

Coachman

What next?

And the druid was happy, Vendor 678 was tittering and flashing long dark eye lashes at him full of exotic spices for she knew a dirty old man a mile off. First they never bathed so was a dead give away the druid was one. Secondly it was the smile and lifting of the bushy eye lashes which the druid had for his was white needing trimmed and heaving in dandruff. Thirdly it was the way they twisted the moustache covered in meals and the end of the beard so the points was greasy and like cement. Fourth they pretended to have lots of cash by stuffing their wallets full of newspaper but was page THREE clippings the bounders. Yes dirty old men bounders Vendor 678 knew were her prey not the other way round. So blushed and giggled nervously like a lost sheep and did a silent girly stinker: and yes when innocent vendors did this dirty old men clutched their chest in excited anticipation and gasped, "I need help shifting in my seat so please help me shift," and was a lie for the dirty druid was hoping to fleece Vendor 678 of her clothes. A dangerous thing for dirty old men to do as it got their chests aching, silly old fools. And why their pockets was stuffed full of smelling salts to help dirty old men keep their hearts beating.

So Vendor 678 helped the druid shift and was so quick she rummaged every inside pocket he had. But did leave him the smelling salts and his underwear.

"Hear where is my Druidical white smock," and added "brr it's cold in here." For Cindy had opened a coach door in case some vendor was accidentally thrown out for she was competition.

"I can sell you this woolly cap?" Oiler knowing the druid did buy as snow flakes blew in.

"Gee up," Durno above.

And did the cold stop the druid and his wicked thoughts? There was always Servant in the back of the coach where the darkness was. Servant to give up his clothes and freeze instead and the druid kept the woolly cap too. Let's face it some of us born gnomes. And we all know gnomes is tough for they stand in freezing gardens smiling with red caps on.

Coachman

“Brr,” Servant hating his master and added, “I will curl up next to Useless and Bornaslave to keep warm,” for cold had affected his judgement so was thrown by them deeper into the darkness where red eyes glowed like raspberries.

Raspberries that widened as what owned them could not believe their luck Servant was coming their way.

“Heat,” Servant and shivered towards the redness for, “kind Durno must have left a coal fire here for us ill treated slaves,” So was chewed real good by the raspberries for he was a gnome.

“Grr sniff,” the raspberries loving gnome flavoured treat.

“Eeek what am I holding?” Servant holding bits of a dog that should never be touched except by a vet hired by a cruel dog owner. So goes to illustrate Useless is allowed a break from meeting these dogs for he needs time to heal to be ready to be gnawed afresh; besides dwarves don't come cheap whereas every garden centre is full of garden gnomes winking at you needing a garden as a home.

ANYWAY: Cindy was not happy Lancelot had brought competition into her world for now she did not have a monopoly on the spongy dull brains of her male companions. Brains full of spiders, dog pooh, marbles to play marbles with, conkers to become conker champions and empty space; male brains that adored her for up until now the pretty ankles belonged to her.

Now there was ankles that had neon lights so even the dullest brain full of earwigs and food thoughts could not fail to notice.

“The first tunnel we pass through out she goes,” Cindy thinking good woman thoughts and asked for a catalogue from Oiler. A catalogue full of things pressed flower sellers wore to beat the competition.

And because Durno was thinking like any respectable gentleman he thought these thoughts: “I am always left up here while them customers have all the fun in the coach. Now there are two

Coachman

floozy pressed flower sellers amongst them passengers who owe the stage line money for they paid to go to Far Away Some Place and we must have gone through some place miles back,” so Durno thought thoughts of jealousy and he fumed for he heard.....for he wasn't had of hearing when it suited him. Nor was he blind either and just as well for them mules was speeding thinking of a rest and hot carrot juice as they relaxed in slippers.

AND Durno heard: “I am royal and my maid servant always runs my bath and tests the water temperature,” so Durno imagined Vendor 678 in a one stretch figure hugging swim suit for Durno had morals where as H.M'.s imagination worked differently so she wore an invisible piece of small cloth.

AND Durno fumed and whipped the mules harder.

“Enaw,” the mules wondering why they was being whipped so for they only imagined mule stuff; of lush green fields where white bunnies jumped and butterflies flew.

“Here that girl sure knows how to feed a hungry man dim sun,” the sheriff lounging on his side of the seat and no one complained as well polished six shooters gleamed in his holster.

And a groveller was hard at work, Useless was polishing the six shooters. “He might shoot them dogs.”

“For grovellers are aspirers.

Toads they be.

Wart covered toads

we all hate but some

love aspirer and grovellers.

And they be grovellers and aspirers.

That croak to themselves.”

AND Durno heard his tummy rumble as driving a speeding coach never gave one time to eat

Coachman

so opened his mouth and let nutritious insects fly in. And Durno wasn't alone thinking about Vendor 867.

“Where is that tunnel, my when you want something it never happens,” Cindy never realising how much she wanted the sheriff now that he was ogling Vendor 678. Then she saw granny introducing an ambitious aspiring cousin to the secret of a good rub down. Of course she had introduced him to the secret of iron manacles so he couldn't run away.

“I will learn the trade and open up a seedy massage parlour in San Francisco, so Cousin Jackie will be proud of me,” the ambitious relation so rubbed away.

“Mmmmm lovely,” the wicked witch granny who shutting her eyes purring never noticed Cindy steal her broom.

“How else can I sweep Vendor 678 out when we go through a tunnel?” Cindy and still her mind was full of candy floss and scented air fresheners for pretty ankles always get off with murder. It is the the Useless types that are weighted down and catapulted through the air, naked of course.

“Vendor 678 what long legs you have, drool,” the drooling druid coming straight to the point as he knew as every tourist in a foreign clime tourists get away with it; so opened a case of pear cider and got drunk as he knew he could blame the drink. A dangerous thing for the man was full of spells and just ask Servant who still had a newts tail sticking out of his bottom from a druid joke. Yes the tail was still there as the dogs was particular as what they gnawed.

AND: “I can't stand it drool puff pant,” Durno and whipped the mules harder and took a sniff of smelling salts for he was a Son Of Adam and an imp sat on a shoulder and a ????????????

“She could be yours,” the lying imp making war.

“Enaw,” the poor whipped over worked mules who no longer imagined healthy orange dirt covered vegetables but revenge.

Coachman

"They was liberated mules," Aslop needing a quick lobotomy and is his pocket smelling salts for an imp got about and he was an ??????????????.

"I can give you tax breaks if you care too sit next to me," The Chancellor and forgot to address whom he spoke so Bornaslave appeared out of the darkness where raspberries glowed.

"A dishwasher on the make needs all the advice he can get," Bornaslave but The Chancellor hit him with his brief case for Bornaslave was unhygienic. For an insect halo buzzed over his head.

"Where am I?" Bornaslave and staggered into the darkness tripping over the mangled remains of Servant so fell out the open coach door so escaped them dogs. Lucky Bornaslave yes for he missed bouncing off a boulder because the wheels saved him as they spun him round and round.

AND: "I will stuff him in a carrot and feed him to my mules," and Durno whipped harder.

"Enaw," the mules gnawing at leather that held them in place.

"Vendor 678 I can be your knight in shining armour?" Lancelot for he knew a vendor seller must have savings for Lancelot was broke so a scrounging bum too.

"Giggle," the beautiful vendor and gave him a dim sun for she knew knights lived in castles and taxed the village to keep the parties going and central heating of course too.

"I will ask the broom to sweep her out and let granny take the blame," Cindy using her perfumed brain at last.

"The vendor's blood must be exotic and full of oriental spices," Dracula and licked his lips.

"A count, you must know the king?" Vendor 678.

"I am the king," H.M. and Vendor 678 laughed so nightingales flew out of her mouth and Cindy was jealous.

"Silly fat old man your name is H.M.," and Vendor 678 giggled some more so a flock of budgies flew out of her mouth and poohed all over Nameless for he needs some mentioning.

Coachman

And Dieaslave got bit by them dogs so he isn't forgotten either and to show there is no favouritism in this story.

“Her first mistake, H.M. will have his palace guards throw her in the dungeon,” Cindy forgetting they was no where near a palace for she was demented with murderous jealousy.

And as they entered the tunnel “Puff pant,” was heard just outside the open coach door as Bornaslave kept up with the speeding coach for he had spun off the wheels, bounced off the boulder, landed in a field of bulls fresh from a rodeo, then got bit by a dozen cobras basking on the road to get warm, got mistaken for a Rambo extra in an exciting violent film where extras get blown to shreds, and landed where he was lucky for him head first but was quick and nibble for now he was running, “Puff pant,” he went and added, “fag this jogging.”

AND: The coach went into a long awaited tunnel.

AND: “What the?” Vendor 678 as she went out the door.

“And then the lights came on and everyone was sitting where they was meant too.

“A great detective is needed,” The Chancellor and knew as long as they didn't have one his ways of taxing folk would not make front page news.

“Yes I am here?” And was Useless hoping to be accepted amongst the elite of society.

“Ha ha,” The Sheriff and blasted him back into the darkness where now four raspberries glowed.

“Is my Cindy safe?” Dieaslave appearing and added, “Why is an obvious case of detection to discover the jealous murderer,” so Cindy threw him back into the darkness so his eyes glowed like strawberries for he had been jilted.

“All this glowing fruit frightens me,” the patched up remains of Servant as he shut the coach door with these words, “Someone get booted out and how do I know this, obvious for look here dainty foot prints,” and the lights went out as they entered another tunnel and someone opened

Coachman

the coach door and kicked him out rubbing the dainty foot prints away as well.

“Puff pant,” Servant running next to Bornaslave whose fingers glowed red as some idiot had shut the coach door on them as he was getting back in.

And as they went through many a tunnel fruit glowed outside the coach, in the darkness and where mule eyes.

It was a case of bad indigestion and not demonic possession.

“I saw who did it?” Nameless thinking he was smart and be pampered but there was a villainous persons amongst them.

AND: “I am as old as your great grand daddy,” Durno to the vendor beside him and she knew his pockets would be fleeced real soon; even if Durno hadn't washed in six years but then that was why he was a dirty old man.

“Enaw,” the mules with eyes that glowed like mangoes.

AND: “Ga gasp,” Nameless as a cheese wire went about his bits for they was in a tunnel and a murderer was in a hurry. Just as well for the lights came back on and there was Nameless going blue needing a vet; then the lights went off and back on and there was no sign of Nameless.

“Enaw,” the mules glad of any help pulling the coach.

“Puff pant,” as Nameless ran next to them his eyes the colour of plums as he felt Durno's whip as Durno was clutching his chest as a vendor fleeced his pockets. And Durno's eyes dazed as Vendor 678 knew how to send men to cuckoo land; just to stop them wakening up as she took Durno's life insurance policy from him, the keys to his secret Jaguar sports car, the spare carrots for she was hungry and knew how to make a sauce for them, but threw away his chewed gum with these words, “Yucky yucky.”

“I leave the mules to the glue factory and everything to my long lost daughter Lula Bell,” Vendor 678 read his will and added, “I am your long lost daughter,” and was a lie for Lula Bell

Coachman

was tickling Eagor inside the coach, “and Durno is going to have an accident,” for she dreamed Durno must have a secret bank account to go with the jaguar sports car so added, “the next water hole good bye Durno ha ha he ha slobber slobber,” and Vendor 678 laughed over the riches she would inherit. And her eyes glowed like watermelons for she was full of bad thoughts, of buying out Cousin Jackie and making him be a vendor selling cold hot dogs on a winters day; and see how he liked it?

And because the mules was animals had ESP powers and did not want left to a glue factory for they could hear Vendor 678 slobber: “The glue factory will give me \$100 a mule.” So the mules headed for a beach covered in moon light. A beach full of little crabs that scuttled away for their lives as the coach thundered into them and the lovers lying on the beach. So much cursing and crunching snapping sounds was heard.

“We will have your licence for this,” they shouted but Durno was some place else.

And the coach splashed into the sea as crunched up lovers and crabs chased the coach; and the coach became a boat for it floated; just as well for the passengers for the sea is not meant to be swam in. If you want to swim that is what baths are for.

AND thumping music filled the silver light of the moon so the white crested wave tops was split open by fins.

“Gawd let me in,” Bornaslave frantic as he no longer ran to keep up with the coach but swam like an Olympic champion and added, “Get off me.”

“I never learnt to swim,” Nameless on his back and added, “Swim faster,” as a fin got closer.

Never mind the loonies they are have had heaps of practice being gnawed and shredded by them dogs. It is the poor cute mules who never done no harm to no one that need rescued.

“Enaw enaw,” Bornaslave and Nameless hoping to be rescued too.

“And all this getting wet because Cousin Jackie couldn't keep his money belt on so bred like

Coachman

a rabbit and bred greedy ambitious relations to over run the world,” Aslop.

“Water wings going cheap before demand drives the price up,” Oiler knowing many relations want your money so kept his money belt and portable pocket safe always on; except perhaps for pretty flower sellers. And in his pocket smelling salts for he was a ????????????

“So proving pretty sellers of pressed flowers right, their minds are all the same, full of uncooked vegetables or there did be no sales,” Aslop whose mind was full of vegetables and unwanted love poems for he was a Son of Adam too and a ??????????????.

“Enaw.”