

Coachman

Jackie's Emporium

“With Cousin Oiler here I better put out the worst china just in case he has thieving hands. It will also help to ask for a loan from him on low payments because only a poor man drinks from plastic tea cups,” Cousin Jackie dreaming of making sure Cousin Oiler got lost in the depths of Outer Mongolia. Inner would do but Outer was further away.

And about Cousin Jackie plastic dollies with easily pulled apart limbs that went “pop” when you pulled them. “Stress dollies I will call them and be a richer man,” Cousin Jackie poking a Barbie in the ears because he was fed up poking the eyes.

“Squeek,” the doll for Cousin Jackie knew dollies that didn't make a noise didn't sell so had learned to stuff each doll with a mouse.

“Mice are cheaper by the million,” Cousin Jackie good at sums then heard this from a milk bottling shed, “I want milk, repeat or no cheese to-night,” as a nameless aspiring cousin taught a million mice to speak for Jackie knew dolls that asked for a drink did make him the richest miser in the world. They also provided milk to encourage babies to demand cheese. His cheese sold nearby, cheese made from rodent milk so the cycle was not broken.

“Jingle jingle all the way to the bank,

Jingle jingle Xmas every day.

Jingle makes me handsome.

Why just look at my floozy hang ons.

Jingle jingle Xmas every day,” Cousin Jackie.

Plastic dollies all with blue eyes to make sure westerners bought them. Westerners like the Chancellor who kept many in his red brief case for tax collectors have funny twisted minds that thought up ways to put evasive tax dodgers to work cleaning blocked sewers; the out houses and

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make them sparkling clean or feeding them to cousins of them two mean dogs. You know the ones that have made a habit of gently licking Useless. Them that taught Useless to roll over and play dead when he was dead, marvellous trainers they was.

AYWAY: “I will ruffle my hair and put on the tweed jacket many moths left holes in; too show I am poor in case that miser and swindler Cousin Jackie asks for a loan he will never pay back,” Oiler for he was the best oiler about and hadn't lived this long without learning life's free lessons. “I will ask him for a loan and invite him back to where ever I was living before this adventure began. I will seat him on Eagor's seat in the coach and Eagor will be cross and Cousin Jackie will plead me to get the 600lb monster off him. “Only if you rip up the payment scheme for money borrowed from you,” I will reply and feed Eagor raw garlic and onions to make his digestive juices gurgle making stinky wind. In second thoughts I will ask for a donation to the Oiler Retirement Foundation too, also point out little Oiler's need cash for college and the divorce is more expensive than thought. The greedy wife wants all my savings, the houses and my girlfriends to work as maids. One or two Eagor windies will make Cousin Jackie sign all to me. Mmmmmmm, more garlic and onions will be needed, yes sign everything he owns over to me,” Oiler dreaming of onions and garlic so never noticed an elf with pointed ears fed up of Dracula getting all the milk maids and blood; had decided what was good for Dracula was good for him.

“Suck suck,” the elf sucking away rich Oiler blood for Oiler fed on caviare from tins sewn into his suit lining.

“Oh no no not me but Eagor,” Oiler's dreams changing to vampire bats and quite naturally offered Eagor as a substitute dinner for Eagor was the stunt man in this story so was saved.

ANYWAY AGAIN:

And a coach drew up to the wooden cigar Indian under a wooden straw hat for being Cathy

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cigar Indians dressed accordingly outside Jackie's Emporium.

“Ah honoured guests,” Cousin Jackie the lying bum and “OYOGYOUPI,” under his breath which translated, “hairy bad breath flea infested disease carriers these pale face barbarians are.” And Cousin Jackie hit a gong and instantly from under the stilted house, from behind cherry blossom trees, from under rickshaws came an army of vendors.

“You want hot water and one tea leaf pretty cheap only one dollar US OK?”

“Blood not tea blood understand?” Dracula needing a good suck but was afraid the local fluid might be full of infectious tropical diseases that unsuspecting tourists never heard off as they never read the small print on Holiday Brochures: for they was useless holiday makers deserving stranded on a desert Island with monkeys as company. They also should have bought Cousin Jacky's magnifying lenses to read the small print.

“Ah I understand,” and the vendor squirted Tea Tree oil into Dracula's eyes as no one knew what hairy barbarians might be infected with; perhaps copy write issue laws?

“My eyes my eyes,” Dracula so blinded did not see the littlest vendor ever run up to him and fleece him and disappear just like that jingling with Dracula's cash he took from milk maids who took it from passing young men on their way to the city to find fame and loose city girls.

“Is the cycle of life,” Aslop thinking of a holiday in a city.

“Ah I understand,” a minor relation so desperate to be noticed by Cousin Jackie he showed Dracula his neck. “Where there is blood there is money,” he added and added, “one minute suckie 2\$US OK?”

“I see no crucifixes, no vampire hunters and no H.P. Scheme,” Dracula licking his fangs and went behind a portable latrine Jackie charged 2 silver bits to use; of course dragging the aspiring minor relation. And so the first vampire of Cathy was made and soon would earn the nickname White Fangs or account his teeth was always sparkling white. For before ever bite he showed his

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victims “Jackie's whiting powder,” for teeth and other places to scrub a dub dub to make pearly white. For this Cathy fanged monster sill had his ambition, to be noticed by Cousin Jackie and be promoted.

“Shame he was just an aspiring bat.

A bat that would inspire films about bats.

A bat that would encourage education.

As a stuffed bat in a zoological lecture.”

Anyway forgetting Dracula and this dim sum, Cousin Jackie was at his desk with his abacus waiting to count up the sales from foreigners in the coach whom had no chance against his vendors.

“You want go casino?” He could hear and knew all the tables was rigged so smiled.

“You want get drunk?” And he knew all the drink was watered down as them mules had been real thirsty after all that running so twisted his legs in excitement over the sales.

“You want buy beach post cards?” And knew the post cards of granny in a bikini would sell like gold for he knew hairy barbarians was all one track mind. So since his legs was twisted knotted his toes and groaned in pain. But was a silent groan in case the hairy ones heard and knew he was like them, a Child of Adam. And Granny waited patiently for her commission for she was the granny in the post cards for she got about on a broom stick. And in her fold down portable travel chest a skimpy bikini for Granny knew with her spells, her spiked shoes that coincidently were steel tapped was everything a man needed.

“You want me sell you invisible chain mail only you can see?” And knew Lancelot would buy for barbarians was all valour with no brains so smiled as he saw cash coming; and got so excited sucked his tongue till it swelled something. “Cough gasp wheeze,” Cousin Jackie going blue. And it knotted too to make things worse and got stuck just where it shouldn't.

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“You want buy lucky dragon's feet on a silver necklace?” He heard vendor 56 hustle the Texan and heard the spin of six shooters.

“These are my lucky charms,” the sheriff chewing gum after sticking the barrels of his guns up vendor 56 nostrils, and Cousin Jackie did not knot his bowels in excitement but despair and stopped his wind for he had been eating sea cumbers, cows ears, pigs thingamabobs hanging bits and sweet and sour sheep sweetmeats for he was from the south and would eat anything in a sauce too match; so knew his wind was bad that now swelled up in him thank goodness. There would be no sale and heard vendor 56 reply: “Can I buy them?” For with six shooters stuck up your nostrils you certainly needed a quick reply.

“Ah I knew he should have been stuffed back where he came from,” Cousin Jackie always suspecting vendor 56 was simple.

“10 \$US,” he heard the sheriff.

“My uncle Jackie will honour my I.O.U.'s,” Cousin Jackie hearing vendor 56 and was so enraged he puffed up something.

And all that something escaped in a mighty stink.

“Ga what have I done?” Cousin Jackie searching for fresh air on all fours where he had collapsed.

And bullets zipped through the air as vendor 56 danced the day away all the way to the safety of a latrine and lucky for him he had 2 silver bits so got in.

“No latrine built on an ant hill ever kept my lucky bullets out,” the sheriff and blasted away just as vendor 56 ran out for he knew what ants could do in a latrine when they crawled up your legs and bit places.

“I will sue him for every dollar he has for a new vendor,” Cousin Jackie and in his glee twisted his arms together so added, “Cur this hurts,” and almost fainted with the pain.

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“Cousin Jackie help me,” vendor 56 gasped on the other side of the emporium door.

“Erump,” Cousin Jackie replied trying to untangle himself and a silver dollar rolled across the door with these words.

“That should pay for the native,” the sheriff who knew money made the world go round.

And because Cousin Jackie was all tied up he stuck out his tongue; a very long tongue and was just about to coil it about the dollar when the door opened wide:

“Oh a dollar,” and Cousin Oiler picked it up and added, “I will charge a 2copper bit for everyone to come in and see the contortionist,” and Oiler did just that and all were amazed to see Cousin Jackie in his anger knot all his appendages, making his ears go bright red, his eyes pop out so he screamed, “What have I done and who turned off the light.”

Yes Oiler was a seasoned salesman.

And the best was the owner of this sweet voice, “Pressed flowers for sale,” and Cindy lounged in a dark corner of the emporium in one of those slit up dresses she had just found belonging to no one lying in a draw in the back of the emporium.

“Gasp,” a thousand vendors and queued up to buy a pressed flower.

“I must have some of that,” Oiler joining the queue.

“Gasp what is good for that swine I must have,” Cousin Jackie rolling over behind Oiler as he was still a knot.

And at the door: “Where is my commission,” and Cousin Jackie trembled so became a trembling tumble weed as he had been spending Granny's share of the post cards. So was not surprised Granny used her broomstick on him and broomed him outside.

“What is this?” Granny picking up the end of a long tongue.

And: “Ha ha a football,” an idiotic monster recognising that mass of knots as a football. See Eager had watched the school children kick anything from a goose to simple Eager about as a

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football on the village green. Poor viscous demented round the bend school children who had never seen a real football as their parents was always out of work on drugs and drink. “Ha ha,” Egor rolling up his wrist skin as Egor didn't have a long sleeve shirt to roll up. “Ha ha that tickles,” for Egor was as thick as toast.

“Maybe my luck is in and the monster will follow Cousin vendor my relation 678 to her room and be coshed and sold to the navy press gang,” Cousin Jackie who could dream so got kicked to pieces by Egor who wasn't dreaming but concentrating on how to kick a football about.

“Ha ha what jolly fun,” Egor having a good time and stood on the other end of the long tongue as Granny held the other end.

“Moan,” the tongue's owner.

“Here if that idiot can have a day off so can I from walking behind them mules with a spade and bucket,” Servant and kicked the ball away from Egor and because he took time off work Oiler would not pay him for the tomato fertiliser he could sell.

“I make \$20 a kg of mule stuff and generously pay him 1cent a day so he can starve,” Oiler seeing Servant kicking the ball into Egor's lips.

“Here if that native can take a day off prospecting so I can take a day off washing the chamber pots as this coach has no inside toilets,” Bornaslave and kicked Egor by mistake.

“That looks like fun,” a distant relation of who ever Dr. Frankenstein used as the brain for Egor so ran onto the field and ran so fast ran under Egor so his head bounced up and down against them bits of Egor Lula Bell was endeared too for dwarves can do that under monsters and live to regret it.

“Ha ha,” and was not Egor but Nameless and ran onto the field and kicked the knotted ball so hard in flew off the back off Egor's head.

“Grr sniff,” and what dogs can resist a football so ran after it and savaged it good then got

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bored so savaged Egor places out of meanness; then found the tongue so bit here and there till Cousin Jackie searched for scissors.

“I am sneaking away,” Dieaslave unlike the others who never thought so sneaked away under the coach and added, “I will use my superior brain power to help myself, steal the jewel and win Cindy's love then flee with her to Disney World where escaped folk like us can live in castles in the sky.” Yes all that thinking had affected Dieaslave so can be forgiven.

“Enaw enaw,” them mules wanting to prance and jump about like them two mangy dogs and did so all over Egor and because they was being stubborn mules moved the coach this way and that; the big massive wheels that is.

“Ouch why was I cursed born able to think,” Dieaslave using his superior thinking power.

And something was missing, someone wasn't laughing; someone big and fed up being kicked butted and poked important places.

“Egor not happy,” and was an important statement so should have been listened too.

“I am not happy either,” the owner of the long tongue but who cared?

And the sun began to set and an elf with pointed ears saw Egor and knew Egor was food, distracted food and flew over to land on Egor's back.

“Ha ha that tickles,” Egor laughing again and swept off bat droppings.

“Phew,” Dieaslave coming out from his hiding place covered in wheel ruts.

But was sort lived for was Lula Bell's birthday and a monster had a lousy memory.

“And although Cousin Confucus argues hell had already arrived with the hairy barbarians and the counterfeit money they spent, it really, *“started with Lula Bell a woman vampress scorned”* Aslop the sloppy slop holidaying in a city full of drugs, XXX and loose city girls spending his cash.

“What is that hissing sound? A dragon?” Lancelot in the arms of Cousin Vendor 678 for he

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went by a motto: 'Waste not want not.' And was using fake money for in the boot of the coach a game of monopoly. And Cousin Jackie did make him an honorary Cousin for cheating Vendor 678 the best tea seller he had. "She is for the sack for she thinks like a woman so has let that Tin Man flooze her good," Cousin Jackie who hated Women Right Groups of Cathy.

And as Dieaslave walked towards the football to try his kick as he always fancied himself a great multi million dollar football star; so kicked Eagor again where dogs and Useless had been.

"Snarl," Eagor.

"Whoops so sorry," little Dieaslave trembling under a huge hand that had bolts as knuckles.

"Thud," so was the last "snarl," Eagor managed in a long time as Lula Bell gave him what for. Poor Eagor hadn't even rummaged through the land ransacking houses for silks and ear rings for his Lula Bell on her birthday. So was now paying for it the selfish forgetful monster who liked to eat his pie but not pay for it.

"Take that," Lula Bell kicking a place.

"Oh bet that hurt," little Dieaslave inching away.

So Eagor sank to his knees and stared into the red eyes of Goldilocks and and Bunny.

"Grr sniff," for the dogs couldn't resist a good thing and lacked vocabulary too.

Besides Lula bell was getting tired, she had a little surprise somewhere so needed to lie down and rest so was quite happy for the psychopathic dogs to take over.

"I have had enough of this," Eagor and ran into the emporium followed by all his football friends.

"My emporium," the football hearing breaking china and screams and the sound of a stampeding zoo but knew all was not lost until he heard his cash machine open.

"Now I can give this pretty green stuff to Lula Bell and make her happy," Eagor with pretty stuff from a cash till. "Hey these faces on the pretty stuff don't smile and stare at me funny like?"

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So Eagor with a huff and puff shredded the faces on the pretty green stuff.

“I will sue Dr. Frankenstein,” Cousin Jackie and smiled at the thought just as the team ran over him heading for the coach as the emporium had collapsed: and they did not want to take responsibility so it was time to sing, “Ta tra la tea time, bye for now and thanks for the fun, don't call we will send a post card,” and Cousin Jackie wrestled with his knots to be free and regret doing violent acts on them barbarians as Eagor was still with them.

And then the rafters collapsed on Jackie.

“Can I come with you?” Vendor 678?” Knowing she was for the Chop Suey when Cousin Jackie came back from the world of spinning stars.

And Lancelot thought bad deeds, “I can sell her down the road and buy a tin of oil to lubricate my chain mail.”

And Vendor 678 had bad thoughts too, “I will use this hairy tinned ape to escape to America where everyone drinks tea so will open a chain of Starbucks Tea Houses that sell dim sun too.”

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“I regret getting free,” Cousin Jackie in a hospital bed covered in leeches to make him better.

“Here is your bill,” Dr. Flooze Woo so Cousin Jackie had a cardiac arrest and got a new bill for that.

“I must slither out of this hospital bed and escape before Dr. Flooze Woo gives me another bill.

So Jackie did just that adding “hisshiss hiss,” so all did think he was a snake and run so he could slither in peace.

“Hey a snake, Cousin Jackie will promote me if I remove its gall bladder and make snake curry with the rest to sell as a vendor to hairy barbarians coming this way,” a vendor we met before.

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So Cousin Jackie had some slithering to escape before he was curried.

So slithered in front of the thundering coach.

“Gee up mules,” Durno encouraging them mules to run faster for he had bought a longer nailed whip at discount from Jackie but hadn't paid.

“Enaw,” them mules as they pulled the coach over Cousin Jackie.

“Ah I think this is the snake's gall bladder,” a vendor holding up interesting thingamabobs as the run over snake wasn't slithering away.

“Hiss sssish hiss,” the run over snake trying to form intelligent words which was difficult especially when an over enthusiastic vendor was beating you with these words, “The snake is still alive so I will beat it good and tell Cousin Jackie how it tried to eat me so he will know I am a hero,” the vendor beating his boss good.

“And the question is did he know the snake was his boss?” Aslop suffering a hang over.

But don't worry help was at hand for Cousin Jackie.

“Ah my patient,” Dr. Flooze Woo getting Cousin Jackie carried back to hospital where many big bills awaited him.

“What have I done?” The ambitious vendor so ran after the coach for he knew working for his boss had come to a sticky end and, “will open a laundry with my severance pay, hey where is my severance pay?” So made a detour running after the coach by stopping at the collapsed emporium and stuffed his cotton jerkin full of ivory elephants, bronze coins, jade statues and Take Aways he knew he could sell to hungry barbarian coach passengers.

*

“Aslop was his fame.....

Aslop the slop poet.....

Aslop who caught nasty things.....

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for holidays are like that.....

so needed Flooze Woo.....

”What is this a bill?”.....f

for Aslop had no holiday cover.....

”Argh my heart?”.....

Aslop who should have stayed at home.....

for the weed is greener.”

Never mind he could now lie next to Cousin Jacky and listen to complaints.

“Them hairy barbarians fleeced me.

Hate them hate them.

Bo ho ho.

Tra la he he.

Especially that monster.

And that bouncing dwarf.

Hate them hate them.

Bo ho ho.

Tra la la he he ho ho ha,” for being a football had affected Cousin Jackie in the noodle and Aslop having to listening to him would add a chorus: “I hate this bum next to me.

Tra la la he.

His singing is off key.

His singing is infectious.

Tra la la ho ho,” as his noodle went too.