daddy,” Eagor.

Then the seekers started throwing flaming torches.

“Here I isn't insured,” Durno and jumped in the driving seat, “Gee up,” and sent the carrot out on the end of the whip.

“Enaw,” the mules all excited at the sight and smell of juicy carrot.

“Eagor put you in here,” Eagor putting his doctor into the coach first and got in and shoved the doctor out.

“Here wait for me,” Useless and got in beside Eagor.

Then The Druid of The North who started picking mushrooms and newts off Useless for magic was at work.

“Ha ha at least it isn't me,” Bornaslave jumping and never learned, '*There are times when annoying people should keep quite,*' Aslop. So Brazil nuts started popping out of Bornaslave's nose for they made good Druidic aphrodisiac vile potions that Oiler sold as his agent as 'Druidic Hot Stuff.'

Then Dieaslave got in with these words, “Is my sweetheart Cindy here?”

“Get lost bum,” Bornaslave and pushed the handsome prince out.

And a thousand feet went over Prince Dieaslave and threw flaming torches into the coach but don't worry, the expensive sewing work on the cushioned seats wasn't singed, nor anyone else.

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Yes you guessed it, for some reason every flaming torch fell upon Bornaslave.

“Ah Gawd not me again,” just as them two horrid dogs needing to get away from two sausage dogs jilted as holiday flings jumped in.

“Look I am on fire so go chew someone else like him Dieaslave out there,” Bornaslave hoping.

But the two dogs liked hot sizzling food so chewed him good.

“Oh ah not me Gawd again,” Bornaslave.

“I will run into the castle and rescue my princess,” Dieaslave and did that, ran into the castle.

And when Cindy saw him she was taken aback by his beauty so squiggled and wiggled out of the sheriff's sand paper grasp.

“You need a shave,” was Cindy's excuse.

“Come to me my princess,” Dieaslave holding out his hands.

And the sheriff knew how to deal with European funny ways. Yes he took out his six shooters and made Prince Dieaslave run all the way out of the castle.

And a million towns folk waited for Dieaslave to cover him in straw as he must be the most handsome monster ever created.

“Gee up,” Durno making his escape and would he as the coach passed Dieaslave hold out a hand to pull him aboard?

“Bum,” Dieaslave watching the coach zoom past.

And in the wheel dust this was heard, “Who made you?” And was the doctor.

And in the wheel dust a reply, “Not house trained yet, soon will be,” and was Granny rescuing the mad doctor Frankenstein from angry villagers.

“Bo ho I am all alone with cough cough wheel dust,” Dieaslave.

But in the wheel dust a broom appeared and Granny pulled him aboard with these words,

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“Hello handsome,” and threw the doctor away so he landed on the selfish Durno flattening him good.

And because Durno wasn't driving the mules thundered into the castle and right over the sheriff so he went round and round on them wheels moaning and groaning and was travel sick.

But Cindy was saved for them mules knew she was the pretty heroine so eanawed her onto their backs and off they went.

“Baby save me,” the sheriff but baby ignored him; riding stampeding mules was exciting.

And Cindy took from her pockets sugar lumps and fed the mules, something she had been doing since day one so explains a lot. And quite by accident a sugar lump sparkled so said, “What have I fed Rudolph?” And knew the mule needed led to murky roadside pool water to drink, get ill and have the runs. It had the sparkle and there was always Useless to put his hand places to rescue the sparkle.

“I will do anything to get the sparkle,” Useless so proved Cindy right.

And as the coach sped into the darkness lit up by the flaming torches on Bornaslave the mules got to see the road they was thundering along.

“Moscow this way,”

a sign said.

Then an amazing thing happened, the sky lit up for the fire behind had spread across the corn fields and set the next town alight and this was repeated ten thousand hundred times all the way across Far Far Away Some Place Forgotten Land. Lucky mules for these minor roads were full of pot holes; so the mules saw them and never lost a shoe.

WOW.