

Coachman's

Cathy at Last

“Eagor happy,” for he had brought some locals along as toys for the passengers were afraid he did get bored. Yes they did see him at work on the locals and knew why he was called a MONSTER. Eagor had to go, quietly and painfully for they were a horrid bunch.

Why look at Dracula sulking in that dark corner upside down as a bat without diapers. “Suck,” he sucked sucking his bat thumb as he drooled bat drool full of rabies onto two viscous psycho pathological animals below dreaming of nice doggy dreams. “Whimper mmmmmmgrrrr snarl sniff,” the dogs dreamed of Bornaslave, Useless, Servant and Prince Dieaslave in white rabbit suits hopping about fields full of extinct common as muck Cabbage Butterflies.

And in that dark corner Useless trying to dig for gold for he knew the best mines were always in secretive places like in deep leopard infested jungles, at the bottom of crystal clear shark infested lagoons, under the busy underground metro lines, and of course in the dark places inside a coach where the loony dogs slept for the spot X was under one of their bellies; but which belly?

Useless needed help (if he was to live that long) as no one had bothered to listen to him just push him over in the mad rush hour gallop to get home out of the smog. And as he clutched trouser legs and laddered stockings with dirty long finger nails for long nails was good for clawing at rock faces; so he believed and why they were all red soaked bandages. Then he clutched screamed in terror for below them wide panic stricken eyes of a dwarf that knew if he let go he did be the victim of a stampede.

So was shook off, hit off and the victim of heroes ripping him off laddered stockings to impress the ladies and then that held onto red briefcases.

“Ping,” he went in the air to land on the road as sixty overloaded stage coaches approached.

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Not too mention the wagon loads of pigs on their way to market.

Not to mention the horsies on their way to the glue factory.

Not to mention the passing circus with a herd of diarrhoea infected elephants.

Nor forgetting the chimps that was interested in picking at what used to be a dwarf called Useless.

“Help me,” Useless begs so with the quick turn of a fountain pen a road sweeper appears and sweeps Useless away into a shark infested open sewer where the water will flush him clean.

“I must be a quick thinking gold miner and escape,” Useless but in truth was a slow thinking dwarf full of grandiose ideas so never made it to safety.

So another pen twist and he is safe again in the coach sitting huddled in fear he did wake up them two homicidal dogs; and the rest of the servants who might steal his gold for there was only first class in the coach. Servants was either outside as lightening girders or nice and warm and terrified in the dark places.

Nameless was he sitting, not at all he had fashioned a lasso and was slithering in the darkness to lasso Useless and throttle him good for he knew Useless had the sparkle and was digging a hole to bury it and put X on a map. For Nameless still lived in the land of Saturday matinees when Roy Rogers and Tonto and Lassie raced across The Great Plains lassoing bad dwarfs who refused to go back to the reservation. There was something missing in Nameless some place and would be if he lassoed them two crummy dogs.

“Whimper grrrr sniff drool,” them two half-baked dogs dreaming of catching Nameless in a white bunny suit and then cuddling him of course of course.

And beside him a servant dreaming of bad things to do to a mean druid like, “Wringing his neck,” Servant ringing his hands or “poking him in the eyes like so,” and better watch what he poked in the dark. For Servant had a vivid imagination as he “kicked him hard places,” so

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kicked Prince Dieaslave so he went blue and just missed two hungry flesh eaters that dreamed of Servant all pink and cute out of his fur ball causing white rabbit suit.

“Gagh,” Prince Dieaslave moaning falling forward.

“Here be quiet back there,” the other passengers and threw their empty fizzy drink cans and cold food wrappings with cold pasta inside to stick to your face; yes stick for you to wrap your tongue about the sticky pasta and draw it back into your drooling mouth for dinner had arrived. One of the perks of being a servant so you learned to somersault and slither to reach spilt food before them of unsound mind dogs ate it.

“Oh what lucky servants wish I was with them,” Aslop lying through his back teeth.

And clinging to the top next to Dracula, Bornaslave feeling the effects of Dracula's bite so was upside down.

“Hey isn't you that slave that friend of Prince Dieaslave?” Lula Bell beside him asks so Dracula and that elf stare at him for he needed more bites to become a full fledged vampire.

“Squeak,” Bornaslave imitating a vampire bat but because he didn't have a friend called Dieaslave to do all the thinking added “woof” for he was a jester.

“Suck suck suck,” as there was three vampire bats.

“What would that bum Dieaslave who gets all the luck do in a tight situation like this?” Bornaslave asked himself and better come up with a quick answer as them vampires was real thirsty.

And thought and thought and thought but his mind was empty as usual.

“Eagor cold,” Eagor about to save him unwittingly for Eagor needed many rugs to keep himself warm.

“Where my Lula Bell?” Eagor thinking about her for he knew how to word associate for he was a sex maniac. So reached out into the darkness and pulled Bornaslave to him and with

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Bornaslave came three bats.

“That monster has me again,” Dracula and was true.

“Toffee apples ha ha,” Eagor who had never seen a toffee apple for Dr. Frankenstein had only fed him watery weevil infested gruel while he ate roast duck and expensive food not fit for monsters.

“Don't bite it's me you ho,” the elf looking into the screws Frankenstein had used instead of teeth for he had bought them at discount from a passing Oiler.

“Ha ha this toffee apple speaks,” and Eagor licked it so added, “yucky,” and threw that apple away for that apple had pointed ears that pricked Eagor's delicate tongue making it bleed.

“Arh,” that toffee apple flying out the window.

“And what does this one taste like,” Eagor looking at Dracula who was looking at the pricked tongue.

“If I bite him he will become one of us,” Dracula not wanting Eagor in his coffin. But had forgotten he had already bit Eagor so like Bornaslave was soon to surprise Dracula.

And Eagor stuck Dracula in his mouth and bit and chewed and tore and pulled.

“Oh my Gawd,” Dracula struggling not to be elasticated any further for it hurt bad.

“This toffee apple keeps moving, Eagor fed up,” so Eagor threw Dracula into the darkness.

“Safe at last,” Dracula preparing to roost and lick his wounds.

“Now for this apple and is my last so better be good or I will rip this coach too pieces,” Eagor terrifying all the other passengers in the coach.

“How do we get rid of the THING,” they whispered so formed that night 'THE MONSTER LYNCH MOB,' with free membership open even to servants that was needed to do the hay gathering and lighting the torches and carrying the monster to the hay and making sure the monster stayed quiet.

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Yes servants was useful stuff; especially the type you didn't pay.

"It's me surprise surprise," the last apple unfurling into naughty bed time girlie stuff as Lula Bell wasn't touching them screws that still had bits of weevil impaled on them for Egor did not know what a tooth brush was.

"Something to brush and clean that other place," Egor knowing that was the correct answer and, "Oh goody goody what a surprise I must eat more toffee apples," Egor excitedly jumping on the seat bursting the seat's springs.

"Oh Bornaslave kiss kiss," Lula Bell letting something slip to get rid of Egor.

"Wah Egor not happy and will rip Bornaslave this way and that," as Egor ripped and shredded the other toffee apple that indeed looked like Bornaslave as Lula Bell sneaked away.

"Gawd let me alone," Bornaslave needing his ex friend Dieaslave to think for him but as they wasn't friends any more he had to think for himself. A difficult thing to do when a monster is shredding you good.

"I shred here and tear there," Egor happy at work.

"Gawd," Bornaslave still trying to think.

"Here I know that voice?" Egor realising he held Bornaslave so ripped faster and pulled here and bit there so "Gawd," Bornaslave trying to think of a way to escape.

"Egor fed up," as all the stress and anger in him was now in the mangled stress doll he held.

A silent stress dolly not even able to whisper "Gawd."

"Egor throw it away and find Lula Bell to wrap about and be warm," so threw the dolly into the darkness.

"Ouch," Dracula knocked off his perch.

"Grrrr," a dog no longer dreaming of rabbits for it had one.

"Woof," Dracula speaking dog in the hope of living another night to suck.

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“Sniff,” the other canine sniffing Bornaslave whose luck was out.

So Dracula never made it back to a perch.

So Bornaslave never never bothered with bandages till after his shredding.

But Useless because the dogs was jumping about got too see under their bellies.

“Someone has lied to me,” Useless seeing no spot X so lashed out with his feet and fold down pocket spade that every dwarf miner owns.

“Grrrrr” and “sniff,” for it was dark so Useless had not seen what he hit.

“It was him,” Useless pointing at Egor who was set upon by the two unreasonable dogs Goldilocks and Bunny.

“Here I am not chewed places,” Useless examining his parts not believing his luck.

“Ha ha this tickles,” the monster Egor and threw the barmy dogs into the dark place.

“No no this can't be happening,” Useless in the dark place.

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“Here young sailor want pretty stress doll real cheap,” a Cathy salesman outside the coach at the custom post.

“Here I know that voice?” Oiler so stuck his head out just as a passing emu flew overhead.

“Disinfectant face clothe cheaper by the dozen,” the Cathy salesman and added, “I know that smell of brass anywhere?”

“Cousin Jackie isn't it,” Oiler depositing the used face cloth in a bag to sell to a servant later.

“Ah Cousin Oiler what brings you to Cathy, perhaps to buy postcards,” and Cousin Jackie opened his silks to show something he wasn't supposed to show; beach past cards full of jokes.

“I will introduce you to my fellow passengers and want 20% of sales,” Oiler.

“Click,” Jackie and many Kung Fu people appeared from behind trees, bamboo shoots, takeaways and boulders. “5% of sales” for Jackie was confident.

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“Eagor there are dollies to play with out here,” Oiler and added, “chocolate toffee apples.”

“Eagor not in the mood to play,” a bass voice from the darkness of the coach for Eagor had wrapped himself up in Lula Bell who was hungry. Yes sooner than all thought a gigantic coffin would be strapped to the luggage. A coffin full of earth to add extra weight just in case them mules thought they was getting off easy.

“2%,” Cousin Jackie grinning.

So it was then Oiler introduced him to the dark place by making sure he tripped over that useless good for nothing monster.

“Grrrrr,” and “snarl,” from under Cousin Jackie.

“Here postcards,” Prince Dieaslave who should not be looking for he had a girlfriend who despised him.

“Giggle titter,” from the mind of an idiot as Nameless had a look.

“What are them fools looking at?” The Druid of The North knowing full well what they was looking at for he was a perverted old man needing weights cemented places then thrown of a tower to sacred crocodiles in a moat below.

“10 pence a peak,” Oiler forgetting who his first customer was.

“Poof,” as a magic wand moved.

“Here put me down,” Oiler upside down as cash flowed from his pocket.

“The dogs are too busy gnawing my feet to notice me catch this brass from Heaven,” Cousin Jackie seeing much profit that worked out at 1penny a bite and he had a thousand bites and had caught ten thousand falling pennies so was happy.

“I am rich enough to marry Cindy,” Prince Dieaslave who ventured out of the darkness to show Cindy his pockets bulging with cash that smelt of oil.

“Hello handsome,” and was a voice at the window and was Cousin Jackie's Cousin thirty

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times removed Miss Fragrance Curves.

“Ogle woof wow drool,” Prince Dieaslave over come by the sight of a tight fitting something but because he was drooling couldn't think what.

And behind him thumping music as his honey pie Cindy overcome with jealousy neared him.

“I have a cheese wire,” the other danger and was Bornaslave wanting revenge for Dieaslave had not thought for him.

“Ga gurgle,” the strange sounds that came from Prince Dieaslave as Bornaslave throttled him good.

“Here we can share?” Cousin Fragrance Curves emptying one pocket as Cindy did another.

But Prince Dieaslave had friends in high places, a goddess who had forgotten him as she was busy spending Wodan's cash in a cloth shop sale.

“Where are you gasp?” Dieaslave needing Eostre quick.

But there was silence as the sale in the shoe shop across the road had started.

“Blooming ruddy gods,” Dieaslave who should know better.

“I head that poof poof,” as Dieaslave was turned back into a mobile wart.

“Eeek what am I holding?” Cousin Fragrance Curves who had thought she was holding a sock full of pennies and because she was holding warts let Dieaslave go.

“I am a pressed flower seller on dark corners so am more hardy,” Cindy really fearing Granny and her broom stick embedded in nails so did not let Dieaslave go till not a jingle was left.

“Yucky,” she added wiping her hands on Bornaslave.

“I will never wash that bit of skin again,” Bornaslave able to keep that promise for he had never heard of a word, “SOAP.”

But he was happy, Dieaslave's girlfriend liked him more than Dieaslave.

But not all where happy; the mules was nervous for Durno had offered the naked wolf man a

job, as lead mule up front.

“And Dracula wasn't happy as he had not got to bite Cousin Jackie for them bad tempered dogs wasn't into sharing; but Jackie was used to cramped dangerous scenarios for he had crawled away with these words: “I have sneakily pulled this leg covered in chain mail down belonging to that sleeping knight to replace my leg.” For Jackie knew it was time to leave and stop Cousin Fragrance Curves spending all Oiler's cash on clothes when he needed it to buy more goldfish for his pond of Eternal Calm Lilly.

“Is this Cathy?” The sheriff forgetting about Cindy as Fragrance Curves wiggled as she walked away jingling of course; and flashing eyes too of course and pulling up that slit skirt some more of course and blowing a kiss of course.

“Eagor want,” Eagor pushing the sheriff out of the way as he raced for Fragrance Curves,

“Take that sonny boy,” and was a slap as Cindy taught the sheriff not to ogle strange oriental exotic dishes that might upset a tummy. Just like Cindy was upsetting his stomach as she put her laced up boots in.

“Oh I can't look,” Bornaslave who knew a thing or two about a good mauling.

“Baby I promise never to look again,” the sheriff with his fingers crossed but Granny was behind him thinking of hiring a Kung Fu extra as a massager for Granny had not changed her bad habits. So had pointed out to Cindy them crossed fingers that was now making snapping sounds as the sheriff screamed in pain.

“I am just happy it isn't me,” Dieaslave covered in warts again.

“I wonder if the ruler of this land of flying storks needs a tax expert?” The chancellor allowing Servant to polish his red shoes.

“Maybe they treat servants better in this land of camphor and croaking frogs,” Servant wanting to impress Cousin Jackie and more importantly Cousin Fragrance Curves.

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“Maybe the ruler will give me a palace full of new servants and many like Fragrance Curve,” H.M. knowing royalty always stuck together.

“Get off me hound,” and was Lancelot shaking off Goldilocks as he bought noodles from a passing vendor.

“Want to buy a tiger to get rid of the bad doggy?” Cousin Jackie knowing he was dealing with hairy ignorant barbarians who did buy anything and thinking about buying anything where was Cousin Fragrance Curves.

“Ha ha he he,” Eagor behind bamboo shoots.

“Tra la la tra,” Fragrance Curves also behind the bamboo curtain.

“What is my ice cream seller doing?” Cousin Jackie going to investigate.

“Sniff,” and “grrrr” as them two unsociables met local unsocial dogs and learned knew Kung Fu tricks how to immediately paralyse their victims to make them nice and still for a good chew.

“Proving you can teach an old dog new tricks,” Aslop still hanging about at a safe distance of course.

And just before Durno shouted, “All aboard for the capital and I got the runs,” which explains why he was in a hurry for he had eaten too many strange delicacies from them vendors. Crispy crunchy things like fried scorpions in batter, water beetle important places in chilli batter, bulls bigger important thingamajigs in oyster sauce, dried fish that was not as old as the ancient eggs Durno had eaten twenty of. And they had even sold him some Nipponese stuff from a Puffer Fish.

So Durno went green as he shouted, “All aboard,” then fell amongst his mules who knew how to sober him up.

So Cousin Jackie wasn't the only one screaming as Eagor screamed: “Eagor not happy any more.”

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And billboards advertised: “Welcome to Cathy, please honourable tourist please visit Jackie's,” and there a picture of Fragrance Curve selling pressed flowers.

“Pressed flowers?” A girl screamed from inside the coach but not as loud as Cousin Jackie was screaming as they two dogs wanted to be friendly.

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And Cousin Jackie and Mr. Oiler shared a common dad who got about so why they was cousins. Cousins that hated each other for each believed the other was richer than he.

“I am sure these fortune cookies are poisoned, here Eagor come here free cookies for you,” for Oiler needed a food taster but Eagor could eat anything from cobra venom filled pancakes to vulture droppings sweet and sour stuffing balls.

“Yes I try and poison Oiler as he is richer than me,” Cousin Jackie and emptied a late Christmas gift from Oiler down a well. A gift that was venomous snakes and one ear wig to be different.

So there was much rivalry between the cousins and was the fault of a dad that got about pressed flower sellers.

A dad who needed new braces to hold up his trousers that seemed to fall down.