

The Coachman

Rasputian

This horrid colour is, dedeciated to the memory of the mad monk who was about to meet the passengers of a coach, a coach with a mad man for a coach driver; for only a mad mna did speak to mules. He also spoke to a juicy carrot.

"Listen mules speed up or I am eating mule steak tonight," and when they glared back at him with red demonic eyes he sweetly added, "Please."

Yes them mules was mules borrowed from the underwolrd. Mules gone insane chasing a juicy carrot on the end of Durno's whip.

A carrot needing replaced for it was green with mold so proved the mules was not in their right minds.

"I think only Cindy and the sparkle is aboard so must make the mules speed away into the vast steppes of Russia where no one lives, learn to speak native and get Cindy to clean out the mule shed early mornings," for Durno lived in CLOUD NINE for he was so busy talking to the mules nevert noticed all the passengers had managed to get on. A simple process when involving a speeding coach with heavy wheels wanting to rut you good.

But we are dealing with the likes of Prince Dieaslave who wanted his Cindy first then sparkle next so was not like the others. He had goodness radiating from him so made all the pasengers ill; on him.

"So he did smell good for Cindy," Bornaslave full of jealousy for he had held onto Prince Dieaslave's shirt tails as Dieaslave being a vailent sort had opened the speeding passing coach door and jumped in from a running position missing the scythes Durno had attached.

"An open door," Dracula flying into the coach.

"Hurry Servant," The Druid of The North using spurs on Servant so he did get close enough

Coachman

for the druid to climb in. Then Servant slipped on a discarded banna skin for a coachman was having lunch.

"Eeeeeek," Servant going under the rutting wheels and round and round he went on the scythes. And was left there for he was a servant and lower class for the inside of the coach was for paying passengers so why the soft leather seating.

"If they can make it so can I?" Useless and lept for the open coach door but forgot he needed steps to get in so joined Servant on the wheels.

"Jesus save me," Useless who never prayed for anyone except himself so was partially ignored; for a small devil had appeared on the luggage box and was smiling at him.

"Your numbers up," the mean devil who was that imp come for a job. So was on the wrong shoulder but these imps don't care. A shoulder any shoulder as long as it is a shoulder. Besides imps come cheaper by the dozen so this imp knew it had better get cracking and make sinners or did have aspiring out of work imps, a hundred at least after his job for imp jobs was scarce. Just that demand was so great the checking of C.V.'s slowed down the actual job acceptance so a back log of imps was growing waiting for a shoulder, any shoulder as long as it was a shoulder.

As as Useless and Servant went round and round on the heavy wheel designed to withstand stone laced roads. It was horrid for they wasn't harded as this is a happy fairy story so the two was covered in everything them mules dropped up ahead as well as stagnant brown water from the slushy road..

And these roads was laced with stones, big ones, Nameless said, "There is Useless trying to out smart me by thinking if I jump into the coach he will be without me to steal the sparkle." For Nameless had deliberately been left without a name by his mother. So Namless grabbed the spokes of the wheel with these words, "Hallo Useless," for he was a Burke, the worst type of Burke, the spinning round and round type ,of Burke.

Coachman

"Idiot," Useless replied just as The Chancellor ran past them in red shoes; the type ladies wore for he was a chancellor so something was lose upstairs.

"What the blazes," The Chancellor as his high heels got stuck in a pot hole and he fell flat on his face. Never mind he was saved as he grabbed Nameless so was somersaulted through the air with these words, "Oh dear what did I hold onto?"

"Hello baby," Durno being short sighted so thought the man next to him holding a red brief case was a lady, for the lady was in red drag under his tax uniform for only strange men wanted to tax the air you breath. And to tax the amount of stuff Nameless, Bornaslave, Useless and Servant collected from the chamber pots in the dark places of the moving coach used for first class coach passengers for number ones and two for nothing is safe from a Chancellor.

And the strange man said nothing for he was terrified for them mules was doing 100. They was also winding so the strange man had ideas about taxing that too.

"He was strange.

A friend of tax collectors.

And pressed flower sellers.

But not them with pretty ankles.

But them with hairy ones.

For he was strange and cruel.

A bum of a tax collector.

The biggest bum ever.

For he was Boss Tax Collector.

And really did have a big bum."

"Want a banana first," Durno taking his eyes of his mules and of course the road.

"Mmmmm," the strange lady pointing ahead as the coach sped over a wooden bridge and

Coachman

headed for a lonely Russian inn. The only loney Russian inn for the next thousand miles for the steppes was a big place so full of lonely Russian inns.

Yes, "Mmmmmmm," the strange tax man clutching his red brief case full of your error laden tax returns. Yes, "mmmmmm" for the mules was heading for the coral where handsome stallions was waiting. A coral with a closed gate and them mules never let no closed gate stand between them and handsome stallions.

Did we bother to mention earlier the mules was an all girl team?

"Harnessed girl power; the power source of the future," an Aslop antidote whatever.

And a sheriff was a passenger too for he had cool blue eyes and wore a sombrero and **western music** filled the air about him. And seeing what had happened to The Chancellor said, "That isn't going to happen to me," but was wrong, them mules was straight out of a Good, Bad and Ugly spagehhti western. And as he stood ready to jump into the coach the mean mules jeered off the midden that was a raod for the lonely Russian inn and went right over the sheriff with blue eyes girls just loved to gaze into.

"I said this wasn't going to happen to me," the sheriif under the hooves, sharp hooves rocky roads had made razor sharp so "Eeeeeek," came from the sheriif often as he protected his own sparkles.

Yes mean female mules who remembered that sheriff using them as beasts of burden to carry him and extra stunt men across the Mohave desert in one of his western films, "The Pale Mule Rider," and was a big hit with film goers but not them mules who did all the work under a desert sun.

Mules, female mules with a memory whose mums had said to them, "Enaw enaw enasw," which means "Never trust a handsome sheriff with blue eyes."

And the mules went through the gate.

Coachman

And an elf with pointed ears and teeth for biting milk maids had used his vampire powers to fly ahead and get on the coach when it stopped at the loney Russian inn. For he was thinking, "Eureeka I have an idea," he had said. "Ha ha, this is the only loney Russian inn with stallions for the next thousand miles so know the mules will stop here." That was good reasoning yes, and explains why he was waiting for the coach to board when it stopped and everyone in it got out for refreshment and to watch Cossacks dance in the loney Russian inn. And there was about two thousand Cossacks who appeared from no where too.

And perhaps he should have been standing not directly in the path of them mules so was flattened against the gate that elf who had had an idea.

"Ouch," the elf but don't worry the tooth fairy did come and give him a penny for each tooth he just lost.

And Cindy was in the coach for Durno seeing her lifting skirt to show a pretty ankle and jerk a thumb for a lift had stopped the coach, jumped down and put out a red carpet and dusted the seats for Cindy to sit on.

And smiled a toothless grin at her.

And Cindy had told him to shout his eyes and got one of them mules to kiss him; and being short sighted never knew the difference but went back to driving a happy man.

"That woman sure can kiss," Durno whipping his mules. And that is how Cindy being pretty is shown preference over the others in this story got in the coach without jumping; without breaking a single bone; unlike some.

Some like Lancelot who said, "I was a knight of the Round Table before they threw me out." So was definitely about to become a moan for he was stunt fodder.

"Look what I got?" Lancelot standing in front of the mules with the biggest carrot ever to bribe the mules to a stop.

Coachman

"Ennnnaw enaaaww," the mules sniffing and translated means "Parsley," and the mules hated parsley so came to a stop on Lancelot and stamped this way and that till Lancelot was no longer recognisable but never mind, no one liked him anyway.

"He was good at massaging," Granny and cast a spell so Lancelot found himself next to Granny on the coach roof. See how lucky and happy the knight is now.

And Cindy pulled the coach blind down for she would not let the Oiler in for he stunk bad. For Oiler had been running to catch the coach, so sat on the foot rail but at least it wasn't under or on the wheels or amongst the mules. Then it rained and lightening struck him many times for Wodan remembered the leopard skin silks he had bought to look the part of a handsome date; to impress the wife of course, and had been itchy vegetable sacks. Horrid it was for Wodan had come out in a red rash.

"I made salesmen to curse mankind," Wodan thinking he was jolly.

"And he made girl friends so made a big mistake," Esotre fleecing Wodan's wallet as he laughed about Oiler. So the girl friend was happy away to buy a new synthetic fur coat for she was green fingered.

And Cindy was now all alone in the coach with the handsome count who was licking his lips; who could save her?

"I will," and was Egor so strong when he stood in front of the mules so what happened to Lancelot happened to him the stupid fool.

But because he was big and ugly Granny did not use magic to bring him up for she was all eyes for Lancelot.

And because Egor was big managed to crawl his way under the coach to the coach door and open it and get in.

"I am here to save you so what do you want?" For Egor didn't know words to be

Coachman

eloquent.

"He wants to bite me and suck me dry," Cindy pointing at Dracula so Eagor was jealous and beat Dracula up good so why a bat sulked up side down in a corner; a beat up bat don't forget full of hate for the monster.

"I have learned a lot from Lula Bell," Eagor thinking his luck was in.

"Oh yeh," Cindy squeezing them giant biceps.

"Ha ha that tickles," the monstwer Eagor.

"What big strong legs you have Eagor?" Cindy.

"Gasp," Eagor getting excited for Lula Bell always gave him a lolipop after they played BINGO.

"Mmmmmm," Cindy examing places Granny never told her about.

"I must get inside the coach," Dieaslave doing a mental outside.

And was Lula Bell that saved Eagor from the the vices of a pressed flower seller for she was a milk maid vampiress so flew in the coach window and poofed back into human shape.

"He said he would throw me out the coach if I didn't play cards with him," Cindy and showed Lula Bell a ripped hem and lardered stocking.

"Eagor," Lula Bell believing Cindy for no pretty girl did want to play with Eagor so obviously did not count herself as pretty.

So screams and laughter filtered out of the coach as Eagor was taught a lesson that girl friends wear the trousers.

And who saved Eagor enjoying his thrashing?

"Ha ha that tickles," Eagor who was thick skinned.

"Grrrr sniff," as them two nice fun loving dogs ran next to the coach.

And the chewables on the wheel and places was mortified by them nice doggies.

Coachman

Why Useless did something useful for once in his life, he opened the coach door and Oiler threw in a rubber sausage so the dogs jumped in.

And Bunny sat on one side of Cindy and Goldilocks on the other while Cindy tickled their ears to get on their good side; but she already was for dogs liked a pretty owner. For dogs know they looked like their owner so did not want owned by Eagor who was just a wart between cauliflower ears.

*

So they all got to the lonely inn in the steppes and inside the inn a monk drinking xxxx and dancing on the tables with milk maids who had not met Dracula yet. And two thousand Cossacks danced about and more could be seen riding towards the lonely Russian inn.

And the useless ones came in so silence fell upon them dancing and chasing milk maids into the dark cellar to look for a light.

"I am Useless," Unless greeting everyone so was dragged away to the kitchens and made to baste the oxen cooking there for these steppe folk knew how to eat.

"I am sneaking out of here," Bornaslave not wanting the same fate but was recognised as a slave as slaves have this look about them; they wear rags.

'SLAVE'

stitched on the back and front too. So was sent to work clearing the drains as the sanitation was a hole out back.

"I will stand tall and proud so they will think I am important and leave me alone," Servant but the plans of mice and men never come to fulfilment for: "Tell my servant here what room to take my bags too?" The Druid of The North so after they told Servant where to go got him polishing the xxxx tankards for steppe people like clean tankards and there was sixteen thousand of them.

"Bugger this," Servant showing his gratitude to the druid.

Coachman

And Prince Dieaslave entered and was so handsome all the dancing mlik maids flocked about him and carried him to a private booth so all the steppe folk was jealous and wanted the coach passengers sold into slavery. Yes a slave station existed a months trek away across frozen mountains and blazing deserts and forests full of monkeys that threw melons at you.

"My Cindy will be jealous and want me for herself, besides she felt that monster Eagor's bicep so what is good for the gander is good for the goose," Dieaslave showing he could think with his extra finger pretty girls never saw.

Just wait till Cindy saw him being fed hot horse milk; of course laced with xxxx for these steppe people had nothing else to do except to get born on a horse, live all their life in the saddle and die on a horse, of course except for nights when you find them in a lonely inn now full of two thousand dancing Cossacks and more on the horizon coming.

And a strange man in red shoes holding a red brief case entered the inn and silence fell upon the steppe people; for they recognised a tax man by his scent, the scent of money, your money.

"Whisper whisper," the steppe people whispered and sent some of their kind to bring up a covered wagon with jail bars on it.

A wagon to take passengers to that slave market.

And their plans was put on hold as Granny flew in on her broom.

"A witch with a wart on her crooked nose," one of them burly steppe people thinking he was funny and because Lancelot behind Granny carrying the massage oil sniggered Granny knew she had been insulted.

Body language it was all about as Granny jumped off her broom and landed on a table; and here kicked the man's tankard in his face with these words: "You been drinking grubs son," for Granny was a witch and the man was ill so his mates threw him out the back yard with his grubs.

"For Gran was a witch.

Coachman

And if said 'You drinking grubs son.'

Then you was.

That wiggled and tickled your innards.

And was grubs from a celebrity show.

So you was honored.

For celebrity grubs was TV stars.'

Yes out the back yard straight into the covered wagon; some mates and in the driver's seat a toothless man who was Durno's double for all these drivers look the same.

And Granny to show no hard feelings did a can can dance and many of the steppe people fled out the back straight into the covered wagon that was beginning to bulge at the seams for it was getting jam packed for two thousand Cossacks had been in that lonely inn.

And Oiler was seen speaking to the driver and paying him cash.

"Can you count man?" Oiler.

"Aye $3+2=7$," the driver.

"Then when you get to the slave market you take the biggest share, 15% and give the rest to me, understand?" Oiler.

"I will buy a hammock with my share to tie between my mule tails so I can sleep under the steppe moon, and not on the steppe grass and awake covered in mule stuff for them mules is careless," the wagondriver who was good at maths.

And took out a juicy carrot to motivate his mules.

And an elf with pointed ears walked into the lonely inn; a hungry elf needing a pint of blood and followed a bar maid down the cellar thinking he did bite her there, but these steppe girls was used to being bitten and dumped by travellers so was ready for him.

And with the lights out she sneaked back up and locked him in down there and he was not

Coachman

alone.

"Squeak," the elf heard from a thousand hungry rats who needed his blood, bones and meat for they had little pink cute hairless babies to feed.

"Get off," the elf's last words as he was nibbled to pieces and unlike Egor did not laugh but screamed.

"Hello it's me," Egor above as he entered the lonely inn with Lula Bell in his arms for she was a lazy girl who got Egor to carry her, the sink and bed too.

And the steppe people trembled with fear for they knew a monster when they saw one so sneaked out the back straight into the covered crowded wagon.

"I am rich," the driver and the Oiler smiled knowingly for he knew the man could count.

But what really emptied the inn that was more lonely than ever as they all cramped in that covered wagon; two thousand Cossacks and more on the horizon, was Dracula for them steppe people knew all about howlers and vampires that flew out of the night sky and sucked you dry while you read poems on your horse.

Yes poems and political essays for these steppe people could read. Just in case you thought them like these passengers.

And Dracula licked his lips and cut his tongue on his teeth so Lula Bell shut her mouth about it; AND EGOR WAS WRATH WITH JEALOUSY.

"I shall rip his arms off and stuff them up some place but heavens I can't remember the place," Egor who Dr. Frankenstein had used a dim wit for the monster's brain.

And as Egor sulked in a corner trying to remember the place to stuff the arms a sheriff entered and all could hear his spurs on the termite infested floor.

"Where's my Cindy?" he asked and Prince Dieaslave threw a soup bowl full of Goulash and mutton bones and was piping hot so really made the sheriff jump and pull his six shooters and

Coachman

empty the place further.

"My under takers business is booming," the greedy Oiler stuffing corpses into the wagon, but never mind this is a happy story and the Oiler would sell them to Dr Frankenstein to make into monsters so did live again.

See no one dies in this happy tale.

And then Durno entered and spat in the spittoon but missed and spat all over Cindy.

And all them passengers looked at Durno with slit eyes. That was Cindy who had inflamed passions of lust and theft in them. Cindy with the pretty ankles who had sold them all pressed flowers in dark corners of the coach while the other passengers was looking at the stars.

"What you all looking at me like that for?" Durno asked and started walking to the lonely bar for no one was left to prop it up; and he never got there.

They let Goldilocks and Bunny shred him and in the end had to look the other way for it was horrid.

"What have those idiots done?" Oiler wondering which one of them did drive the coach?

"You better be put back togetehr by morning chum or else?" The sheriff warning a lump of stewed stuff on the loney inn floor.

And the chewed stuff slid away to make sure it was OK to drive the coach in the morning.

"What a load of codswallip?" Aslop.

But this is a stroy for kids when they go to bed at night so Durno will be there in the morning bright as a daisy hating them dogs. Figuring how he can give them poisoned mule meat and where is he going to get the mule meat?

And them mules can read his mind so explains why they are watching him.

And when Cindy went upstairs to have a hot bath all them male passengers looked at each other wondering who was going to scrub her back?

Coachman

And Cindy asked none of them for she knew men is descended from smelly socks and bad windies and Adam.

"Tra la la," Cindy sang so even all them stuffed in that wagon was enchanted.

And a new passenger heard too and came out of his room. A room packed full of floozy milk maids and countesses and duchesses. He was a lucky man for none of them was Granny's age.

"Come back Rasputian," they pleaded as they clung to his ankles and priest cossack.

And in slow motion one by one they let go of the evil maniac for he was RASPUTIAN, brother of President Putian, the brother who had sent the evil Rasputian to the steppes where everything is sent; everything rotten and horrid that is. The good caviar and dancing girls are kept in Moscow.

"Tra la la," Cindy sang so enchantment dust fell upon the steppes so spring came.

And two thousand extra Cossacks arrived from the horizon to take the place of them in the wagon waiting the slave market.

"Tra la la," Eagor peeved Cindy had stolen his lines.

"Tra la la lee tweet tweet," Cindy and nightingales joined in.

"Tra la la oink oink," Eagor and swine out the back joined him.

"Tra la la the sound of music springs from me so the hills are alive with song," Cindy and all the extras joined in as a barber choir.

"Tra la la grunt grunt," Eagor who was dim so a chorus of laughter greeted him.

"Tra la la I have an angelic voice," and everyone in the X factor voted for her so she won hands down.

"Tra la la fart," for Eagor could not control his bowels so no one voted for him but boed and threw rotten vetables at him.

"Tra la la who will wash my back tra la la lee?" Cindy who as a pretty ankle knew her power.

Coachman

"Tra la la argh," as Eagor got trampled in the rush and was left to sulk under the spider webs.

"Bo ho no one voted for Eagor with the song of a a a sheep," for Eagor could not pronounce nightingale.

And two dogs was outside Cindy's bathroom so no volunteers got in too wash her back.

*

But was wrong for an imp who knew he was invisible knew he could enter that bathroom had scrub the pretty ankle's back.

"Imps are lustful bums.

And get away with murder.

And do and you take the fall.

With a noose about you.

For them imps are invisible.

Sit on your shoulder,

Any shoulder

As long as it is shoulder.

Giving you rotten advice.

"Kill Dieaslave."

Bad advice for Eostre loves him.

So you hang and the imp chuckles.

Sings too, "Tra la la lee."

So Eagor blames you for stealing his lines

And throttles you blue.

For imps are invisible." But not to dogs who see spooks so got chewed good so never entered the bathroom.

Coachman

*

Mention must be made of H.M. Who had been sent back to earth by Wodan. But he was under the control of Eostre who just didn't let Wodan know that. She did suggest and he did think of it.

So H.M. was looking for Nameless but looking for him out in the lonely steppe where two thousand extra Cossacks had been seen arriving from over the horizon.

Cossacks who rode stallions that was meaner than the mules for they carried Cossacks all day and all night on their backs. So never got a break from being a beast of burden and knew what Cossacks did to them when they complained.

They were sold off as cheap imported caviar.

"Oh Nameless is that you?" H.M. Hearing the grunting Cossacks approaching a hundred yards away and in two seconds flat found out they were not Nameless for galloping horse travel a hundred yards in a flash.

"Here I thought I got rid of you?" Wodan seeing H.M. In hell.