

## The Coachman

## The Villain

And he under the black hood was mightily fed up waiting for the coach. Late as usual it was, midnight the coach was advertised passing this way and no where to be seen.

And at his feet bags full of jingly merchandise; also leeches in puddles hoping he did splash about in the water.

“SPANISH RED ONIONS,” was printed on the bags but they did not smell of wet vegetables but of brass, your brass..

And he did not want to catch the coach but was forced to because he had fallen out with The Druid of The North who had turned all his sack bearers into vermin who had run about in a panic right into mice traps. Messy it was but quick so don't go getting upset. These were modern traps that ejected vermin out the trap at a hundred miles an hour towards pussy cats waiting for dinner. Don't feel sorry for the cats, they learned to dodge this way and that so missed the speeding rats and mice who thus escaped to live happily ever after breeding into millions of rats and mice to spread the Black Death.

See only happy endings in this tale of no where.

For he under the black hood was the greediest man alive.

He also had a name, The Chancellor so was almost THE MOST HATED MAN ALIVE; apart from wives who hated their husbands more by just 1%.

And he was after your taxes, even those pennies under the carpet saved up for a rainy day. And that day was now for it was raining giant hailstones for The Druid of The North was having a joke, the mean sadistic type of jokes as he hoped one of them hailstones did dislodge something topside in the greediest man alive; perhaps below as well so he did join the squeaky rodents. Then the greedy man did chirp like a bird and spend the rest of his life sitting on a tree

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branch in a nut house; away from us sane people of course.

See The Druid of The North had just paid his taxes and wanted them back.

He was a lousy Indian Giver.

“Where is that coach?” The greediest man ever holding up a steel umbrella so the big hailstones bounced off onto innocent toadstools squashing them good for they had not paid any taxes. And never noticed the crow come and shelter under the umbrella for crows are smart. Why only black birds and stupid pigeons take them hailstones without complaint. And because The Chancellor was fuming and raging over the time table never noticed his shoulders get covered in what folk hate crows for.

**ANWAY ENOUGH BIRD COLIC:**

“I will turn him into a toadstool wearing a bikini,” for the Druid of the North was a lonely old druid who thought of nothing else apart from stamp collections and how long to simmer the macaroni and sun dried tomatoes.

Perhaps of Italian origin like him on the coach who knows one word only, “Ga.”

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And the greediest man ever was in for a long cold wait for the coach had stopped at that inn where a silent were-wolf lurked on its tin roof dreaming of French cooking, entrails soup, frog legs and everything thrown in Toulouse soup which was tastier than English Coffin Pie?

**ANYWAY:** “Here all because I have pointed ears is no reason not to say hello,” the elf trying this as a come on line of introduction to the pretty girl under the red hood who whispered to us only, “*He has pointed ears so might be a HOWLER?*” Meaning were-wolf shape changer.

“Get lost big ears,” and was Lancelot letting brawn speak for he was all bone and was infatuated with the girl under the red hood whose perfume essences was getting to his brain below his belt.

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*"He bought my Mr Universe steroid course,"* the oiler Mr. Oiler in his plaid suit eating roast parsnips and a leg of lamb swimming in minted rosemary gravy. "Yummy," he adds all part of the coach service and throws the gnawed leg of mutton out the window where a starving were-wolf who hadn't shredded any cuddly lambs in weeks fell upon it and devoured it just like that so had colic soon after; poor cuddly were-whatever? So pretty soon the air was rent with rip roaring sounds and stinks.

"Cur what a stink," the passengers.

"Howl," the were-whatever clutching its tummy and rolling about the tin roof right over the tin roof edge into a trough full of stuff pigs eat. "Yummy," learning nothing from the lesson oilers never wash their hands for soap costs money.

And Lancelot looks down at the girl in the red hood and flexes a biceps in front of her face with these words, "Feel it baby." And was the wrong words to use on a pretty girl who was not like the waitresses here, the floozy molls that dripped off gangsters arms and oilers for they loved money and could smell it a hundred leagues off with these words, "We can't read or write but know men smell of unmentionables, bad breath and money."

Sharks in red lipstick and fluffy garters they were but not that sweet pretty girl under the red hood with a pressed flower collection to sell.

*"The knight may be rich and manly and needing oiled and can introduce me to high society where ever but he is a Burke and will ditch him when I am famous,"* the pretty girl illustrating how pretty girls under red hoods thought. So squeezed The Burke's biceps and Lancelot sent ripples along it so she squeaked with squeals.

*"Squeals of delight,"* Lancelot thought wanting to ask if she was Cindy and because he thought with his toes and fingers couldn't care less for he was a lecherous bum; for remember what he had done to Granny and why he was here.

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*"Squeals of disgust,"* the pretty girl thought showing she had taste.

"Why anyone can do that," the elf and threw off his leather jerkin all elves from the Shire wear so you can't tell them apart as they all got pointed ears.

And the elf What's-his-name flexed a biceps that did not ripple.

"Get lost I said," Lancelot and picked the elf up by the hairs on his chest so the elf shrieked much; then tossed the poor skinny elf some place.

"Ouch," some place as Mr. Oiler found an elf in his dinner and the pointed long ears elsewhere too.

*"I must attend the poor elf who groans much and chide The Burke as his first lesson in who wears the trousers around here,"* the pretty girl under the red hood for pretty girls can produce from no where bandages you know, with printed flowers and singing birds on them too.

"Oh you poor man with the big ears," the pretty girl and helped the elf off the lamb leg.

"Oh the pain," the elf rubbing it in and "it hurts here" so was slapped by the pretty girl for Granny had told her about men with big pointed things.

And Lancelot looked and listened and learned for he was a handsome greaser of pretty girls, a schemer dreamer all grannies have met in their time so warn their grandchildren with these words, "Beware of handsome Lancelot."

Here a quick Aslop fable, *"Lancelot's give boys a bad name and proves men are descended from spiders, prunes, grape fruits and hair gel."*

And on the roof above where the were-wolf had crawled back up, it held its mouth shut with its paws fearing a colic burp escaping so bit his tongue in vain for it was the elf below who was making a disturbance with these words, "Here I know my rights and I have rights to long pointed ears."

And the were wolf didn't shred him as it had colic.

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And Pointed Ears was wrong.

“The sons of Adam

Have no rights.

Except man made rights.”

I will flash a pretty ankle at the elf to cheer him up and not insist he buy a pressed flower. So Granny turned in her grave IF she was buried. Perhaps she might become a passenger in this coach from some where going some place?

And a greedy man out in the rain and cold and huge hailstorms said, “I should have bought a garlic ring from that salesman for a were-wolf is about. I know when I see him again I shall buy and invent a garlic tax and give myself a pay rise to recover the 2 pennies used to buy the garlic,” so shows why he is the greediest man ever and called The Chancellor.

And when all this rot was going on did anyone give a farthing which is a ½ penny divided in two for the dwarf? Of course not for he was a small criminal. The sort film producers hire as extras when making gloomy Gothic Bat Man films or Humphrey Bogart films when suddenly out of the greyness a penguin with warts in a bowler hat appears smoking a cigar to send zitters down your spine; then kicked about good by the six foot handsome hero. What has this got to do with the story line for kids?

Is rot, yes rot, film rot for the film demands a dwarf be used as a medicine ball in a gym. Thrown around as if he/she was a real medicine ball against hard walls. And the extra was happy for there was a queue of dwarves fed up mining for Fools Gold needing a steady job being burned in burning ships, getting shredded by sharks when the ship went down and filled with Red Indian arrows, of course to save the handsome film star hero for they was well fed extras.

**ANWAYWAY** : “Ouch please less muscle,” our dwarf bouncing off the wall above the spitted

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bison so got an extra treat, spitted roasting fat and does that make dwarves jump as he was thrown there by the handsome six foot sheriff! For dwarf extras have no rights.

“Splat,” right into the fire so, “Good grief I am on fire,” was heard. He could have said, “Eeek I alight,” or “Help,” but as an extra was lucky he got a line. Besides he was a small dwarf criminal so deserved the cook basting him good with fresh bison juices organically grown.

“I am sizzling,” the dwarf but because this is a happy story the cook being short sighted when she put on her glasses was horrified to see a dwarf on her roast so, “Good grief there is a dwarf on my roast,” so went mental and threw the dwarf away; of course with a stainless steel spoon made in Sheffield, England where a greedy chancellor was taxing them out of existence so make plastic spoons instead these days.

“I can't take any more of this so am off,” the foolish dwarf for he had forgotten a sheriff was about. Like real close sipping the gravy from the roast so with these words knew the dwarf was about; “Gad there is a dwarf in this gravy,” so did the small criminal real good and even took off his tin sheriff star and poked it places so the dwarf understood he was a no good bum of a small criminal deserving no sympathy; just a film extra life had forgotten about.

“*If I had only been born 6 foot tall I did stick that tin star place,*” the dwarf thought but hadn't so got the star places where it hurt good.

“Eeeek,” the dwarf.

And here an Aslop fable, “*The law is blind and the scales of justice and tipped against dwarves.*”

And a were-wolf on a tin roof feeling hunger pains had slid off the wet tin roof and along drain pipes to the outhouse where with howling glee “howl” gobbled up insects that hang about outhouses so proved were-thingamabobs were not human and a gnawed mutton leg was not enough or them rats it had been living on; stringy meat with tails took ages to slip down the

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throat

“Howl,” the gleeful were-wolf.

And then choked for it was a greedy were-wolf so must be related to he who makes up the taxes?

“Cough gasp,” the greedy were-wolf going blue on a blue bottle.

Never mind this is a children's fairy tale to send kids to sleep so a lightening bolt from Heaven above that detested were-wolves sent 100,000 electricity into the were-wolf to sizzle it real good; but instead gave the beast a squeeze so coughed up the offending fly so could breath and be ready to shred gnawed mutton legs again and be part of this story too.

So the were-wolf lived AGAIN to chase milk maids who were the paid extras to get shredded and ripped to bits and do it happily for bankers were feeding off their grease anyway for they had mortgages to pay.

Isn't HEAVEN good?

“Howl,” the spoilt were-whatever who was an unpaid extra who just wanted in a story.

And the full moon began to sleep and now **sun rise** and the morning chorus was heard.

“Tweet chirp,” the thrushes and not the other kind of thrush and sparrows and wood larks and cuckoos kicking baby birds out of nests; so when you see a cuckoo do it good.

For Cuckoos are bad birds, “BAD BIRDS that deserved no happy ending” except to live in Swiss wall clocks cuckooing all day long.

“Cuckoo.”

And the were-wolf man put his paws that changed into hands over his bare thingamajigs for were wolves have this habit of shredding their clothes when the full moon is up. And all those who have seen a cheap Saturday night horror flick will agree for they shred places important too too get the howl up.

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And so hid behind a tree the coach would pass for the wolf was now a naked man really peeved off he had chewed his best Sunday suit to pieces. He was also glad he was next to a tree for canine traits are hard to shrug off.

“What a relief,” the naked man.

For dogs and wolves run about a bit chasing sticks and thrown balls and things to tear to bits so drink lots of water found in out houses. Then the dogs lick you and the wolves eat you.

And those about to journey in the coach were having breakfast for they had paid for it. Yes the inn keeper was a relation of him waiting for the coach further down the muddy rut of a road; him the greediest man in the world who taxed Candy Floss and loo paper so the squares were rationed so explains why some folk JUST smell and others don't for them others know how to spend money for 'Money makes the world go round', so get more squares.

**ANYWAY:** “Ah best beer in the world landlord,” Lancelot grovelling for free tariff.

“Brew it out back,” the land lord and did not appreciate Lancelot's advertisement for he handed the knight his bill.

“My dear,” him meaning the the pretty girl under the red hood, “I have left my wallet in the coach,” and left and hid in a bush near the tree a naked man hid for Lancelot had no intentions to pay his bill;

“Lancelot the bum.

He was titled bad breathe.

A knight on the make.

And knew by right,

He was the hero of the story.”

“Where has that fink knight gone? Does he think I was born yesterday? Granny warned me about men like him, handsome users. But is so handsome and a knight must know the king where my future happiness and wealth lie and where this coach ends up. I just know my pressed



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flowers will become latest fashion,” the pretty girl under the red hood so deserved to be fleeced and her bosom sparkled for they hid a mystery sparkle.

“Was it Mr. Sparkle?

Famed soapy soap.

To make teeth gleaming.

Or a pretty girls sparkle?

Or a fallen star?”

“Oh quite forgot about them,” and did not identify what? And visited the out house for girls where she dug deep in cleavage and produced a red jewel that SPARKLED so was none of the above.

“That dwarf better not be the dwarf I fleeced and Granny will be proud of me,” she added and stuck the jewel back places the men in the coach wished they did be stuck for they was men who were related to vegetables over cooked in the oven, to sea anemone and soggy toilet roll.

The sons of Adam in other words.

“Here there is a fly in my cornflakes?” The oiler in a plaid suit and when the inn keeper bent down to examine if it was blue or green the oiler pushed the man's face in the flakes and ran for it for he was an oiler who never paid for fly infested flakes any place.

And a string was attached to the rubber fly that followed to be used another time.

“Business has been slow, besides the corn flakes were not crisp nor covered in frosted sugar but green and soggy and should know for my minions sell them so know the secret of ingredients of these flakes,” Mr. Oiler whose flakes get about.

“Gasp gurgle,” the inn keeper who could not swim.

“Ma mama,” the most handsome man from Venice in his living fleece who having his mouth open at the time a rubber fly attached to a string was passing swallowed it so added, “ga.”

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And holding his throat stumbled out the inn and soon as he was outside bolted behind a rose bush on the road the coach did pass by for he would not pay for rubber fly infested flakes.

“Here them lot haven't paid a single three penny octagon piece for any of these too lean turkey rashers and runny eggs and thick black coffee that makes one ill. Not forgetting them funny green corn flakes,” the dwarf and made a bolt for it and added, “shriek squeak,” for he was still chained to a ball that the mean sheriff had a key for and the question was *chained where?*

“Silly dwarf,” the mean sheriff and looked closely at his rasher and it was so thin could see the elf sneaking away without paying. So pulled hard on the chain so the dwarf was near him.

“You pay dwarf,” the mean sheriff having something against dwarves obviously.

“What is wrong with this food?” The pretty girl remembering how she was brought up, to wipe her mouth after eating, to wash her hands after abolitions, to pass indigestion wind not out the mouth but secretly and silently from the other place and to let men pay her bills. In other words to be an honest person.

So pushed the inn keeper's head back in the funny coloured corn flakes and ran out the door too hide behind a tree for she wasn't paying for what no man had offered not to pay.

And a tree where a naked man hid.

And she just stood there viewing the ducks heading to a pond overhead. Yes mummy and Granny had brought her up good.

And the sheriff being the good guy pulled the inn keeper out of the milky stuff.

“Cough gasp you are responsible for them lot. They came in with you so you can pay for them,” the inn keeper not realising who was in front of him for his ears were clogged up with milk so did not hear the **spaghetti western music**.

And the sheriff who was paid peanuts “Ha ha he ha,” replied and added, “Dwarf,” and walked out the door and stood outside lighting a cigar then pulled down his sombrero and squinted his

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eyes against the sun.

“Ahhh gurgle gurgle,” the inn keeper as Dwarf got a refund for he was a mean one.

“With the refund I can buy TNT and blow the chain off,” the imaginative dwarf.

“Not so fast Dwarf,” as the sheriff pulled hard on his chain so Dwarf let go of the coins and since it was bad for the image of a gun totting sheriff to grovel in the muck, let Dwarf do that and give him the money.

Money no one had given the inn keeper for their bill.

“Gurgle,” from behind.

“Ride them brand them eat them,” Durno on his coach fitting a fresh carrot to his whip.

And the sheriff swung Dwarf this way and that and let him fly through the coach window to land exactly where he was meant to and **spaghetti western music** split the air.

And once inside the sheriff pulls down his sombrero and chews his cigar.

“Gee up ride them brand them eat them,” Durno so the mules feared for their future.

And a dwarf sat gasping for breath as the chain about his neck was too tight.

“He was a dwarf extra.

Tra la la.

Grateful for the part.

Tra la la.

Sixteen kids to feed.

And six wives.

Tra la la.

He was a dwarf extra and grateful for the part.”

\*

“I am The Druid of The North and just paid my taxes and have emptied my yard of chickens

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as need them to speak to Wodan about a certain Chancellor who lives well off my taxes,” and threw many chicken bones on the yard dust.

“Cluck cluck cluck,” went the bones.

“Poof,” as Wodan appeared with these words, “Cur what idiot summoned me here in this?” For them chicken bits had gone somewhere.

“It was the Chancellor him carrying a red brief case,” The Druid of The North putting the blame on an innocent man.

“I will curse him with bunny ears so every full moon he must eat carrots,” Wodan annoyed as he had been playing a certain card game with his goddess girl friend, and was winning so, “So what do you want druid?”

“My taxes back,” the druid opening himself up for being used for he was an arrogant twerp who thought there was no one bigger twerp than him.

“Well guess what, start packing as he fleeced me too so get me a refund or else,” as Wodan proved he was bigger and gave the The Druid of The North a squeaky voice and coach times with these words, “Stop annoying me,” for Eostre his girlfriend had long legs and wanted a new diamond tiara but Wodan was no fool for then his other goddess girl friends did want bigger ones so sent a message to an oiler, “What do you have in the line of fake diamond tiaras?”

Yes Wodan was taking his life in his hands for a girl knew the difference between cheap plastic and a diamond. But Wodan was male so thought with his fingers and toes and was descended from Jurassic swamps full of dinosaurs and explains why he made men with the essences of newts, nose contents and bad wind. And why he created girls from sweet flowers and hot bath smells for his girl friends were about and knew how to influence him for girls always do.

“That wart Chancellor has cleaned me out,” the Druid of the North complained to himself as

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he packed an overnight bag.

“Squeak,” Teddy getting the case zip over places Teddy needs to have another Teddy.

“I will poach his eggs and glue places needed to pass wind,” the nasty druid sticking super glue in a pocket and an egg timer too. “Now where did I put the coach times,” and “I see it will be at the shady inn soon so will wait for it at the shady place where Dracula lives,” and after these words put garlic everywhere adding, “Gasp no wonder vampires die,” but managed to get to an open window and breath in fresh air or wouldn't be a major film star here.

And saw in the puddle below an image of a pretty girl in a red hood.

“I am smitten,” showing he was not only a mean druid but the type grannies warned girls prancing about places under red hoods about with these words, *“bent dirty old men so don't shame me, take their money and kick them places and run like blazes.”* So this druid had better watch out for the girl in the red hood had a granny who gave out advice like that.

And watching crows related to chickens didn't like what he did. They had watched a film called. The Birds. Millions were gathering, millions pecking innocent picnic gatherers, kids on their way to school, lovers in outhouses and all because the druid used real chickens instead of plastic ones for his oracle.

And because the script demanded he wear a clean white smock not a crow pooh hit him for his whiteness advertised Mr. Sparkle the sponsors of this children's story.

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“I am Granny and hope my grandchild will keep me in the best pensioner home ever that will feed me boiled sausage and dried potatoes till the rest of my days, so have taught the child to fleece men good for God made men from spillage and bilge and sewage but made girls from pink fluffy clouds and swans flying overhead and nightingales singing.”

*But we men know otherwise?*

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And Granny had a sore head for Lancelot's XXX was strong stuff so don't feel sorry for Granny and as this is a happy story so aspirins have been taken.

“Oh my head, just wait till I get that skinny runt Lancelot, he will wish he never was born,” for Granny had a mean streak and sold a D.I.Y. Book 'A woman's privilege' and was about how to get rid of husbands and boyfriends that made you carry heaps of messages home on foot while they played golf with their mates.

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“Here there is a rumour H.M. will be flying the balloon soon,” Bornaslave knowing thinking was such important work Dieaslave did need to blow for both of them when the balloon went up.

*“He thinks for both of us so must get tired,”* Dieaslave eating a lonely single bean as he watched Bornaslave get a cushion for sitting on the rough wooden seats gave one splinters places. *“Then I got to pull them out like a true friend.”*

*“Some were born slaves and some were born slaves with servants,”* Bornaslave justifying the treatment he gave his true and loyal friend Dieaslave.

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“Sniff sniff,” Goldilocks sniffing for a dwarf that just loved playing.

“Grr,” Bunny imagining a dwarf between her teeth for she knew the dwarf loved her.

And a watching crow flew away to tell a mean Granny what she saw and was rewarded with bread crumbs from old bread crushed up, so the old green bits weren't noticed. And the crow being a female knew how to blither till the cows came home.

\*

“I remember daddy raiding my piggy bank for XXX and mummy sitting me on a road at the end of a leash to beg and so developed a hate for human kind and love for cash, your cash and dreamed of holding the red brief case so went RED,” the crazy Chancellor not right in the head

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for he didn't just stop at thinking Ireland was his island but the world his oyster. "So obsessed with red everything I wear is red," and too prove it the insane man rolled up his trousers to reveal red stilettos and red stockings that were laddered.

And knowing his type were good at swindling books and falsifying their expenses joined the government and was so good at dreaming off new ways of rolling decent tax payers down rocky hills in barrels full of boiling oil; to get an extra penny out of the victim was soon noticed and promoted.

"Now I can tax The Druid of The North for I know he keeps more than dried newts in them vile potion cupboards," The Chancellor and he was right, nasty spells was in them dark cupboards that didn't like his type. So explains why he is under the umbrella with a colic crow for company in a hailstorm.

"He was the man in red tights.

The one that offered sweets.

To steal your piggy bank.

He carried a red brief case.

Which he kept his make up in.

For the man was a weirdo.

And top tax collector too."