

Coachman

Glowing Fruits

Yes the mules wasn't related to the servants splashing about outside the coach and inside. Yes inside for only servants knew what to do with mops and buckets as sea water flooded in; so “Blooming heck there is a sea urchin on me,” came from Useless who seemed afraid of a small creature that was covered in a hundred poisonous spines. “Good,” a reply from Servant who was covered in two hundred sea urchins.

Yes them mules was already crowded all over Durno so must have circus blood in them for they had built a mule pyramid.

“Cur whose been feeding these donkeys,” Durno at the bottom being insulting and only he had been feeding them air so wind was the by product.

Wind that kept the fins at bay; so they went elsewhere like where Bornaslave was with Nameless sitting on his head.

“Here Dieaslave do some quick thinking for me like you always did?” Bornaslave unable to think for he was too busy jumping from fin mouth to fin mouth. Of course Nameless clapped and cheered above him and like the mules must have had circus blood for he never fell off.

“But that was when we was mates,” Dieaslave at the coach window and drew the curtain down and made funny faces for he knew Bornaslave could not see him.

“Prrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrt,” a raspberry also.

And inside Dieaslave threw his bucket contents out the window all over Bornaslave so things from the darkness clung to Bornaslave for all the sea water had flooded the coach latrine.

“Lucky I am up here,” Nameless nice and dry and Bornaslave hated him for Bornaslave was wet and fending of fins; not to mention what he was covered in. Yucky yucky it was and looked like chum so attracted every fin for a hundred miles.

Coachman

“And to think I fed him a beans once,” Bornaslave regretting ever calling Dieaslave a friend.

Then help came; lots of help in the sound of a horn. And must have been a big horn for it really blasted the fins and Bornaslave away who had to swim back fast before the fins came too their senses would come back.

“Paddle faster,” Nameless still sitting dry.

“Get off my head runt,” Bornaslave being rude.

“But I am thinking for you, see I am on your head so must be thinking for I told your brain to swim for it,” Nameless who was lip reading Dieaslave at the coach window.

“Then you can stay on my head,” Bornaslave who could not lip read so was at a disadvantage.

And Bornaslave made it back to the coach and did not make it in for Nameless used him as a stepping stone with these words, “Ta very much.”

And Bornaslave swam too where the mules used to be so got tangled up in the harness; but so did the forty fins after him so the coach sped along towards the sound of the big horn.

“Hi ya boys, what you doing way out here?” And was an American admiral for only they was curious enough to want to know. “Looking for a McDonald's?” The American admiral full of mirth.

“I must dry my hair, here Dieaslave come here,” Vendor 678 who knew America was the land of opportunity and sailors who always brought a girl home to the girl friend for they was sailors. Them things related to all the nasty things sailor boys was made of; sea cucumbers and lice and stuff like that.

And Cindy glared at Dieaslave who allowed Vendor 678 to dry herself using his rags as towels.

“And he was secretly pleased Cindy his love was peeved for it meant she was jealous and

Coachman

loved him and wanted to marry him and have ten kids from him," Aslop being sarcastic.

And as vendor 678 dried herself she never noticed what lived on a servant who lived in the darkness of the coach. Things that crawled off his rags onto her to ruin her future chances of being brought home to a sailor's girl friend as the parrot. Thus illustrating what rubbish sailors told their girlfriends.

And an ambitious cousin knew he needed a hefty loan to start up a shady laundry business that provided laundry girls for a wash at home service. And Oiler knew he owned it already for he had emphasised 300 percent as 3% and accidentally poked the ambitious cousin in both eyes so he was blind when he signed the loan agreement.

"£% ah so kind of Oiler to give me such generous terms," the ambitious cousin on his way to become a servant and move into the darkness at the back of the coach.

"Enaw," the sound of mules being rescued for the admiral cared for animals.

"Here what about me?" Bornaslave and **in a herculean feat** as what comes when a hundred fins are wanting to eat you up crawled his way up the rescue net dragging the coach behind him, and in case you are interested all the fins entangled in the harness.

"Puff pant," Bornaslave lying on the American ship's deck.

And the coach door opened and a pretty ankle stuck in a red shoe descended on Bornaslave.

"Cur lovely," Bornaslave so Cindy put her other red shoe in his other eye by accident of course.

"I can still see, just," Bornaslave happy as Cindy twirled away from him for he knew Vendor 678 was coming out.

"Out of my way, I am too important to be last," and H.M. weighing in at 16 stone jumped out. Yes it was messy but poor Bornaslave was happy as a red stiletto was still sticking in him belonging to the prettiest ankle ever.

Coachman

And a hand was seen to flash out, grab the red stiletto to use as a stabbing implement and these words was heard, “We was mates once” followed by “Judas watch where you poke with that thing,” for Bornaslave was no longer a mate.

Then hairy paws was seen to reach out and snatch the unconscious Bornaslave into the darkness of the coach.

“Grrr sniff oh my Gawd,” was then heard as shredding wakes you up you know.

But at least the rest of the passengers could come out in style.

“I am Count Dracula so where is the red carpet?” Dracula wearing sun glasses bought from Oiler. Now the Americans were not ignorant fellows for they knew about films and the Prince of Darkness and how to get rid of him. First they would wait for Oiler to sell them stakes and blessed water for Oiler would sell his granny if anyone wanted her. For although the passengers had travelled half way round the world in forty days there was no bonds of friendship between them.

Only the desire to find the sparkle and be away with or without Cindy for vendor 678 had pretty ankles too.

They was all men with slugs in their heads so could not think properly. They also was full of flukes and parasitic worms for men never washed their hands before eating.

“I am Lancelot take me to your leader,” for Lancelot knew all about U.F.O.'s so some sailors took him away telling him the ship was full of green men and when they was at the bilge room threw him in with these words. “Ha ha ha thinks we is little green men ha ha,” so showed him no hospitality. “I am Napoleon Bonaparte,” Lancelot screamed at them to annoy them but was a big mistake for they were afraid he had rabies so gave him no water or food. “Idiots,” Lancelot and added, “I am Julius Caesar OK so free me.”

“Yeh and I am George Washington,” a fading reply.

Coachman

“Squeak,” and was from a million ship rats who wanted to hear more.

“Rats rats I have a phobia about rats,” Lancelot and went berserk shouting, “H.M. is my friend and so is Dracula, Granny will beat you with her broom if you don't free me so let me out.” And the rats was happy for Lancelot knew such exciting people.

And as Lancelot foamed and his companions squeaked The Chancellor stepped out full of importance.

“Here he has red shoes on,” a sailor and did not throw him over board for they had not seen a woman in six months.

“Here this is not the way too the captain's cabin,” The Chancellor as he was led to the kitchens for the sailors had not had a woman cooking for them in six months and was fed up eating weevil infested cheese burgers. But The Chancellor soon calmed down as silk stockings and chocolate bars was given him.

“I love these yanks,” Oiler could be heard in the latrines were he was safe to count his recent sales.

And elsewhere in the great ship an elf with pointed ears ran hither and hither to seek a dark warm steel locker to hang upside down in for he was a vampire remember.

“In my pouch a small bag of cemetery dirt to make me feel at home,” the elf and sucked his thumb, after biting it of course. But Lula Bell was near with these words: “Hi handsome,” for Lula Bell lied to herself for the elf was pure ugly. Why his ears were pointed and his nose long for he told too many lies. And his underwear needed changing and his teeth bright red from stained iron.

“I just need a man to make me feel safe,” Lula Bell explaining her desire to be in the same locker and was another lie for she wanted the locker for herself so threw out the bag of cemetery dirt so the elf was forced to follow.

Coachman

“Without that dirt I will become vaporised when the sun rises,” the elf for he had been brought up in Transylvania on village gossip; so should have known better to believe in dirt.

“Here that hussy of a milk maid has locked me out of the steel locker?” The elf and felt the lights of the ship burn him so he hissed with steam for light is light and vampires are full of darkness and village gossip and stale water and dirt from a cemetery.

“Here why are you steaming?” And was a sailor lad all in white so the elf was impressed for even the sailor's trousers had been ironed too razor creases.

“I need to lie down and have forgotten my cabin can you help me?” For all vampires are lousy lier's.

“Sure buddy,” the sailor for yanks are known for their helpfulness. So was his own fault he took the elf with pointed ears to a spare cabin so “suck suck” sounds drifted out as he became the first sailor vampire of the ship.

And all thanks to Lula Bell throwing a bag of cemetery dirt out of a steel locker.

And another vampire was loose, Dracula who full of importance had found his way to the ships dungeons where he knew a coffin must be waiting. For Dracula listened to village gossip too.

“This will do,” Dracula lying down on a steel bed with no mattress so the steel springs stuck places they shouldn't. For this was the ship's dungeon where they got prisoners to sleep on them springs to encourage them to talk.

So Dracula never slept the night away but spent it looking for somewhere to sleep. “A nice coffin full of dirt will do,” he muttered as he looked.

And bit three more sailors out of nastiness with these words, “One must not bottle up anger.”

So now there were four sailor vampires aboard ship.

What was happening?

Coachman

The film writers did learn about vampires as America became infested with them and a film called; “The Evil Dead Folk” would be a block buster.

“Eagor sleepy,” and Eagor was not a full blown vampire yet as he was too thick skinned so when he was tickled by Lula Bell her teeth splintered but according to village gossip, vampires carry spare teeth. But he was big and strong and threw sailors this way and that as he searched for a bed his size to sleep on.

“Eagor tired, Eagor dead beat and full of anger so Eagor let's his stress out on sailor boys,” for Eagor knew stress was bad.

And the sailor boys knew Eagor was disturbed so opened doors for him to pass through until he reached the kitchens and the larder where sacks of potatoes and carrots was.

“Ah a soft bed,” Eagor for he was used to sleeping in barns on the run from villagers carrying pitch forks and flaming torches.

And as Eagor fell asleep the wise sailors locked him in the larder and threw the key out a port hole.

“Splash,” the key in the choppy sea.

“That monster will never bother us again,” one of them murderous sailors.

“Here what happens when he escapes?” A sailor boy with brains.

“That door is six inches thick solid steel,” a sailor boy with brains too.

“Besides after eating all them unwashed vegetables he wont be coming out ha ha,” another sailor with brains for he knew unwashed vegetables was unhygienic. But Eagor was a **monster** who was full of colic and diarrhoea causing germs and used to eating potato skins and carrot bits the mules had found too wormy.

AFTER ALL THEY HAD LOCKED A SLEEPING MONSTER IN THE FOOD LOCKER.

A SLEEPING MONSTER CALLED EAGOR.

Coachman

And topside an ambitious cousin was collecting fins.

"I am going into the soup industry for kind Oiler lent me all that money remember," the ambitious cousin about to work for nothing for 3% was not 300%.

"I love ambitious cousins," Oiler.

And sailors took the ambitious cousin to the kitchen to make soup and then threw him into the laundry room when he was finished.

"There are 1600 sailor boys on this ship which means 3200 dirty socks and 1600 dirty shorts," one of them sailors with brains for he could count.

"I will put up with the smell of unwashed barbarian socks as I learn the laundry business," the ambitious cousin learning how to make Oiler richer.

And Oiler now lounged in the captain's cabin smoking the captain's cigars.

"Cough wheeze but the image counts," Oiler giving the captain a wallet full of money and newspaper to make the wallet look fat. "For my keep and a little extra for your retirement fund," Oiler thinking the captain would be grateful too him one day when he found no loo paper in his retirement home; yes Oiler thought ahead.

"Hello sailor boy want young girl?" And was Granny lounging at the cabin door in a bikini.

"Ga Ga," the captain being ill and prophesying the name of a future girl pop star.

"I must get rid of Granny but how for that broom hovers about her attracted by the smell of tripe boiled in milk and onions for Granny has no teeth," Oiler whispering to us for he was a granny hater.

"What's wrong sailor boy, never seen a real woman before?" Granny sitting on the captain's table deliberately allowing her silt dress to reveal legs that would look normal in a chicken farm.

"I could breed her with blind roasters and call them Uncle Bernard's Drummers and the nation

Coachman

will become addicted to them,” Oiler and dribbled for greedy aspirers do that you know. He also proved the point he was a chicken hater too.

Then Cindy entered for she had gained a lot of self confidence lately for the sparkle did that to those who owned it.

“Because they knew they was fabulously mega rich OK,” Aslop run of out fables.

“Whose that mess?” Cindy looking at the green captain for the smell of tripe close at hand did that too ordinary people you know.

“Allow me to introduce Cindy admiral 'What'syourname'?” Oiler recovered from his drooling session and clicked a finger and his new servant appeared from under the table doing aspiring honour.

“What you want master?” One aspiring cousin hating Oiler for Dieaslave who knew how to think for others had explained the difference between 3 and 300%. *“This hairy barbarian owns my soul and underwear so hate him and plan to escape these loonies and go back to Cathy and grovel in front of Uncle Jackie who will forgive me and not boil me alive,”* the aspiring cousin whispers to us.

“Click click,” for Oiler did not speak to servants and those wanting fed learned his finger language quick; so the new servant pushed the chair and the admiral away from Granny to stop in front of Cindy.

“Want to see my pressed flower collection?” Cindy and opened a few buttons on her cleavage.

“That's my niece,” Granny reminding Cindy she wanted a cut of the profits.

“Let me remind you I am an admiral of the most power fullest navy ever created ever sailed ever manned by sailor boys,” for Cindy had undone a few more buttons on her cleavage.

And the sweet smell of pressed lowers filled the room for out of her cleavage Cindy whipped out her salesgirl case and wood stand for it. And once opened there were all these pressed

Coachman

flowers for sale and above them much cleavage.

And while the admiral looked at pressed flowers his good ship sailed east with a fair wind behind her.

“And ships are referred to as woman for obvious reasons,” Aslop.

And The Druid of the North was sea sick and needed crushed cow thingamabobs mixed with caviare and champagne as a remedy. But this was not his native lands where many cows happily grazed green meadows. Here he only had Servant holding a bucket for his use.

“Not blooming likely mate,” Servant and dropped the bucket so fled anywhere that led to the admiral's cabin.

So ran into Cindy so she fell accidentally over the admiral just as Vendor 678 entered.

“How can I compete against such unfair selling practices?” Vendor 678 and put the boot into Cindy places and added, “He did it,” as Servant stood there waiting for instructions for being a servant had robbed him of thought and Dieaslave was not here to think for him and the others who lived in the dark place of the coach.

“Why was he running,” Useless on the deck watching Servant flee to protect certain places.

“Hello,” The Druid next to Useless holding a golden sickle.

“Now I know why Servant was running,” Useless and fled and Bornaslave saw him flee so said, “I bet he has the sparkle and is making a break for it,” so Bornaslave ran after him.

“None of them asked for my opinion as I would think for them if they did do my servant chores,” Dieaslave a slave on the make wanting to rise through the servant ranks to become chief dishwasher to impress Cindy.

And he was right for Goldilocks and Bunny saw their favourite snacks running and every white bunny knows never to run in front of psychopathic dogs.

“Woof woof,” the psychopathic dogs following and were so excited missed Dieaslave who

Coachman

was standing dead playing possum on his feet.

“Ah Gaud,” was soon heard from the admiral's cabin and them psychopathic dogs met everyone chewable there.

And that is when goddess Estore twanged the threads of love in Dieaslave.

“She loves me she loves me not?” Was implanted in his mind turning him into a schizophrenic love torn useless twerp dribbling at the mouth and shaking at the knees: and incontinence was thrown in too.

“See what love does?” Aslop full of wisdom.

So a brave Dieaslave went off after them dogs full of paranoia so he shook at the knees for he could not think. “She loves me she loves me not?” Was the only words he could think.

And he arrived at the cabin and saw Cindy quite safe sitting on the captain's bunk, top bunk of course selling pressed flowers.

“She has ditched you for that old faggot,” Vendor 678 whispering to Dieaslave and for effect she was dressed like a devil with rubbery horns and swishing paper mashie tail for Oiler was near by with a sea chest full of surprises.

“I get about,” Oiler smoking a good Cuban rolled up in tobacco leaves.

“Wah and argh,” Dieaslave screamed for in his anger and broken heart had pulled the hairs off his hairy chest.

“Grr sniff,” them two psychopathic dogs not liked being interrupted by the likes of Dieaslave.

“I knew he did come right and think for me again,” Bornaslave knowing he should feel guilty at all the attention the dogs were giving his old friend allowing him to crawl up to the top bunk.

“Sorry no room,” Cindy flicking Bornaslave's fingers off the top ladder for she was a heartless pressed flower seller. But she still smelled of roses and sugar candy floss while the quivering heap below that was Bornaslave still stunk the room up badly from TERROR.

Coachman

“Do you not know pretty ankles was made by Wodan and can do what they like,” Aslop. So was that whimp's fault lying on a cloud promising the goddess Eostre anything she wanted as long as she pole danced for him in seven skimpy things.

“I want the head of Bornaslave,” she replied so Bornaslave was for the chop.

“And I won this medal for blah blah,” the admiral to Cindy buying pressed flowers to start up his pressed flower collection.

“I must get up there?” Vendor 678 and jumped from one chewed rag to the next till she was next to Cindy missing the dogs.

“Hi want dim sum?” Vendor 678 and blew a kiss at the sea dog next to Cindy.

But a broom was hovering and was Granny's and knew Cindy worked for Granny but not Vendor 678 YET for Granny had a mind like Oiler's. Nor did the broom know Cindy now worked for CINDY.

“Whack,” the broom sweeping vendor 678 away.

“This stinks of protectionism,” Vendor 678 just before she landed on two psychopathic animals that no sane nanny would let a child pull its tail and other bits as children can be so cruel you know.

Is this the end of the competition? Did Cindy cover her eyes? What did Bornaslave do?

Well The Druid arrived just as Dieaslave fainted so them two idiopathic dogs jumped right over him as he played possum again.

So The Druid got it, you know mauled, ripped too shred sort of thing but never mind this is a happy story fit for bed time and everyone is healed just like that for the next mauling just like being in Heaven.

“Zap,” the sound of two mean dogs shrinking to the size of ants. Terrified ants that had watched the film Ant Boy so knew humans squashed them out of fun for no one chews a druid.

Coachman

Dogs that knew they was hated so was not surprised someone tried to stamp on them.

“Ha ha ha,” Bornaslave drawing attention to himself.

“Zap,” The Druid was in a mean mood so Bornaslave ran about looking for a crack or something to hide in for he was the size of an ant and so were the dogs who had a perfect memory.

“Ah safe in here,” Bornaslave in a slipper of the admiral. “Reminds me of the darkness of the coach,” and was true for just like the darkness of the coach them two dogs was there and because he was ant sized no one was disturbed by his screams for they couldn't hear him.

“Master,” and was Dieaslave holding out band aid to The Druid for he was a thinker and a survivor and groveller.

“Why thank you,” The Druid lapping up the attention for people do.

And as Dieaslave seated The Druid on the bottom bunk Vendor 678 stood in the middle of the room not caring who saw her pretty ankles. She was fuming, all her ambitions of a chicken farm was in ruins unless something was done about Cindy. Then she saw the sparkle amongst cleavage as Cindy had another pressed flower collection to show the admiral who had forgotten to take his heart pills for he was a man; them who could not think straight when pressed flowers was on show.

“I will fall on the floor and foam at the mouth, everyone will think I am crazy or high on drugs then I will with this paper knife stab Cindy to shreds and steal the sparkle and use it as capital to open my chicken farm,” Vendor 678 still dreaming so could not grasp that with the sparkle she did not have to open a chicken farm.

“Maybe I will not stab her to shreds but employ her as a chicken.” Vendor 678 getting confused about Chinese cuisine and human beings.

“Enaw,” and “Gee up,” was heard behind her thus proving Aslop: *“Don't hesitate just go for*

Coachman

it,” correct for once.

And as the cabin filled with mules and Durno no more thought was given to Vendor 678.

Where was she?

Had she been flushed down the loo by Cindy who now sat relaxed on the top bunk.

Had Dieaslave carried her to safety before the mules stampeded in?

Had the broom swept her out the port hole to the fins?

Had is a small word needing an answer.

“What do these mules eat?” Vendor 678 under the pile of mules.

And the ship neared America where a land knew how to deal with vampires;

made them film stars.

And more servant help was always appreciated.

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“Have I ever been to America?” Wodan dressed as a rat running about on all fours to please Eostre his girl friend who liked being cruel to him for she hated him. Hated hated hated but didn't tell him for he was the boss who might turn her into a bit of cheese. Besides she had betted Dieaslave would marry the heroine so she had a vetted interest in guiding Wodan to the mouse trap.

“When the Vikings landed in Vineland dearest,” Eostre making sure Wodan didn't detect her venom. So what did the beautiful goddess love?

“*Dieaslave,*” a reply from Aslop who added: “*Ha ha ha.*”

*

“Ha ha ho,” an imp doing his job well, “no one can see me for imps are like that as they sit on your shoulder filling your head with rubbish. “Put everything on horse Daisy,” at the races abd you lose and have to work for Oiler. SEE WHAT INVISIBLE IMPS CAN DO?