

## Coachman

## Indian Summer

And Chief Crazy in the Head was crazy in the head as he spoke to horses and smoked cactus spines so saw visions. He saw a stagecoach filled with crazy people that stopped in his village to sell everything a Red Indian ever craved for; tin openers for one.

“They are coming,” he said and flaked out so didn't tell his people who was coming so they weren't prepared for what descended upon them.

Vampire bats for one and a bunch of loonies and ravenous mules that ran a mock the washing eating anything a goat could chew.

“This is our land so clear off,” Chief Crazy in the Head covered in wagon ruts for dreaming visions on a prone position is a risky position. Especially when Durno is driving.

“A pesky red skin,” yes Durno had shouted as he drove over Chief Crazy in the Head.

“Judas priest,” the chief swore as he awoke with mule hoofs up his nose. Never mind Oiler saw his opportunity for he said: “When distracted make them sign X.” So stuffed many lit Cubans into Chief Crazy in the Head.

“Puff puff so relaxing puff puff,” the chief about to get smoking nasties.

“I have a business proposition, sign here and this lot is yours,” Mr. Oiler and whistled so two pretty ankles attracted by the sound came over. Swishing pretty ankles as they went.

“I will throw them in for nothing,” the oily swine.

“Deal,” Chief Crazy in the Head.

It was horrible, the US cavalry was one thing and pale faced immigrants another. Mind you the pretty ankles was OK and the rest was sent to work washing pots and pans, well some of them.

“I am H.M. and a king,” H.M. not washing anything for Nameless was doing his share.

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“Ha ha,” the Indians and left him alone for they knew he was Napoleon Bonaparte and disturbed.

“I am Sitting Bullocks,” a chief who reminded H.M. of a bull so whimpered for Dieaslave was not here to think up sick notes for heavy slave duties so Bornaslave did all the work. For Dieaslave knew how to think for his ungrateful friends so volunteered them.

Duties like milking the wild bison.

Collecting the rattles off snakes for babies.

“Dieaslave was his name,

Prince Dieaslave handsome and tall.

Bornaslave was his name.

Ugly and short.

And one was a thinker.

And one thick as toast.

Dieaslave was his name.”

“Look he wobbles,” Sitting Bullocks prodding H.M. with a tetanus infected spear.

“Fat,” Chief Crazy in the Head and prodded H.M. with a knife and fork.

“You don't want to eat him, look all fat and nothing else,” Dieaslave coming to the rescue as some Indian hummed, “The Lone Ranger Rides Again.”

“Eat him we don't eat people, but do like a dog sometimes,” Sitting Bullocks.

“Eureka,” Useless with a useless idea about getting two dogs eaten and because he was useless couldn't remember it so kept collecting rattles so got bit three hundred times by snakes.

“Why didn't I think of that?” Bornaslave and because he let Dieaslave do all the thinking hadn't a clue what the idea was so kept milking so was gored thirty times.

“I hate H.M.” Nameless taking longer to wash the chamber pots as he had to do H.M.'s share

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so hadn't a clue either but caught cholera and typhus for he picked his nose often.

“There is profit behind this idea. I bet they know where the sparkle is for me to steal and escape this cruel druid,” Servant grooming his dog ears conjured up by a bad wicked old shrivelled up ancient druid who had nothing better in life to do. And scratched often for the druid had conjured up a million lonely fleas.

And, “A dog is a boiled sausage between bread covered in tomato sauce,” Dieaslave doing all the thinking as he told Chief Crazy in the Head. “What has Servant done for me but be competition in love for Cindy. Besides he has not paid me for thinking for him,” Dieaslave revealing his humanity.

Now a dog skewered and covered in Texan barbecue sauce was a tasty snack for Indians since most of the buffalo was being hunted for fur coats by fashion designers. So interest was keen amongst Dieaslave's audience.

*“And what did the servant want for his brilliant idea?”* A curious Aslop wanting a share.

“Riches so I can buy a steam ship ticket and run away with Cindy to start a new life down under away from Servant and the others,” Dieaslave unable to shake of his peasant roots.

And as the Indians rounded up their dog and ground up tomatoes vampires headed in bean sacks towards a tent interior to get out of the sun.

Three vampires in borrowed bean sacks for Durno kept a lot of stuff in the darkness of the coach. And as Durno had his mules cared for, Bornaslave lay on the plains sticking plaster to his gnawed bits with these words: “Last time I believe Dracula for 3pennys to go into the darkness to get bean sacks,” Bornaslave poring XXX he had bought for 3pennys from Oiler onto the gnawed appendages so screamed.

Screamed for it was nothing else than 100% mule stuff and would poison Bornaslave so he did need to buy herbal teas from Oiler to recover.

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“Life is kind to me,” Oiler putting away his mobile safe in an inner jacket pocket.

“Master Dracula just pointed at this tent and told me to carry him here,” Eagor inside the darkened tent, “but I don't need to carry this elf as he means nothing to me,” so threw his sack with the elf in out the tent for Eagor could be mean.

“Eagor was his name,

The thingamabob that fell down Jack's bean stalk.

And squashed Jack's mum.

Eagor was his name.

E for Edward.

D for dummy.

G for grumpy.

O for ogre.

R for Roberto.”

Yes Eagor was his name and should be chained and thrown down a deep well. A well full of sacred Nile crocodiles that did know what to do with the likes of ugly Eagor.

“Here Eagor feels hot under the arm pits,” for Dr. Frankenstein had been drunk when he had put the amorous monster parts into Eagor.

So Eagor picked up the sack that had Lula Bell in and ran out the tent and tripped over the other sack some idiot had thrown out earlier.

And Eagor's sack sailed threw the air and vanished over a cliff.

The very cliff the Indians threw their rubbish over.

“What has Eagor done to his beloved Lula Bell, Bo Ho my Kingdom for a tickle Bo Ho,” Eagor showing early signs of mental illness.

“Eagor hasn't done anything to his Lula Bell YET,” Lula Bell in the darkness of the tent

showing no signs of good breeding.

“My Lula Bell,” Eagor suddenly happy and asked: “Who was in that sack, never mind Eagor don't care as Eagor don't know ha ha Eagor can make jokes,” the stupid monster as he rushed into the tent for tickles from Lula Bell.

But because he was stupid tripped over the tent ropes so the tent fell down on Eagor and Lula.

“Bo ho, Lula Bell says no tickles for the careless monster Bo ho,” Eagor somewhere under the fallen tent.

And in the midden Dracula asked, “Why did I ever hire that monster,” and added, “I better dig deep into this rotting land fill or the sun will melt me.” So Dracula dug his way down through 6 metres of rotting bison stuff, nappies for the Indians didn't have disposables yet. And many interesting things folk throw out; and one of them above was Servant emptying the Druid's share of chamber pots.

“Garlic,” Dracula finding one of them interesting things so was ill. But never mind as long as he turned green from garlic poisoning and wasn't melting from sun stroke he could live with it.

“I hate Eagor,” he added too just as the stuff Servant rained down covered him. “Wait till the moon rises ha ha,” but had to open his mouth so swallowed many interesting things like some of the Druid's spent magic so turned into many little hungry flies.

“Buzz,” the little flies that translated: “I hate them all,” and “delightful buzz.”

And as Chief Sitting Bullocks and Chief Crazy in the Head sat in the meeting lodge the girl passengers stood in front of them.

Cur drool.

“Why haven't you paid me your taxes?” One of the girl passengers asked thinking he could babushka them into making him rich. “The great queen over the sea wants them,” he added to impress.

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“Ha ha that's a woman, throw the cheap trickster out,” Chief Crazy in the Head so The Chancellor was.

“Ouch,” the elf who provided the cushioned landing.

“Who said that?” The Chancellor fearing fairies was about for chancellors are afraid the little people did sneak in and steal the taxes that had been extracted out of honest workers and them that begged. Out of anyone who had a jingle in his mobile safe.

“Let me out of here and I will show you,” the elf afraid he did be mistaken for a sack of potatoes and roasted with a turkey for 4<sup>th</sup> July was soon.

“Gobble gobble,” real turkey's nearby.

And The Chancellor ran all the way back to coach and hid in the dark part.

And was he safe?

We all know who lives in there?

Them two four legged bullies; but they was out today so the funny tax man was lucky.

“Sniff grrrr,” outside for them dogs was missing Useless and Bornaslave.

And they smelt Useless being useless still trying to figure out his idea so had his back to them dogs and as the Red Men danced away to a Mozart drum concerto, never heard the THUMPING SOUND ever associated with swimmers.

But other Red Men threw nets over the dogs and dragged them away to make hot dogs for Dieaslave's idea had caught on. Why thousands had been sold already to the wagon trains and them in the iron horse that chuffed across the rails.

*“I wonder if Servant was one of them?”* Aslop.

“Grrrr snarl,” from Bunny and Goldilocks as they was led to the kitchens.

And Useless at the sight of them captured allowed his joy to affect him, he sat down and cried. Why great big sobs shook his body.

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But above Wodan saw: “Why is that Useless whatever I created crying,” so Wodan sent Eagor over to him to put him out of his misery.

“Here I need to beat something good to get my disappointment out of me,” Eagor missing his tickle.

**ANYWAY:**

“I am Granny and hello handsome,” Granny laying it on thick for she knew these Red men had never seen a real woman and after seeing her would never want to.

And a broom flew about the meeting house.

“Hi boys want to buy some pressed flowers,” and all the boys did so Cindy was hated by the village woman folk who wanted her DEAD, buried, fed to sacred crocodiles just anything as long as she was DEPARTED.

“That gives me an idea,” Vendor 678 and vanished.

And why the women of the village was admiring a handsome knight and sheriff who they didn't want to leave.

*“What was good for the goose was good for the gander,”* Aslop dryly.

“I can understand why,” the sheriff smearing grease into his hair so he could twirl the curls into place and added, “Hi handsome,” to himself for he was a vain bum.

“I hate him,” Lancelot for he didn't have any curls for wearing a hot tin helmet all day tended one to baldness.

“Yucky,” the Indian girls seeing his sweaty hair plastered down by the helmet.

Poor Lancelot, shame, but don't give him any pity for remember he left foot prints on the story.

Unlike poor Eagor was made that way so want to hug the monster for he is a dumb creature.

“Listen girls I teach you Cathy cooking and in return you scalp the one with the pretty ankles

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OK,” Vendor 678 and a deadly viperous leprous vile dead was agreed.

“Giggle giggle,” the happy Indian girls away on their mission and was happy they was too learn stir fry cooking and how to make steamed lobster in Oyster sauce.

“Something wrong here,” Vendor 678 looking for a lobster.

“Hello can I sell you anything,” and was a giant cat lounging on a tree branch and opened a brief case.

And lobsters was there like watches for sale.

“One of them,” Vendor 678.

“Purrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr money first,” the oily cat and grinned and Vendor 678 was sure it was Oiler but was afraid to annoy the cat for the lobsters did vanish.

“I must be dreaming,” Vendor 678 so stuck a big needle somewhere she just bought from the cat to see if she did wake up.

“Ouch,” Vendor 678 with a big needle.

“Sign here,” the cat and purred for he was offering her tenured service for five years for Oiler knew Vendor 678 had no money.

“And I get a lobster and the girls do a nasty on Cindy,” Vendor 678 and signed so Oiler owned her soul for he owned her already and the aspiring cousin.

And where was he anyway?

“Here I am,” the aspirer washing buckskins for he dreamed of paying off his 300% loan to Oiler.

“Already a sign is painted and waiting to be erected,” Oiler pointing at Red men about to hoist up a sign. 'OILER'S LAUNDRY MAT.'

And not a mention of an aspiring cousin even in that smudge that was a fly stuck on the drying paint.



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Now as the village girls waited outside the meeting house it began to rain. But never mind Cindy and Granny were dry inside and all the red men wore pressed flowers. Worse they were admiring them and thought they were smart.

“My Chief Crazy in the Head you look dashing,” Cindy lying through her fluxed white teeth so they dazzled the chief.

“Yes Chief Sitting Bullocks you smell nice like a man should,” Granny lying through her stained false teeth.

For women know how to make men dance and was Oiler who started the war.

“Purr,” Oiler entering the tent and opened his brief case with these words, “Invisible clothes kings buy going on SALE,” and that word triggers something off in humans. They started queuing up to buy from Oiler. Some carried sleeping rolls and others freshly cooked hot dogs for all wanted to be first. So explains why some never made it.

But all bought and the girls did not titter but said, “How smart you look in your new clothes,” and knew Oiler did better share profits or else?

“I will give them the shells and beads the Red men call money and keep the gold nuggets they gave me for they value them nought,” Oiler and “purr.”

So the proud Red men walked out of the meeting house as Oiler cast aside his cat disguise and with the girls slithered out the back of the tent searching for Durno and a quick escape.

“The others can stay behind for they are so annoying at times,” they all agreed searching for the coach.

And was that monster who gave the game away.

“What are those? Weenies?” So was Egor that gave sausages that name.

“Giggle titter,” the Indian women no longer behaving and explains why the chief's foamed and roared, “Scalp the lot of them.”

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“Get off,” Egor not wanting a close shave but the Indians couldn't understand what Egor was for they had never read Frankenstein so was like sheep in an abattoir.

“I am going vegetarian,” Bornaslave running away for he didn't need Dieaslave to tell him what the Red men did do.

“We are Red men,  
But what is Egor?  
We dent our spears on him.  
Blunt our teeth.  
Tremble as he throttles us.  
Ha ha I am Egor,  
Thick as toast.”

I am following Bornaslave, he must have the sparkle,” Useless using it as an excuse to crawl away from them dogs who was asleep for a good exercise makes dogs sleep.

“I quit,” Servant fed up polishing chamber pots till they gleamed so ran into the night.

“I am free,  
Never to serve that wicked druid again.  
Free to hunt bison.  
Eat red meat raw.  
Fend off hungry wolves.  
Here I am only Servant,”

So Servant sought the others in the dark for he was afraid of them hungry wolves.

“Them Red men will want something to vent their sharp tomahawks on so will leave a trail to H.M. for I am fed up being a serf,” Nameless again and in his back pocket a book, “The Life and Times of Dieaslave” his inspirational reading.

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And so the night about the village filled with lunatics.

“I am thinking for me and me is off to find Cindy and a mule for us to ride,” Dieaslave wanting just one mule for sharing was cosy. For even if he was Dieaslave who thought for others he was still descended from sea cucumbers and dog mess for he was a Son of Adam.

“I will follow the sheriff and push him over a cliff to be rid of the competition for he has curly hair and blue eyes,” Lancelot a son of Cain who invented murder.

“I know that tin can is following me,” the sheriff leaving a trail of spare sheriff badges to a cliff edge.

“All I wanted was the little girl room Bo ho,” Vendor 678 completely lost in the darkness where a million yellow and red eyes glowed at her. “I need rescued,” she added and “Bo ho,” so she might be related to the monster too.

“Slurp grr sniff,” all them glowing eyes.

IS THIS THE END OF VENDOR 678?

“It is night time to sort out that monster and made him a docile monster, a monster ready to jump and bark at my call,” Lula Bell illustrating woman ways as she emerged from under the fallen tent. But soon forgot about Egor as a hundred Red men rushed by her in invisible clothes.

So followed them: “A vampire loves to play with her dinner,” she added also, “Tra la la cockoo.”

“Do I smell food?” Dracula himself as druid magic had worn off.

So Dracula emerged covered in midden muck so was left alone by the revengeful red men.

And in the village a trodden sack stirred. “I am fed up living,” the elf who was already dead as he was a vampire as he stood up.

“You it was you that caused me to trip and bring down the tent and make my Lula Bell hate Egor,” the monster whose eyes glowed red.

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"I am off," the quick witted elf.

"Eagor coming," Eagor more slowly for Dr. Frankenstein had put big lead soled boots on him.

And H.M. sought Nameless so explains why he was out late.

"Here what do you want? Can't poor old Durno read the Times as his mules sleep?" Durno lying as he was found by Cindy and Granny.

And Granny threw the XXX magazine Durno was reading away.

"I will cut it up into paper squares and sell it to the passengers in need for that coach needs plumbing," Oiler in the darkness and added, "purr," it will be my trade mark from now own and would sell his imported Cuban cigars and leave them to be the trade mark for another famous salesman in another story, "Womba."

"Thought of leaving me behind?" And was The Druid who seeing Servant sneak away talking to himself followed and had got lost. So how did he find them? "It was the mules "enawing" as they are a mutinous lot, why look at them thinking of revolution as they is fed up carting us privileged folk about. Perhaps we better let the servants do their work and let them ride with us a while," The Druid showing signs of old age. He was also putting ideas into the heads of them mules who understood every word he said for them mules was educated mules.

*"And the girls was girls on the make and up so was happy he was senile,"* Aslop who understood women well for he had never married but remained a bachelor aloof from the world as a philosopher.

"Here I have been reading Dieaslave for inspiration," Nameless full of rebellion.

"I have been reading Spartacus," Servant wanting too show he was educated too.

"I have been reading Lenin," Useless thinking that must have been the idea he had forgotten and was lies. See in his hole ridden pocket ABC learn to read with saucy pictures.

"Look what I have been reading," Bornaslave and opened his secret diary full of snap shots of

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Cindy.

And the passenger elite gathered together and whispered so the whispers irritated the rebellious servants.

“They might flog us to death,” the only servant with intelligence.

“Who might?” Bornaslave overhearing the one who muttered this just loud enough for his friends too hear and start worrying.

“It was all his fault,” Useless pointing at Bornaslave for Useless knew it was always him that got gnawed but wait a moment, them murderous hounds was absent so Useless smiled and added, “Via La revolution, go and dig your own gold mines,” and added a noisy raspberry, “prrrrrrrrrrrrrrt,” the noisy raspberry.

“I have been reading nothing,” the one with intelligence shouted always a groveller and was a lie for in his chest pocket 'Baby names.'

But the vocalizer was out of luck for the passengers said: “The ring leader.”

“Yes him always the trouble maker,” Bornaslave pointing at Dieaslave.

And The Druid clicked his fingers so the mutinous scum was harnessed to the coach.

“Make them run bare feet,” Granny for Granny was a tough old bird so dished out old medicine.

“Yes and in their shorts,” The Chancellor giving away the secrets of The Chancellery.

“I will make them dance,” the sheriff and blasted the scurvy feet of the revolutionaries.

“I will make them hoofed for effect,” The Druid who was hated by some and admired for his magic by others.

“When no one is looking I will take the best seat for myself,” Lancelot sneaking into the coach by himself.

“Broom broom their minds empty,” Granny and the broom whacked the harnessed till they

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saw mules spinning in front of their eyes.

“I feel guilty for Dieaslave,” Cindy showing there was more to pretty ankles than taking senile old men to the cleaners.

And as Dieaslave looked at her with big puppy dog eyes to have pity on him; did she laugh her head off? No but two dogs wanting a gnaw to vent their stress out sulked into the coach.

A coach not quite empty.

“I am Lancelot so beware,” Lancelot who was a knight.

“Grr snarl,” them dogs who couldn't care less.

And as something exciting was happening in the coach Cindy felt pity for Dieaslave with these words: “Let the one with the rat tail go.”

“Rat tail,” Dieaslave and looked at The Druid who smiled back.

“Here this isn't fair?” Bornaslave wanting freed too.

“Old Durno needs a rest,” Durno and went to sleep on top of the coach; but handed Dieaslave his whip for luck.

And Dieaslave looked at Bornaslave remembering who had said, “*He is the trouble maker.*”

“Friend?” Bornaslave hopefully but Dieaslave had wax in his ears as he sat in the coachman's seat and snaked the whip places so Bornaslave feared for important places with these words: “Oh my Gawd.”

And the passengers entered the coach and screamed and shouted: “Messy dogs what have you been eating?” “Whatever it was has made you sick.” “Yucky the runs too.” “A servant is needed to carry the bucket and one the mop.” “Servant come here.” “Nameless you are needed.” “Dirty dogs get out for the night.”

“Grr snarl,” the two dirty dogs knowing when they wasn't loved and wanted for a cuddle leaving the coach.

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“Wolves,” Egor showing his stupidity as he arrived so beat the two dogs good so Useless and Bornaslave giggled.

“Giggle,” they giggled on the loud side so was heard by the two nasty dogs who like elephants never forgot.

“Well handsome?” And was Lula Bell being sarcastic as she arrived in a flutter of bat wings.

“Lula Bell?” Egor holding his arms out for a hug and stuff.

But Lula Bell had a good memory so hit him there and kicked him under the arms so Egor was sore. “Egor not happy,” Egor as he was sent to the darkness of the coach.

“Sulk,” Egor in the darkness.

ANYWAY: The coach sped away pulled by Useless and Bornaslave encouraged to run as fast as they could from two dogs who wanted to giggle over them, and chew them to bits too.

“I will show a bit of leg to make them stop,” Vendor 678 and did so.

“What have I done?” Useless no longer ogling but shaking with TERROR.

“What have I done?” Bornaslave no longer ogling but trembling with FEAR.

“Grr sniff,” close behind them for they had stopped; and was the leg grateful? No for Vendor 678 had covered it up and not even cast a wink and parting blown kiss but said instead, “Nice doggies, fetch,” and threw a rubber chicken she kept for emergencies towards the harnessed.

“Lazy buggers,” Dieaslave and used the whip to make the coach speed away.

“Here wait for me,” Vendor 678.

“Grr snarl,” far behind for Dieaslave had saved his friends.

“I need another rubber chicken,” Vendor 678 but had none so ran for it.

“He still likes me,” Bornaslave meaning Dieaslave but then got whipped everywhere to stop talking in the ranks so cursed: “I hate the bum.”

“Ha ha,” Useless thinking that funny so got whipped everywhere to stop laughing in the ranks

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so cursed: "I love the bum," for Useless was useless with words.

ANYWAY: A lone figure stood out of the dark smelling of washing soap.

"Here it is I a friend of Mr. Oiler," the aspiring cousin.

"Are you stopping for Mr. Oiler's friend?" Useless hating all friends of Mr. Oiler.

"Vie La Spartacus," Bornaslave who didn't know who he was but sounded good; but he too hated Oiler and his rich friends.

"Ouch," the aspiring cousin as he was run over and close behind, "Grrr sniff."

Was the aspirer dog meat then?

"I must crawl my way to the driver's seat," the aspiring cousin holding onto the chassis but crawled in the dark onto a wheel so spun there all night getting dizzy.

At least he didn't meet them nasty dogs so feel happy for him.

And inside the coach Lancelot emerged from the dark: "Granny?" Who put him to work oiling her broom then oiling her back with massage oil.

"I am a knight of the land madam and demand better treatment," Lancelot demanded so Granny gave him some sweets to suck as he worked.

"Thought of leaving me behind?" Dracula with a million flies on him as he fluttered at the coach window and because he stunk of a midden and had many winged friends the coach window was shut on him.

"I will bite Dieaslave as consolation," Dracula and as he flew above Dieaslave the whip poked him in both eyes.

"Where did that bum go?" He asked and flew in circles that led him to two mean dogs.

And an elf with pointed ears flew onto the baggage and said: "I will stay put for this elf has met Eager in a foul mood." But the whip was long and as Dieaslave cast it back before he whipped the two harnessed ones, it wrapped tightly about the elf who screamed: "GAWD."