

Coachman

Siberia

"Gee up," Durno freezing brass monkeys and them poor blue mules was all sweaty from doing all the running after a carrot; a carrot they did never catch. But let's not 'enaw' that information to them for these mules was mean, why did turnabout and hoof Durno places he deserved hoofed.

Each evening after sunset hooves could be heard been sharpened. Mule hooves and on each hoof was etched by mule teeth, 'For Durno with love.

Who was responsible for such mean animals? Durno and his carrot. And his magazines, yes magazines mules should not glance at but wanted too. Magazines Durno rolled up into paper batons and swiped his mules on the snout with.

Then there was the way Durno spoke to them animals, "To the glue factory with you." They was demented with fear and it had turned to rabid hate. The only thing that made them sane was Cindy's pretty ankles that reminded them of their dream, a business on a beach where kids did pay them for donkey rides.

To them mules a donkey was a mule and what kid did know the difference anyway.

Yes them mules admired the polar bears and the way they populated dark rooms increasing their numbers to take over the world. That was what was needed more mules but to do that a boy mule was needed as this lot was all girls. Frustrated girls who had not had their Wheatabix breakfast so was ill after Durno fed them what he swept off the road.

Yes these mules hated humanity and would 'enaw' to themselves in groups planning revolution. .

"That's why they is mules and I the coachman," Durno showing humans was different from mules; well he had hands and feet and them mules just a front end and exit facing him. "I hate

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them mules when they eat something bad." And beside the man who can't take some poisonous gas the remains of a real juicy carrot, so what was Durno using as a carrot?

Does anyone know?

"Enaw," the mules showing mules had a bad sense of smell and if one took a close look at Durno's feet he was missing a red sock.

"Red juicy carrots are the best for mules, full of wholesome organic flavour," and Durno knew he did never let the mules reach that healthy red carrot or he did have no mules to mule the coach full of impatient passengers who might harness him. "Them buggers inside enjoying themselves are capable of anything," so Durno cast the red substitute carrot far ahead of them mules just in case one was smart enough to leap up and eat it airborne. Then the cramp hit him for the carrot he ate had been once tied to a whip, a dirty whip handled by Durno's unwashed hands.

"Gawd my guts," Durno doubling up so let the whip drop.

"Enaw enaw," the excited mules converging on the red carrot.

And retching sounds came from within the coach for all suffered travel sickness for Durno needed glasses so had hit every rut and badger crossing the road, oh yes the grisly bear a hundred yards back too. Durno was also the restaurant, ticket collector and may other professions like the entertainment.

So his greasy hands touched many places and there was no soap and water in the out house.

And as every child knows, one must wash their hands after number two.

"Gawd where's the buttons too my leather frontiersman trousers," Durno frantic.

And the passengers stumbled out the coach and where sick again and did not want to venture back in for the inside of the coach was unhygienic.

And some was born servants and some not.

And some was born servants without proper cleaning utensils.

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"I will do anything for her," Prince Dieaslave showing he could not be a real prince for without rubber gloves he started cleaning.

"He is up to something," Bornaslave and started cleaning to find out what his ex friend was looking for so there were two born inferior to be servants. Yes when they came out of their mothers womb the first thing they said was, "You screamed mam."

"They must be looking for the sparkle?" Useless and rolled up his hairy arms so muscle gleamed and added, "Judas what have I done," as rolling up hairy arms does hurt so rolled about in the gore left outside by travel sick passengers so there was three of them. And Useless had spoken these first words, "Where's the gold mine mummy?" And mummy had pointed to a freshly painted X at the back of the garden and given her baby a plastic spade just bought from a passing rich Oiler. So Useless proved he was not useless but a joy to his mummy digging up new latrines and filling the filled ones up for some houses had outside plumbing.

"Ah a button," Durno finding one and pulled so screamed loud for it was part of two buttons so in his screaming forgot he held up his leather unwashed stinking frontiers jerkins with string stolen from a child's Xmas present. For Durno had sneaked down the chimney before Santa for he needed the string for he had no buttons.

And now the children know what he does will wait patiently all year at the chimney for Durno, of course with a box of flints to light the tinder ready to burst into a 1000C roaring fire. "For no one stole the string of Santa's pre4sent for them. Why Santa's fingers had touched that string so was scared. Would be put in a glass box on a wall with this sign:

"I was a good child,"

for all children know bad children are turned into donkeys according to Pinocchio the wooden toy whose nose grew bigger when he lied.

"And we expect our children to growe up with no problems?" Aslop the psychologist.

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And the mules tried too distance themselves from Durno who had terrible wind at most times. Yes frightened mules for they could hear Durno's innards rumble.

"What is that noise?" The Druid of The North always inquisitive at finding new scientific discoveries so added, "Servant go find out."

"Me master?" Servant showing he liked life as a toad.

"Poof," and the toad croaked away to find out for the druid was a cruel sadistic master. A master who knew how to treat Servant.

And a horrid stink filled the air as Durno did not find the string and the toad faced servant fainted.

"Servant come here and report," the cruel druid and because Servant had swooned cast many a spell upon Servant changing him into a fluorescent slug, a tasty snail, a snarling flesh eating white rabbit, a poodle all shaved of course so the watching passengers except the servants cleaning the inside of the coach applauded the entertainment much.

"For servants stink together," Aslop.

"Bravo," the strange man always holding the red brief case showing them who thought up your taxes needed help.

"Oh what a cute snake," Cindy showing she had been affected selling pressed flowers late at night.

"Hiss," the snake Servant trying to crawl up her leg but the druid was quicker.

"Meow," the cuddly kitten.

"I am allergic to cats," the sheriff and was the quickest draw in the west so blasted Servant.

"Master I am sorry," Servant and fell at the Druid's sandalwood feet and slurped away cleaning them of verrucas, athletes feet and heeby jeevies for the druid being a miser had not installed an inside bathroom and so used the public baths where Useless worked weekends to pay

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for a place at a dwarf mining school.

Public baths were for the likes of Dieaslave, Bornaslave and Servant.

"Tra la a la," the happy servants and slaves running through the entrance of the public baths.

"I need another mule to replace that mule that ate my red sock," Durno untying the sick mule and knew he needed help to throw the beast into the baggage.

"Why ain't we moving?" Dracula next to Durno seeing the sunrise in the distance and knew what that meant; some balloon of a hero did run out of the bushes and stake him where little Dracula's lived. But in the films is always the heart for horror films are censored.

"What a pretty sight," Cindy admiring the reds and pinks of the morning sun but Dracula could feel himself turn to dust. "Eagor," he managed and the elf with the pointed ears appeared for he was a curious bum who had to see what was going on and leave an onion; his calling card.

"Carry that mule," Dracula and showed his fangs and because Dracula was bigger than the elf he did as was bided. Of course he swore much too.

"Gasp pant my back," the elf's back snapping under the weight but he managed it all by himself because he was afraid of Dracula like the rest of us who watch horror films.

"You take the mule's place," Dracula ordered Durno but the coachman laughed and Dracula was about to bite him but that meant getting close and personal.

And Durno's fumes overcame Dracula who staggered back and out of habit shouted: "Eagor where art thou you useless monster."

"Who gives me such praise, ah it is Dracula," Eagor showing he was related to them cleaners and encouraged by Lula Bell skipped happily to Dracula.

"Tra la la," Eagor skipping happily.

But Dracula was in a sunny swoon for Durno didn't half stink and Eagor was unaffected for he was thick skinned; "Tra la la," Eagor skipping. "Tra la la," Eagor as Lula Bell harnessed him to

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the vacant mule space.

"Enaw," the mules objecting wondering what the ugly thing next to them was?

"Enaw," Eagor and "ha ha this is fun, tra la la" as he pretended to be a mule so never noticed Durno return and lucky for them mules the wind was blowing the other way.

"Gee up mules and Mr. Eagor," Durno and lashed out his whip and the mules did not move for there was no juicy carrot at the end. But Eagor was happy, "Tra la la," and Durno had said Mr. So liked Durno and his long whip for Eagor was a monster and thick as toast. "Tra la la ooooooh," Eagor as the whip went places about the piece of toast.

And help was on the way for below Wodan was fed up of H.M. Who Rasputin had landed on when he fell out the window. More correctly pushed out by the monster Eagor. Yes Wodan was fed up for H.M. always burnt the toast so poofed him back.

"Poof," just like that H.M. was sent back in red Long John's; and for the uneducated that is men's RED underwear that goes from the neck to the ankles with buttons on the back for emergencies so one looks like carrot that has the power to drive women insane.

"Enaw," the mules recognising a royal carrot, yes short sighted mules they all was and believed they was looking at the biggest carrot ever.

"Enaw," from that idiot Eagor and stamped his massive steel riveted boots so the earth shock.

"Enaw," the terrified mules and clung to each other for the earth trembled.

"Tra la la," Eagor not right in the head.

"Enaw," the mules feeling a whip tickle them and still did move.

"Ha ha," Eagor getting tickled so moved pulling the coach and mules all by himself for Dr. Frankenstein had created a mindless monster.

"Eeeek," H.M. who not moving was within reach of short sighted mules wanting anything that looked like juicy carrot.

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"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee," and was a shrill for one of them mules wasn't careful.

"Tra la la," Eagor enjoying life.

"Nameless come here," H.M. and out of habit Nameless came dragging his knuckles in the dust proving he was JUST A MINDLESS SERVANT and some are not born to rule but empty chamber pots; for life, till the day they died sort of thing and then to be nasty was punished in hell emptying all the chamber pots down there, billions and trillions till the end of time.

"Ha ha he ho" Wodan thinking that real funny.

And Nameless was his name; why just ask him to remember his name. "I am Nameless," he did reply and do H.M.'s bidding and fluff H.M.'s teeth for H.M. was born to have servants like Nameless.

"All I want is the sparkle and run away to America where there are no cats," Nameless.

And years of servitude made Nameless kneel to carry H.M. and then run for it for Eagor had them big steel boots on remember. For Eagor knew H.M. Was meant o help him pull the coach so was wrath with nameless for running away with H.M. Plus them mule teeth was sharp and biting places they shouldn't that belonged to Nameless for he was just a servant born to be bitten places so they couldn't breed like polar bears and threaten them born to be carried.

"Puff pant," Nameless deserving to be in the next Olympics and as hard as Eagor ran never stomped Nameless for Nameless was fast.

"Bo ho now Eagor angry and when we stop will beat up Nameless good for running faster than Eagor," for Eagor had the mind of a child for Dr. Frankenstein had used the brain of a murderer who had been the village idiot. An idiot who could not answer correctly sums like these at school: "27684756+7867875/898987x688689067=?" In his head so see a real village moron.

"Don't feel sorry for Nameless, Eagor will be quick so Nameless won't feel a thing," Aslop.

Anyway; Nameless dropped H.M. And Eagor beat him up good for one terrified victim is like

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any terrified victim so Egor was happy again.

"Clank clank," and "here wait for me?" Lancelot behind bushes as the coach sped away.

"Eeeek," from under the coach as Useless was run over by the wheels for he is an extra.

"Hey what are you doing?" Prince Dieaslave now smelling of the stuff he had cleaned as the other decent refined passengers threw him out for he had climbed in. "I am a prince," he managed getting stuck on the splintered tetanus spokes of a wheel. But the passengers knew what he was, a servant.

"And he can go too, I saw him looking at my ankles," Granny in a prankish mood so Bornaslave was thrown out too.

"You can run, you need the exercise," the druid to the sixteen stone shaven poodle with a face like Servant for remember, he was a sadistic mean old druid who cast spells to turn kid's sweeties into spiders so they grew up with arachnophobia.

And Egor was good at his job and didn't stop or overtake slow moving traffic but ran right over them so much bone breaking screams was heard from grannys hobbling along at 0.5 mph.

"Wo wo puff chant Wo wo puff," Egor pretending he was a train so never noticed not even the cute girl in her Sunday best pushing her dolly in a push chair.

"Puff pant," from servants running behind.

"Puff pant," from passing villagers carrying pitch forks wanting to do bad things to the happy monster.

"He he ha ha," for Dr. Frankenstein had done the world no favours for Egor thought this a jolly good game. "Tra la la," he added.

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And Egor did better work overtime for after what they did to Rasputian; well the Tzar was after them passengers for Rasputian was the Royal Healer. A miracle worker who put his hands

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on boils and wasn't sick. Then put his hands on aristocratic places that humble peasant folk would be executed to dream about. "Giggle titter," from them aristocratic places for Rasputian wrote them poetry there as well as giving them contagious boils.

Poetry that never sold so no one knew Rasputian was a poet as well as a healer.

So therefore "Gee up," with an extra bit of whip and two carrots (which was a lie) for all wanted to get to Cathy Land where the sun never set, cranes fished in lily ponds, the streets was made of jade, the houses rice paper so one never went hungry and the locals was all too busy making money too notice a coach load of hairy foreigners in a hurry. Oh yes they had been told everyone spoke English and ate bacon and egg; so was told a load of rubbish.

"This way to sunny Siberia," the sign post said hoping to draw in American and Japanese tourists but was a lie for behind the frozen sign post the frozen sign painter.

"I wouldn't care if Cindy was all naked like in my sleazy dreams but all I want is a hot water bottle and a mule or two to cuddle into right now," Durno but he was a coach driver and knew how to handle mules in the ice and snow as they skidded along the frozen Siberian road to escape the vengeance of the Tzar for what they had done to Rasputian.

And here is a list of all them who poisoned Rasputian, shot and stabbed him and then threw him weighted into a frozen river because all the rivers in Russia are frozen ten months of the year so no one gets to fish for eels. But polar bears get to cross from Alaska into Siberia and back.

And the list: The Nerds, The Geeks, The Popular Kids, The Handsome Kids, The Kids Without Spots, The Just Right Kids, Them Kids Who Eat Greasy What Ever and never get, Them Who Poke Their Noses in class and NEVER get Detention

And the Tzar isn't after them but just the coach passengers or there wouldn't be any more story so, "Enaw," the mules skidding down the road to Siberia at 80 mph as it is all down hill to Port Arthur on the Korean Sea.

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"Gad help me," Durno looking for an escape for he knew coaches going that speed always crashed, burst into flames, bodies like his got spewn about, and then the locals appeared before the emergency services and stripped you down to your skin. They also loved hairy passengers as they used the hairs to stuff mattresses for Siberian mattresses was nice and soft. See locals isn't hairy and wages poor here and passengers lying about moaning and groaning is a gift from Heaven.

And them locals could be seen emptying buckets of water in front of coaches to encourage accidents.

"It is said God helps them who help themselves," Aslop showing ignorance.

And inside: "I knew you loved me from the start baby," the sheriff now holding Cindy who was playing musical seats as the coach threw her this way and that.

And just as the sheriff puckered his lips and was about to ravage Cindy for he was a yank with pockets stuffed with dollars, the coach slid over a ravine so Cindy floated out of the law man's cowboy hands covered in chocolate for he knew chocolate bought anyone. He also had pockets stuffed full of nylons as a back up gift for he was a Son of Adam too.

Yes he was a yank so knew girls with hungry servants to feed wanted his chocolates and stockings; but he was dealing with a pressed flower seller who had many customers she found standing about dark street corners buying her flowers so Granny could sun bathe in Monaco so was street wise.

"I don't want chocolate stains on me," she wisely for she did not trust Bornaslave's washing.

ANYWAY:

"I will lasso her and bring her back," the sheriff and sought a lasso but didn't have one so did be seeking all night.

"How unfortunate," Cindy being a freckled girl did not know right from wrong and then heard

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her tummy rumble. But the chocolate had melted on the sheriff's hands and besides she had drifted away as the coach bounced over a herd of Siberian Penguins; penguins ten feet high.

"Drift," Cindy drifted ever so elegantly of course.

"Come to me Cindy," Oiler waving his hands but he was floating too, they all was, there was a lot of penguins in that herd so was a big bounce.

"Titter," Cindy and stuck out a shoe accidentally of course.

"Argh," Oiler and added, "accidentally of course," as the shoe winded him. Oiler did not have any chocolates but did have secret pockets lined with nylons for sale at no discount of course.

"So deserved what he got," Cindy peevied Oiler did not offer her any for drifting about larders nylons and she needed new ones.

"Cur Eagor afraid of penguins," and was rich coming from him so he opened the coach door and let Oiler float out. And how did Eagor get away from pulling the coach. "Eagor got bored so got in," Eagor explains and because he was big and thick as toast and dangerous no one complained.

"He can sit where he wants," the weary passengers.

"Someone stop the monster," Oiler shouted but no one did for they could see rippling muscles all over the ugly monster with bad body odour.

So Mr. Oiler went out.

"Brrrrrr it's cold out," Oiler emphasising the Arctic conditions outside then added, "What the blazes," as them run over penguins clinging to bits of the coach undercarriage pecked his bits good. Yes them penguins just didn't know when to stop and was furious at being rutted too.

"Peck chirp peck," them birds went and did their droppings over Oiler too.

"Yuck," Oiler.

"Oh hello," Durno meeting him as Durno was on a wheel thinking about jumping into a snow

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drift. For Durno knew what happened to coaches that went over a ravine and landed at the bottom and did not want to be on it when it exploded into a fire ball the size of a Zeppelin.

TNT was stamped on brown taped packages to make a big bang for effect.

"Who are you lot?" Oiler asking the hundreds of passenger extras clinging to the coach under side.

"Dwarf extras to add realism when the coach crashes," they answered. Never mind there is only room for one dwarf in this story and that is Useless; so the penguins pecked this lot off.

"Where is the road?" Oiler clinging to Durno.

"Up there and let go of me," so Oiler looked up and saw a thousand feet away the broken road hanging over the ravine and then looked down and saw a mile down the bottom of the ravine; full of sacred Russian crocodiles especially bred for snowy conditions. Also wolves and locals waiting patiently for their share too; and the pecked dwarf extras who landed first. Just as well or them scared crocodiles bred for Siberia might still be hungry when the passengers arrived.

And the bottom needs to be a mile down or there did be no story about what was happening in the coach. And the penguins flew away to safety so there.

So Durno never jumped as Oiler never let go, even when Durno's trousers was pulled down so Oiler clung to them.

"You can wash them if you like?" Durno definitely forgotten about escaping so should thank Oiler for a soft landing, for that snow drift was a mile down and no doubt a sharp jagged boulder was under it full of sleeping Siberian snow scorpions of course.

Which Oiler did connect with first. Then Durno and the coach on him and get a nice soft warm landing.

And inside the coach: "Hold me and we can fly away to my castle in Transylvania," Dracula getting excited about a pearly white neck floating near him in the moon light. And his long

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tongue shot out and licked his rubber lips. Yes Cindy was floating near wondering who would save her from Dracula?

Who can you guess?

"Ouch," Bornaslave floating in the way so was bit.

"No," Dracula unable to believe his luck. Bornaslave did live forever too annoy him.

"Ha ha," Useless happy for once it hadn't been him getting misfortune.

And drifted away to the dark corners of the inside of a coach that no one in their sanity ventured to. Spider webs and roaches and strange sounds existed there and empty crisp packets. Sounds like "Grrr sniff."

So Useless never got close to Cindy and the sparkle but did get right up close to Goldilocks and Bunny.

"Grrr sniff."

"Judas Priest," Useless between the ripping and shredding sounds as the dogs ripped the seats for this is a happy story so Useless was spared except a million dog fleas saw Useless as manna from Heaven; so made intensified chitinous clicking sounds as they approached a trembling Useless.

"Help," Useless but was ignored as he was who he was, besides them bugs had to go some where and better him than proper passengers; for some were born to be infested and some to be scented.

ANWAY AS Useless gave his blood for the good of others:

"Oh Cindy come to your handsome prince," Prince Dieaslave who would not give up.

"A prince these days and his wart has gone," Cindy for remember the magic that had changed Dieaslave into a prince of slaves and imbeciles.

"We can float away to a castle the sparkle can buy and live happily ever after in fairy land,"

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Prince Dieaslave in fairy land already.

"Princes are supposed to be rich," Cindy remembering Granny's advice. "Dump poor aristocrats on the make and marry the new rich who got rich selling magic beans to people with names like JACK."

So as Prince Dieaslave was upside down with his bottom covered of course, pointed at Cindy she did the right thing, booted it out the open door.

An open door that let freezing wind in.

"Brrrr," because Lancelot was covered in cheap tin chain mail and did not have any beauty within to warm him up.

"Brrrr," also outside from Dieaslave and everyone ignored him for he was just Prince Dieaslave and: "Here let go of my frozen carrot," Durno complaining the handsome prince did snap it off.

And a goddess was not happy at the treatment of her protégée Prince Dieaslave so punished Cindy.

She let all Dieaslave's warts grow on her to show her beauty is more than a pretty ankle; it did not come from within but from expensive cosmetic surgery and wart remover cream.

"Ah Gawd get Granny away from me," Lancelot seeing Cindy floating near him mistaking her for Granny, who often puckered her lips just for Lancelot so was half crazy with desire to be FREE. So with the strength of a mad knight slipped out of the manacle Granny had put about his left leg; attached to a cannonball just in case he had ideas about FREEDOM.

"I am William Wallace," Lancelot too prove he was crazy.

And Cindy was horrified a man jumped out a coach open door to be away from her.

SHOCKED for she knew she was the most beautiful freckled girl ever created.

Then saw Granny not more than six inches in front pruning herself; for Granny needed glasses

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and was too vain to get them. For she knew boys called girls with glasses what girls called boys in glasses, "Four eyed twerps." So Granny had to come close to her mirror that was Cindy, to see her warts so she could plaster them with expensive wart remover bought from Oiler.

Now Cindy was worried and suspected the worse so "EEEEEEEEK," she eeked and hurt poor Egor's ear drums who said: "I am out of here," and jumped out the open coach door the idiot. For life was good in the coach, an abandoned opened jar of pickled eggs had floated out of the dark place Useless was occupying. And Egor liked his pickled eggs and now did get none.

"Poor dimwit Egor," Aslop sympathetically and then burst into maniacal laughter; and did anyone miss the monster? In fact the sheriff threw an anchor after him to hopefully land some place.

"What a relief," Durno seeing Egor pass him for Egor was dim witted so thought slow so did not have lightening reflexes so did not try and catch Durno places, or the Oiler some place or Prince Dieaslave to ruin them for Cindy.

"Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh," Egor screamed as he sped away to the bottom of the ravine heading for the snow drift Durno had thought about jumping into. The one with the hidden jagged boulder under its snow, the one covered in woken Siberian scorpions for there was so much noise coming from the falling coach: Sounds like "Halp" and "slap" for Cindy floated about.

"If that monster had grabbed me?" Oiler relieved for his pockets full of cash did have ripped showering the waiting locals below. People holding butchering implements for they was not vegetarians in home football stripes.

"If that monster had grabbed me?" Prince Dieaslave knowing Cindy did send him back to the balloon for blowing duties for he did be USELESS; then guilt filled Dieaslave for Egor had been good to him. Guilt that made a soldier feel one with his company. "I am coming Egor," the

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last words of a valiant prince as he let go of Durno and sped after Eagor. Then added, "What have I done?" Then added, "Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeek someone save me."

"Tra la la," in front of him as a monster enjoyed speeding through air without a parachute.

"Ha ha ha," Oiler laughing so much the fifty dollar bill he kept glued to the roof of his mouth became free; for FREEDOM was in the air, so choked him blue.

"Gasp pant ah that is better," for Oiler had used both hands to get the cash out of his mouth.

"Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh," he added when he realised he no longer held Durno places.

"Serves the pervert right," for Durno knew everyone that did not look at Mule magazines was one.

"POOF," yes a "POOF" appeared in a puff of sulphuric poof. It was H.M. thrown out of hell by Wodan again. And holding a sardine between two bits of bread.

And did anyone ask the sardines if they wanted to be in a tin: NO they didn't. Just ate them instead.

Has this anything to do with the story, well yes sardine sandwiches was on the offering.

And has any of you been to Siberia so how do you know they don't have sardine sandwiches in snack shops depending on school kids to eat them all up?

And since H.M. was out he fell away after them specks below.

"Nameless," he shouted for that translated was, "Help."

"Coming oh my prince," Nameless and walked away from the coach and stood there for a minute because Wodan had a sense of humour.

"Here since we are higher on the evolutionary scale we will float away to safety?" The sheriff who knew he had evolved from Mr. Universe as he pushed Lancelot out.

And as Nameless fell away after his king he said, "A plateful of watery gruel isn't worth it for this type of treatment," he screamed going down. "Here I will grab hold of this and climb aboard

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and be safe,” he added climbing onto the thrown out anchor; so sped down faster.

“Is that my handsome knight?” Granny peering after Lancelot and then an unknown hand pushed her bottom so she fell out without her broom stick.

Who was the vile murderess fed up of not getting any of the profits to spend on expensive wart remover? Was it the sheriff admiring the way Granny's pleats opened up like a parachute.

“For emergencies,” Granny's voice drifting upwards.

“Hey hot dogs and chilli bananas,” the sheriff swearing as an unseen hand belonging to someone fed up of men pinching her bottom pushed him out.

“I will throw out my guns so fall slower,” the sheriff but passed them. “This belt of bullets too,” so took his belt off that held up his cowboy denim jeans so they blew away. “Here that wasn't supposed to happen,” he added going blue and then the force of the down draft blew all his buttons off and everyone saw he did not have a hairy chest and was a skinny little thing.

“Ha ha ha,” Granny adding insult to injury.

“I don't like the look of him,” the suspect who had pushed the sheriff out as the Chancellor clutched his red bag in his red shoes. “Eeeeeek,” he added as someone fed up of high taxes pushed him out.

“I hope he lands on a stake,” the suspect Dracula that high inheritance taxes had made broke.

And was pushed out into the bright Siberian sunshine so sizzled as he poofed into a bat that was turning to dust but help was on the way.

“Without him I will be master of the castle,” an elf with pointed ears who was also a vampire these days but found someone didn't like elves with pointed ears that bit at night.

And Lula Bell had been standing behind him as he went out, brave elf with no parachute. But never mind he helped Dracula for Dracula crawled as a bat into his leggings so made him laugh so he forgot the sunny day he was out in.

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“It is just us two girls left as everyone else has been pushed out?” Lula Bell but a movement alerted her to the presence of the Druid.

And who was the pusher of passengers to land on Oiler below?

“Anyone pushes me out I change into an onion for the locals make a fine onion soup,” the Druid waving his sickle.

“How cute an angry young man,” Lula Bell using flattery.

“I can't help my good looks,” the Druid who was a Son of Adam.

“Want a free pressed flower sample?” Cindy sliding up to him so lavender swooned him, not to mention Lula Bell's cheap perfume smell for she was just a milk maid extra.

“How cute kiss curls?” Cindy playing with the Druid's balding head.

“I use Grecian 2000 daily and lots of hair gel,” the Druid allowing Cindy to guide him to an open door.

“What big muscles you have?” Lula Bell lying for Servant did all the heavy work so had the muscles.

“I bet you did like to hire me as your French Maid?” Cindy flashing a pretty ankle so blinded The Druid so he did not see Lula Bell guide him out so he fell cursing all the way down shouting, “Servant?”

But Servant did not come for he was sulking clinging to the undercarriage for he was still a snake hating the druid for making him ugly, ruining his chance with Cindy for ever.

“Eeeek a horrid snake?” Cindy hearing the hiss and stood back for Lula Bell like all females was curious for they was related to cats so had too look so got pushed out. And as she went grabbed the snake who stretched longer than an anaconda till it let go the coach; for it liked being whole not two for it knew the land was not big enough for two Servants.

“Servant at last,” The Druid and changed him into a giant open umbrella that all the fallers

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clung to so Servant groaned as he threatened to split into 2.

“I have got rid of them all, peace at last,” Cindy and sat down and smoked a pipe and the smoke made someone in the dark place “cough wheeze.”

And Cindy saw red eyes glaring at her and was not afraid for she was a seasoned pressed flower girl seller.

“Grrrr sniff.”

And “fetch” she said throwing a stick out the door and the two stupid dogs followed.

“Peace again,” and she puffed away but dogs do not cough and wheeze for again she heard.

It yes an It and It was alive and in the darkness watching her and then pounced.

“We are all alone, it was preordained,” Bornaslave covered in bite marks and held together by string and glue. And Cindy was afraid, here was a crazy whose wide open blank eyes had been in the jaws of death. Besides he was covered in dog drool so had to go but how?

“Howl,” it was the were-wolf naked man that saved her for he was needed to jazz up the story. He fed up of being ignored had chased the coach and kept chasing right over the ravine for were-wolves got no brains. And crashed right through the coach roof.

“Grrrrrrrr,” the wolf man seeing the crazed Bornaslave and saw him as competition for a wolf man never forgets a pretty ankle for only a pretty ankle can stop the curse.

“Gawd not again,” Bornaslave knowing he was being shredded again and toppled out the coach with the wolf man on him with razor sharp talons and fangs.

“Peace again,” Cindy and puffed away.

“Here who made this hole in my coach?” Durno making it an excuse to come in that hole and sit beside her.

“We can live in this coach and you can wash the dishes and my pants at a nearby freezing

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stream,” Durno sealing his fate so added “Oh Gawd my important bit,” for Cindy had carelessly dropped her pipe contents a place so Durno stood up all panic.

“A stream a stream,” Cindy truthfully.

“Where where?” Durno fearing he did be a mule soon.

“Out there,” Cindy and pointed to the open door and Durno jumped out.

“I have been suckered,” he added on the way down.

“Peace at last,” Cindy.

“Enaw,” as they crowded in.

“Enaw,” Cindy giving up.

“%&*\$,” the locals getting a bit worried below. This wasn't supposed to happen. The manna was supposed to drop onto the snow covered boulder where scorpions lived and be rendered out of the game.

“Squabble,” they heard from the squabblers arriving and they didn't like the look of the big one about to land on them. Yes he was big and the bolts dazzled them in the winter sunlight. That was there excuse for standing still as Eagor landed on them.

“Crunch,” was the sound and not “splat.”

“Ouch,” and “I am dead,” was heard too from the locals and “Tra la la,” from Eagor who recognised what angry locals was. For they always wanted to burn Eagor the monster. So Eagor beat them all up tender for them about to land on them, a soft landing.

“Well done Eagor,” and “Look Eagor that one is running away.”

“Eagor fetch,” and threw a tree trunk that did the job and Eagor smiled a toothless grin for he was happy. “Tra la la,” from the happy monster.