

Coachman

Rasputian

"I am the monk Rasputian and aspire to be president of all the steppes like my relation Putian and ride horses with no shirt so everyone can see my large male boobs," Rasputioan and gave off more than a maniacly laugh as the milk maids and aristocratic ladies moved away to an open widow. "I blame the caviar, cheap imports from India. Chicken eggs mashed up, salted and peppered and dyed and sold as sturgeon eggs. And why do I buy the rubbish, well look at my ladies, they drink my moonshine XXX and eat caviar all day for they are people of the steppes and that is what we do all day," and Rasputian thought hard and smiled, "And make babies too or there did be no people of the steppes," and soon giggles and maniacly laughter drifted from the open window and a stink too again.

Also church organ music for atmosphere.

Rasputian was his name and he was related to President Putian and a white rabbit had escaped from Alice In Wonderland and had a name, Rasputian.

"Rasputian was his name the miracle worker that didn't know how to die.

He was not a Moscovite

But a sex maniac.

Who didn't pay maintenance.

And needed a hair cut.

And tripped over his beard.

And was Tsar of all Russias.

But not in name.

Rasputian was his name the miracle worker that didn't know how to die."

ANYWAY: As Rasputian puts aside his letters from horror movie makers he drinks a whole bottle of XXX and says, "I am Rasputian and remember Rasputian Cavier," for he was wanting

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free advertising space and then was ill as a whole bottle of XXX drunk quickly has that effect.

ANYWAY AGAIN: As Rasputian stinks up the place.....

"A pretty girl with freckles and a sparkle can't sleep with that racket so SHUT UP YOU CREEPS," Cindy shouts from her window and throws a chamber pot at a cat minding its business. "Just in case it was going to join in," she expalins.

"Meow," the cat with a full chamber pot stuck on its head and would hate humans till the end of time. "Meow," the pissed off cat struggling to be free of the contents. "Meow," it snarled wanting rid of the pot so it could sharpen its talons; not for the local skinny vermin for there isn't much to eat on the steppes apart from moonshine vodka; but on steppe people for revenge.

AT LAST:

"Who annoys my princess?" Prince Dieaslave showing his intelligence and ran to stand below her window and look to where the giggles and manicaly laughter was coming from.

"No one is looking," Granny emptying her chamber pot out off a higher window in the lonely inn for Lancelot was busy oiling her broom for she was too lazy to visit the outhouse.

"Gad," Dieaslave below not believing his luck and then that poor pussy cat freed itself of the chamber pot and ingredients: AND SAW PRINCE DIEASLAVE.

"Meow," the peeved off cat who had a better memory than an elephant so hadn't forgotten.

A cat full of hatred for the human race even if Dieaslave was a slave.

"Meow," the pissed off cat.

Prince Dieaslave heard so replied, "I hear a nice pussy needing a cuddle."

A nice pussy and opened its talons, talons the inn keeper had detaloned as he was fed up of the beast sharpening them on him for cats knew they owned people.

Yes no good cats that purr and then scratch you too pieces, so you see this is a happy story fit to tell the kids to fall asleep and not have nightmares. Dieaslave will be tickled and not torn too

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shreds. The talons with have mittens on them with a flower print.

"Ha ha," he giggled and better beware for Eagor thinks he is the only one allowed too laugh for he was created a brainless monster; whereas Dieaslave was born one.

"What is that fool up too?" Bornaslave spying on his old friend and was sure Dieaslave would lead him to the sparkle so explains why he said "Gad," as Dieaslave rushed past for that nice pussy jumped onto him. And since he is the villan every kid will shout "Boo," and don't mind if the nice pussy shreds him as the mittens with the flower print fell off.

"What ails my woman?" The sheriff approaching and seeing Bornaslave pulled his guns for Bornaslave was an annoying runt. "What a stink?" The sheriff blaming Bornaslave for the annoying runt was born too be blamed for all ills.

What was he? "An annoying runt.

To runt about feet.

Runting in the pig swill.

Runt runt.

Runtson is my name/.

Son of Runt."

"No it was him," Bornaslave pointing at a distant shadow of Dieaslave seeking a river to wash in on the big vast dry steppes; so had a long way to go till he found a river; perhaps never to return?

"Why was I born a slave?" Dieaslave and added "Sniff phew."

He was Dieaslave of the legends, what legends?

A slave born a free whatever but got caught by slavers and thrown into the bilge room.

Yes a bilge room not fild with two savage dogs but hungry sharks.

And did they eat Dieaslave to peices?

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Bet you thought I did write YES?

Well they was blind sharks and he is needed as a hero.

And Rasputian was a bit tired of the imbeciles for he said, "Yawn," and fell asleep so his teeth fell out. And teeth make the horror, big false teeth; over Cindy.

"These teeth are priceless as belong to this rabbid monk so will stick them places next to the sparkle," Cindy and added, "Wow," for she was pure as the teeth glowed DARKNESS so even the sheriff said, "Cur blimey I am from Texas," and ran behind a stalk of grass and was ill for on the Steppes there are JUST STALKS OF GRASS. And he was ill for he had been eating that imported caviar.

"Gawd I need alcholzetsiler," Dracula and swallowed a dandylion just floating about at midnight so went blue with these words: "I am a ncie guy so give me the Kiss of Life," and no one did so he went green as vampires are supposed to for they is already dead.

And Dieaslave because he was now a prince was unable to stay where he was, in the safety of the shallows of the red sea for he had run a long way to find water; so ran all the way back to Cindy with these words, "Coming."

"Whose coming?" Cindy allowing the sheriif with the bluest eyes ever to climb into her window with these words, "I need protected from that evil monkish maniacal laughter and stink that follows." In truth she was just Granny eighty years younger.

"I was spared spared, he didn't shot me once," Bornaslave below her window celebrating luck had smiled on him.

"Thanks for reminding me," and the sheriff filled him full of holes.

"I feel safer already," Cindy lying but knew dangerous unpredicatble idiotic men always felt protective when she said that; especially when she sat on the bed and showed not one pretty ankle but two.

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"Gasp," the sheriff getting excited and Cindy knew all about little boys for that was what men was so felt safe, even when the sheriff in his haste to reach her tripped over his shoe laces, then tripped over his braces, then tripped over his breeches, then tripped over his shirt, then tripped over his vest and didn't trip over the last thing as he didn't wear socks.

So knocked himself out; see pretty Cindy was safe for she knew all about little boys.

"As he is asleep I am going to investigate all that monkish manically laughter and see what I am missing out?" Cindy finding the sheriff boring and before she ventured down the miles of corridors of the lonely inn; fleeced the sheriff good.

"He will never know it was me. I will tell him a sixteen stone maid burst onto the room and robbed us both, and shout "Where were you too protect me, asleep from too much moonshine," so the sheriff did feel guilty and not suspect sweet Cindy and too be double sure I will leave this note, 'Servant was here.' For Cindy had it in for gnomes.

Yes Cindy thought of everything.

"What is all the laughing?" Granny so Cindy did not think of everything.

"I am here, Prince Dieaslave," so Cindy did not think of everything.

"What's he upto?" Bornaslave in the shadows so Cindy did not think of everything.

"I will follow Cindy and borrow a fortune from the monk's friends as everyone wants to marry into the aristocracy," Dracula in a dream world as he slept in a coffin nights and Cindy had not thought about him.

"Who laughs louder than Egor, ho he ha I smell the blood of a a a a?" But Egor didn't know.

"A monk," Lula Bell the milk maid wanting to meet Rasputian for he had a reputation with milk maids. Just another two Cindy had forgotten so she did not think of everything.

"Where vampires go so do I, perhaps it is a vampire ball?" The elf with the pointed ears and

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should be forgotten for pointed ears make elves disturbed folk. And Cindy had not thought about him and why should she. His ears where a foot long and on the points screwed rats and mice for snacks.

"I am Useless and feel useless as I have not been mentioned lately," Useless on the scent of a sparkle so Cindy should have given a thought about him. And why should she? Dwarves was related to gnomes and just good for nothing. Why just look at Useless, twenty years muck from twenty years mining covered him and he kept winking at her too. So had not thought of him to make sure he stayed out of her mind.

"Where he goes so do I," Namelss following Useless crawling up a drain to the open window where stinks and laughing was coming out off. And because he had no name Cindy had not remembered him so did not think of everything.

"I prefer to walk up the stairs," the strange tax man clutching his red brief case; another forgotten one for Cindy never paid her taxes so never thought of him, besides he gave her the shivers for behind her, "Clicl tap click tap," as his red stilettos approached her.

"Servant carry me up after him," The Druid of The North and Cindy had forgotten him for she did not like mushroom soup or where he plucked his mushrooms from.

"Gasp pant," Servant doing as he was bid as there was three hundred stairs to the room behind the laughing window. Stairs littered with sharp broken XXX bottles and other goey stuff drunks leave behind. And Cindy had thought of him for remember her note, 'Servant was here.'

For Cindy wanted servants of her own so thought about them daily; one to empty the smelly chamber pot, one to polish it, one lucky one to wash her back so had remembered Servant by association.

"Listen mules, there is a room full of carrots freshly dug up," Durno lying for he knew mules was fools and believed everything he told them hoping they did crawl up the posion ivy to

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reach that monkish laughter. Also the girlish laughter of his aristocratic friends.

"Neaw," them mules and booted Durno onto the ivy as they stampeded up the three hundred stairs.

"Whatever you do Servant don't drop me or I will turn you into a carrot." So Servant did not drop the druid as them mules thundered all over him in shiny new horse shoes made of best iron.

And too make everyone happy that Chancellor clutching the red case tried to jump onto the chandilliers too escape them mules but missed. All the way down he fell but got off lightly as he landed on Oiler counting his cash after seeing his wagon off out in the backyard.

"Taxes," The Chancellor helping himself to the cash.

And Oiler read lots of Agatha Christie so knew Eagor could be bribed with a juicy bannana.

"Your days are numbered," Oiler.

"I heard that," The Chancedllor who was a lot bigger than poor Oiler.

ANYWAY: Wodan was fed up of H.M. for remember the Cossack ponies had trampled him. For as all good children know only imbeciles wonder about fields at night thinking they are taking a short cut home. Why them fields are full of mean horses so H.M. got what he deserved,

"I promise to be a good boy," H.M. not knowing what a good boy was. So Wodan poofed him back so he stood at the bottom of the stair case.

"Where is Nameless for I need carried up those three hundred stairs," H.M. But

Nameless heard him so did not carry his kiing up them stairs but added, "He he he," as them mules thunderede over H.M. Ar the bottom of the stair case. And "He he he," was heard as Nameless blended into the shadows and because H.M. Was flattened stuff Cindy never saw him so defeinately did not think iof him.

ANYWAY as Oiler was throttled..... "Lancelot is busy oiling my broom so I will sneak out

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and investigate that laughter," Granny whom Cindy had forgotten.

"While that wart on legs is away I will make my escape," Lancelot and jumped out off the window in his eagerness to have FREEDOM.

"SPLAT," the sound as he bounced off the lonely inn's outer wall for Granny had chained him while he was busy oiling with these words, "A massager and oiler like him is hard to come by." So "SPALT" was heard several times from the bouncing jolly knight.

And the laughing above stopped for: "My sixth senses warn me I need a priest for evil imbeciles are approaching," Rasputian and added, "Hey I am a priest and evil too."

And who got to him first for Rasputian was a popular fellow for he knew how to laugh?

"Knock knock," the door.

"Who is it?" Rasputian sweetly.

"It is I, me, can I come in?" But who said this and the answer is for me too know and you to read on.

What suspense and would Rasputian follow his instincts and climb out the window with these words: "Aristocratic husbands."

"Meow," a pissed off cat waiting patiently at the bottom of the window.

"Sniff grrr," behind the nice pussy cat waiting for servants.

"OK come in," Rasputian and and and and who was at the door?

"Want to buy a pressed flower?" Cindy in red and little of it for she knew how to gate crash and get invited and become the most popular person at the party ever.

For Cindy was her name and had learned a lot selling pressed flowers in dark street corners while Granny skied the profits away.

ANYWAY: Rasputian was about to wish he was never born.

"Come in," Rasputian in a deep manly voice as his banshee aristocrats and milk maids

hissed venomously.

"Hiss," and "meow," they went for that peeved cat had found its way in and was full of imported dyed caviar.

"Sniff grr," on the poison ivy which meant?

And the door creaked open for they always do for the suspense. And there a naked pretty ankle thrust into the room and nothing else. Oh yes a red shoe was on the foot.

"Leave me," Rasputian demanded of his aristocratic women and milk maids; milk maids who every time they visited the out houses, very deep ones so they didn't need digging new ones every week, was tickled pink by Dracula with no teeth. So was half vampiress and hissed no longer like snakes but the UNDEAD.....howl.....lighting and thunder and arorae bolareas. The green stuff that frightens fisher men and this lot.

And Rasputian dribbled like Homer Simpson as the ankle became leg. "A leg hidden in a red stocking," Rasputian's lame excuse.

"Ah slober belch," Rasputian finishing off another bottle and then was ill.

"Meow," a peeved cat wondering if it had made the right decision to come here and made its way to the slightly open door to make its way down the three hundred steps, to make its way to the very deep out house where it visualised a sink and running water.

But this was the lonely vast steppes and on the poison ivy "Sniff and grr," was silent for they had super sonic hearing and hated cuddly pussy cats.

ANYWAY: "At last I am alone with a Grand Duchess for such an ankle must belong to one and not a milk maid," Rasputian in an XXX haze so never complained when the end of the red stonkinged leg appeared and the redder stocking exciting belt and stuff.

For Rasputian was drunk but he was Rasputian of the horror films so smiled and said, "Hello baby," for he was more than a drunk; he was a drunken Son of Adam.

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A pity for him but not for the owner of the hairy leg stuck in them red stuff for the door flew open and he who carried the red brief case pounced upon Rasputian with these FAMOUS WORDS: "Taxes please, £100 a day fine for late payment."

So Rasputian had a fit as he saw a chin needing shaved above his and worse the dribble and drool went all over him.

"I am cursed for falsifying my tax returns," Rasputian just before the aristocratic rich folk burst out of the cupboard with these words, "What are you doing?" For they had vivid imaginations.

"Nothing," The Chancellor as he held Rasputian upside down shaking him out of his caviar flavoured and pink leotards for The Chancellor had heard the tinkle of pennies.

"Clunk," as Rasputian hit the floor boards naked.

For The Chancellor wasn't afraid to look anywhere for he was Boss Taxman.

Gawd help me," Rasputian but would God for Rasputian was a right BUM.

But Gawd loves us all so sent help.

"Here I am it is me Prince Dieaslave," at the window puffing and dribbling as he salivated down the poison ivy.

"Get lost," The Chancellor about to check the chamber pot for taxmen are a greedy lot.

And the magic wore off Prince Dieaslave who was an ugly wart on legs again.

"Is there an imbicile at the window?" The Chancellor forgetting he was one.

And Dieaslave somersaulted in proving all that somersaulting through flaming hoops catching razor blades to impress Cindy had paid off.

And landed head first in the chamber pot.

"Ha ha," The Chancellor thinking he would make his escape BUT: "What is good for him is good for me," as Bornaslave unable to somersault for lack of training stood in.

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On Rasputian who was slithering unnoticed to the open window so he could crawl down the position ivy and not be affected for he was RASPUTIAN of the films.

And a full Mormon Church choir sent in from Salt Lake City on a chartered whatever sings, of course after a rest, lunch and watching the episodes of Jerry Springer and Judge Judy they missed on the way over sing:

'Rasputian was his name the miracle worker that didn't know how to die.

He wanted Russia out of the war.

Gave sight to blind pigs.

Never married his thousand friends.

Gave jobs to his friends.

So what's a bit of poison ivy?'

"Gawd get this fool off me," Rasputian as Bornaslave wiped his spiked shoes clean of mule stuff on him.

"I will kill this bum," Rasputian but never got the chance:

"He went in here?" Useless after Dieaslave covered in red spots and boils from climbing the ivy.

"Howl," from Goldilocks and Bunny also covered in red spots and boils.

"Meow," from the cuddly pussy cat who seeing them dogs scratching and howling some knew she was safe. "Meow," as she proudly strutted her stuff as she passed them. Of course stopping to use Rasputian as a clawing post.

"Goodness graceious me this hurts," Rasputian.

And since he is the bad guy who ties pretty ankles to train tracks deserves what the mean demented pussy cat can give him. But "*The devil looks after his own*," Aslop not wanted forgetton by Cindy who never read his rubbish.

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"Grr sniff," yep pussy cat had never met the likes of these two before. Never mind children there is a place for hamsters in Haeven so a land of sardines and milk exists amongst the clouds for cuddly pussy cats too so be happy and sleep well.

And a fur ball rolled away.

"Grr sniff."

"Mmmm furball," Servant imagining days at a carnival, a carnival The Druid of The North never gave him a day off to visit as it might corrupt him. He might want LIBERTIES that might lead to FREEDOM of THOUGHT. So Servant ate the furball imaging it was candy flooce.

So as Servant the idiot choked on his furball going happily blue, Nameless passed him with a stake.

"This is how they always kill Rasputian in the Hammer Horror Films and explains why Dracula was silent, the milk maid Lula Bell but not the elf with the pointed ears for he obviously wanted a stake in him.

"Oh my oh my there is a red shoe so means Cindy is here," Nameless seeing The Chancellor's shoe so ran in the doorway and hit the wall in front.

"SPALT," Nameless went for he was just that.

"Ah ah, so the slimeball thinks he can stake me?" Rasputian and turned his back on the open door.

"Must I do everything myself," the druid entering and stopped Rasputian staking little wiggling Nameless who never hurt a bug but dreamed of murdering the druid.

Yes Rasputian dropped the stake as his fingers turned into mushrooms for soup was on someone's mind again.

"Eeek," Rasputian.

Just then a clanking as someone in a hurry to escape a room above had not turned the

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massage oil tin tight enough so had slipped twenty stairs down to the next level. Stairs littered in what drunks leave behind.

"What a lucky knight I am as it was not three hundred steps, someone above must like me?" Lancelot and never heard Wodan laughing or Estore comforting with these words, "There is one only born every one hundred thousand years."

"We must remember the Gawds," Aslop who never lit a candle to his ancestors.

"Hello sexy," Lancelot so Rasputian was terrified but not Lancelot for he went about all day in a hot tin suit so was affected topside.

But Lady Luck was with Rasputian as "Enaw," at the window as mules covered in red boils from eating posion ivy entered.

Angry mules for them boils was something bad.

"Enaw," as they went berzerk on Rasputian as posion ivy makes one scratch.

"Where are my babies?" Durno lying as he followed his mules and was so old and arthritic and sinewy never felt any ivy redness. Yes he was a mule teamster, a mule skinner and a coachman who rivalled the Pony Express so the ivy never touched him.

"I am Durno so where's my Cindy," and spat tobacccy and hit Granny just as she entered.

SO HELL FOLLOWED FOR GRANNY RODE A BROOMSTICK.

"Oh Gawd," Durno feeling pains where important places used to be for Granny was a Suffragette.

"Men was born to massage only as they is thick, make lousy doctors, rip off banks and tax us to death, oh yes they tell us what to do." Yes Granny was one of them that tied herself to railings.

"Here where is all the maniacal laughter and what is the whimp Lancelot doing here?" Granny the meanest granny ever.

"I isn't here Granny you is seeing a mirage," Lancelot doing quick thinking.

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"Mmmm," Granny not believing a word but got distracted so Lancelot crawled out the window down the poison ivy and swelled so much crawled back to Granny's with these words, "She being a witch must have Cammaloine Lotion to sooth me so I can cuddle up at her feet and dream of FREEDOM of being away from her sob sob," Lancelot covered in poison ivy itches.

And them big boils too.

But Granny wanted to know IF Rasputian knew where the sparkle was? Of course she knew he didn't know but she was in a fun mood; besides them or HIM who woke her up and kept her awake shouldn't go to sleep now. Granny was here and in a party mood.

"I will never drink again," Rasputian counting pink elephants as Granny turned him into three blind mice.

"Bravo," the druid "can I have a go."

"Of course," and Granny blushed for he was her age, covered in warts and wrinkled stuff.

"May I?" The druid and touched her right hand as his turned Rasputian into a smelly dog.

"Woof," Rasputian complained.

"Ohhhh," Granny getting covered in goose bumps.

And the druid puckered his lips.

So did Granny and as they smooched forgot all about Rasputian who Eagor arriving pushed out the window and guess who was standing below looking for Nameless?

"Have I missed anything?" Eagor said.

"Grr sniff," below where Rasputian landed.

And where was Cindy?

Well every freckled pretty girl knows, sleep makes a girl pretty.

SNORE from a room above.