

## Coachman

## NASA

And it all happened when the coach stopped at a motel in the middle of the desert?

Desert?

Well his brain was getting exhausted from all the thinking so Dieaslave snoozed.

“Hey that maggot has stopped whipping us,” Bornaslave and threw off his harness and because the thinker was snoozing had no one to think for him; so instead of thinking murderous revengeful deeds ran hither and got lost.

He ran like so: “Yippee I am free,” and jumping clicked his heels so wasn't looking so landed on a gorilla monster that bit him good. And because it bit him instead of shredding him was a monster and was a gorilla as it had escaped from a L.A. Zoo with the help of special penguins.

“I will follow that twerp as he seems to know where he goes,” Useless being useless so ran hither after Bornaslave and got lost. And said: “Eating the crumbs swept off the passenger floor has given me the colic so need a cacti. Mmmm there are hundreds here so *enie minie mo three piggies* went to market,” Useless hummed to help him decide which cacti to go behind and sigh with relief. Remember Dieaslave wasn't here to help him think quick so Useless added:

“Poppycock that one will do,” and was the nearest as he needed relief quick as colic is real mean.

“Grr sniff,” from dogs with hound ancestry so followed their toys and found one behind the first cacti they reached amongst a hundred.

“Oh Gawd not again,” Useless behind the first cacti in a compromising position.

“What a relief I must get in the coach and darkness,” Dracula with gnaw marks places and heard screams so added :”Did I bit them dogs for IF I did life at night will never be the same.” So feared vampire dogs did be chewing him as he said to any common milk maid, “Come to the Casbah with me honey,” so before the lying twerp of a vampire bit her vampire dogs did find and chew him; thus ruining his act. Yes night life would be different for ever.

## Coachman

"I must find them dogs and check them for my bite marks so I can relax," Dracula wondering out into the desert to melt as careless forgetful vampires do in daylight.

And as he wondered an eagle flew over him and dropped white stuff all over him.

"What next?" Dracula sizzling and what next came with these words? "What am I thinking about? Who cares about humanity and vampire night life. I care about me and me is LOST," so shouted "Help mummy forgive me I bit you mummy mummy," as he lost his marbles and ran hither and got bit sixty times by red ants.

ANYWAY as Dracula stressed so skin blotches spread over him so he looked like an off banana another complained, "I need bandages so must risk the sun to buy from Oiler in the coach," the elf emerging from the baggage covered in whip stuff. And moths that had been eating clothes in the baggage had been eating his clothes. And the elf opened the coach door to seek Oiler and since he wasn't fully awake had forgotten something: something very important like passengers lived in there.

Passengers out of the ordinary.

"Eek we can see his thingamabob ha ha and look he has big knees and is as skinny as a rake, don't vampires eat well? Ha ha," the malicious laughter as them moths had been hungry you know.

"Bo ho," the elf copying Eagor so ran hither in the desert seeking Eagor for a cuddle to feel safe and cosy and face the world again. Yes Eagor for the elf was demented with anger.

So wasn't long before he screamed, "What the blazes am I doing?" As the sun was hot and there wasn't a cave about so he could hang upside down as vampire bats do that and snore too. They also like ordinary bats mess the cave floor up too so the cave stinks so beware don't picnic there.

As he was out of his mind never saw the Tarantula coming out its borrow so stood on it and

## Coachman

why it bit him there and ran up his leg.

“A spider I am terrified of them,” the elf frothed and added, “they got sixteen legs and all hairy and them hundred eyes staring at you,” as he was afraid of spiders you know as you take your fears and desires over to the vampire world when you leave this one see.

And as the desert filled with interesting life proving deserts are full of life them passengers was nice and cool, the coach was air conditioned for they was 1<sup>st</sup> class.

AND, “Thank the ancestors the coach has stopped,” the aspirer wrapped about a wheel so uncoiled but because he was all rubbery sprang this way and that with these free Cathy fortune cookie sayings: “Bullocks,” and “blast.” And because he was all rubbery uncoiled this way and that and rolled down a sand dune.

“Where has Confucius sent me,” he was being polite as translated means, “Blooming heck [J@F8HU\\$G??????](#) I am ???>llKKJ\*\*\*>?? LOST.” And he was by the cow that jumped over the moon too. Then he spied a big fat lizard basking on a rock. “I will ask that lizard where I am before making it sweet and sour,” the aspirer who hadn't heard about Dieaslave's brilliant mind to ask.

“Here big fat lizard where am I?” Aspirer taking out his fold down chop sticks.

“Hiss,” the big fat lizard and flicked a blue tongue then clamped its poisonous jaws on him.

“Here let go off me,” Aspirer and as the lizard didn't he ran seeking Cousin Jackie but this was a desert and Cousin Jackie was back in Cathy thinking of ways to get to the moon. Because as Cousin Jackie often said: “There is no profit running about a hot desert with a Gila monster clamped on an important place because it is a mean lizard as well as being short sighted.” And of the moon: “It is made of cheese, think of the profit as them hairy barbarians eat cheese, yellow, blue, red in fact any colour as long as it smells like cheese.”

AND: “I know when a coach has stopped?” Durno coming awake just like that for he was an

## Coachman

EXPERIENCED coachman. So tugging at his leathers for coachmen chew much tobacco jumped off the coach to find a solitary skinny cacti to water behind.

That explains: "I have twisted my ankle," as he landed.

And : "A Rattlesnake was behind the solitary cacti and bit me on the thingamajig."

Also : "And staggered into quick sand."

Why he was screaming : "Help."

But the passengers were sleeping apart from the vampires and LOST and another. One that was favoured by Eostre the beautiful goddess with a bet on with Wodan. That explains why Dieaslave sat on the drivers seat under a pastoral painted umbrella drinking caramel flavoured fizzy drink: for this was the birth place of that fizzy drink you know. Why see a vendor machine nearby full of ice cold caramel flavoured drinks: a pity the lost didn't have any spare cash and besides they was lost so didn't notice it.

"I wonder what my Cindy is doing," Dieaslave playing, 'She loves me and loves me not' with a desert flower and was not hungry for he had eaten a tuber and roasted it with his mobile campers paraffin stove. And eaten it with his handy pocket Swiss Knife that had a fork on it.

"Yes Dieaslave was his name,

favoured by one above.

So always thought ahead.

Why unknown to Oiler,

His pockets was full of maps,

Sewing needles.

Matches and inflatable mattresses.

And three minute noodle packets for:

Cousin Jackie got about."

## Coachman

“Puff pant,” Vendor 678 who had ran after the coach so was all puffed out.

“Hello, wondered where you had got too?” Dieaslave sipping an ice cold caramel flavoured drink while a mobile cold water bottle kept him nice and cool.

“Swine,” Vendor 678 and in a rabid frenzy of hate towards the driver that had left her behind, miles behind to be mauled by a mountain lion, ran over by desert antelopes the mountain lion was after. Correction a dozen mountain lions after the herd of a hundred antelopes, Vendor 678 crawled her way up to gnaw Dieaslave.

*“Being out in the hot sun makes one a little bit off,”* Aslop interrupting again.

“It was Durno driving and you can find him over there,” Dieaslave living up to his quick thinking reputation as he slurped an ice cool caramel flavoured drink.

“Over where?” Vendor 678 focused on the drink.

As Dieaslave from his lofty drivers seat could see the lost running about the desert.

## IF THEY HAD ONLY KNOWN.

And Vendor 678 crawled off into the cacti she thought: “Why am I doing this. He has ice cold caramel flavoured fizz drinks and I have nice hot legs?” Vendor 678 realising she was a female with pretty ankles that could get a free caramel drink from any Son of Adam.

“After all men are descended from the thousandth repeat of 007 Xmas movies,” she said and cheered but because she was crawling had crawled over an scorpions nest so: explains why she screamed:

“Dieaslave.”

Who whispered to us, “I am faithful to Cindy.”

\*

And not far away, in fact over the next dune a Fairy Godmother was sending a rocket to the moon.

## Coachman

**Cousin Jackie Moon Corporation** was stamped on the rocket and no longer in Cathy the man himself. “Perhaps I could sell the cheese as sweet and sour flavour in Cathy and be mega rich,” for some could dream for he had eaten mushrooms. Magic mushrooms picked by another careless under paid mushroom picker who dreamed all day as he ate them all day.

“They call me Careless and am needed as a holiday relief for Bornaslave and Useless,” Careless in hippy gear as he picked the wrong mushrooms.

“I can sell Milk Thistle Extract and become a god,” Cousin Jackie really tripping and suffering from a common vermin dream. For waste mushrooms was washed into the sewers where millions of rats now tripped.

*“Milk Thistle Extract is taken quick by them eating the wrong type of mushroom,”* Aslop dreaming of an Oscar for he had eaten mushrooms lately for Careless was indeed careless.

Careless a small hunchback figure with a fat bank account for Careless got about and behind another sand dune his caravan. A big gold \* was on the door for Hollywood Wood sought Careless for fairy tale roles. Roles where the hunchback was thrown into a microwave oven and the kids loved it for the kids was modern.

“I need a snooze,” Careless full of magic mushrooms so felt ill so wondered off AND: “Hey a yellow submarine,” Careless seeing a coach thunder across him and never felt it.

And: “I can see a flag with my name on it planted on the cheese up there,” Jackie stuffed with mushrooms. Then felt the earth rumble under him so added, “Cool man cool the P.C. Gamers have invented realistic rumble effects,” for maybe he had more mushrooms in him than realised so was rumbled over by a coach.

A coach that stopped on him too.

A heavy coach.

And a ladder dropped out for them inside to walk down.

## Coachman

A ladder that connected with him under it.

“Ha ha ha I felt that,” him under it for mushrooms have funny side effects.

“Here that pervert under the ladder is looking up my pretty ankles,” Cindy wanting paid for she never gave anything away free for she was descended from perfume makers and sweeties.

“Hey bum you owe my woman \$100 for a peek of ankle,” the sheriff and because his back was to her never saw Cindy give him finger signs.

“She was modern,

Liberated and Cindy.

Rich and needed served.

Worshipped and her own tabloid.

Her flowers was organic,

So healthy and expensive.

And had Cousin Jackie by the thingamabobs.”

And as Cindy emptied a wallet the sheriff got excited, “Hey the bum is Cousin Jackie,” which explains the interest of the others so dragged him from under the wheels so wasn't all bad.

“Ha ha I never felt a thing,” Cousin Jackie in a funny position.

“Eagor help,” Eagor being helpful and wanting to impress Lula Bell so straightened Cousin Jackie till he was standing.

“Ha ha never felt a thing,” Cousin Jackie so Eagor was wrath for only he had learned to say “Ha ha,” for this story so mangled the life out of Cousin Jackie; the remaining part that is.

“Ha ha,” Cousin Jackie being very foolish for he was in the hands of a monster that could not read or write. A monster who could not fit into society. A society that hated him and did not want him to fit in.

“HA ha,” Cousin Jackie then added, “Hey where am I?” As the mushrooms Careless picked

## Coachman

and fed him wore off.

“Hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” sort of thing he heard from Eagor just before Eagor kissed him and cuddled him and put him gently down.

“I felt everything Cousin Jackie,” and was not lying.

“I love that man,” Lula Bell unable to tell the difference between a man and monster.

Perhaps she needed glasses.

And a dust storm was seen to be coming: a dust cloud full of sounds.

SOUNDS OF THE LOST.

“Eagor afraid,” so Lula Bell took his hand and ran with him to a rocket ship. It was a hundred yards away when the coach was right there with dark places for ticklers to giggle in.

“My a cruise ship?” Granny and jumped her broom leaving the young to save themselves so sped away to the shiny rocket ship.

“I loath her a million loathings,” Cindy as she walked after Granny for Cindy knew her selling pressed flowers in dark street corners paid for Granny to swim in heated pools in Finland. Swimming pools full of handsome attendants.

“Here a foot cleaner how quaint,” Sir Lancelot and cleaned his spurs on what Eagor had kissed and cuddled with his massive strength.

“Ouch,” Cousin Jackie hating life.

“Sign here for accident insurance,” Oiler and Cousin Jackie signed for he was not feeling well. “What have I signed?” He asked too for he recognised Oiler walking away and worse, the man was shaking with laughter.

What had Cousin Jackie signed.

“His life to me,” Oiler and a tail sprouted from his pants and horns from his head. “Ouch that hurt,” he added as sulphuric smells stunk him up. Evil laughter was heard too and little devils



## Coachman

with barrows and spades ran about him collecting the mule stuff to sell as fertiliser later.

And H.M. got out of the coach and being large wobbled all over Cousin Jackie and winded too to make matters worse for Jackie who went green.

And H.M. who knew how to rule but not think for he had never asked Dieaslave slowly walked after the rest. "Goody goody a rocket ship too play with," for H.M. got to play with want he wanted, except a pressed flower seller who stuck a butcher knife to his apple with these words: "Don't even think about it chum." For pretty girls had an arsenal of words like, "Clear off four eyes," and "Bugger off ugly." So H.M. only bought her pressed flowers and made her richer. So rich even he in the red shoes had ideas, "If I dress like her I can squeeze more cash out of men on dark street corners and call it Taxation on Ogling whatever," for The Chancellor knew he didn't need to name his taxes for everything was taxed. Even DEATH that was already owned by Wodan so beware Mr. Greedy man in red shoes who has not shaved his legs so is a hairy legged pressed flower seller too. For what is Wodan's is not man's to do what he wants.

And Oiler added, "I already send the aspirer dressed like her to sell flowers for I am rich but want more cash so I wont know what to do with it.

And then Cousin Jackie was covered in salamanders, the giant variety found in a warped druids imagination.

"Just practising for the convention Jackie," The Druid walking away and suddenly Cousin Jackie was flying through the air with wings for how on else was he to fly the druid the hundred yards to the rocket ship; carry him on his shoulders, perhaps but that would be too slow. The druid like the others knew there was casinos and bunny girls on that cruise ship and iced cold lemon tea and sizzling vegetarian steaks for GREEN was FAB.

But it took longer than usual for a flying rich Cathy salesman to cover a hundred yards for The Druid saw an opportunity to collect goodies for his spells.

## Coachman

Like the claw clippings from a wild angry coyote.

The left eye feather from a ravenous giant Condor vulture.

The back feather from a curious ordinary vulture.

The left incisor from the local Red Man Civil Rights Association.

For The Druid never did anything himself.

He had Servant.

But Servant wasn't about so Jackie did do.

So wasn't surprising Cousin Jackie screamed:

“This coyote doesn't like me,” and was true for  
what coyote wants its claws clipped.

“This Condor has the biggest sharp beak ever,”  
and was a truthful saying why just ask Cousin Jackie covered in bandages.

“This vulture has the smallest sharp beak ever,”  
and there must be smaller beaks about but Jackie needed a blood transfusion.

“He was so angry,” Cousin Jackie referring to  
the Red Man whose tooth he pulled.

And at last the rocket ship where The Druid got off and, “I will let you try the potion out first,” and as a tip clicked his fingers so warts, plague and leprosy covered Cousin Jackie for, “He needs to be alone,” The Druid feeling kind.

Don't worry so don't feel sympathy for Cousin Jackie, we all know the effects of The Druid's spell don't last long. So Cousin Jackie cheered at that thought as he was thrown off the Rocket Ship base by the security personnel, thrown down a sand dune with quick sand at the bottom but the security guards never noticed as they wanted back to play pool and watch Sky in their mess served by bunny girls: for these were Rocket Ship security men so was special.

## Coachman

“Will anyone save me?” Cousin Jackie in the quick sand but remember he was covered in warts, plague and leprosy.

Looks like the end of him but then there was that dust storm coming and someone else?

Careless?

No somehow he had wondered into the rocket ship and now sat at the controls full of curried special mushrooms and fizzy caramel drink so didn't feel good.

So who would save Cousin Jacky to make more films?

**THE FAIRY GODMOTHER of course.**

She was six feet tall and red headed for a change and in a skirt that didn't exist. She was all dream woman and waved this wand from the end hung a spiked ball to encourage donations.

“I am a real fairy

Flutter flutter.

And to be so

Had a deranged mind.

A mind about to be unhinged.

Flutter flutter.

And for good measure poofed a pumpkin

Into a coach.

For Cindy and the rest were too cramped

In that coach.

That needed a good valet service.

There was unhygienic dogs living in there.

And Egor who was a monster.

A monster whom Dr. Frankenstein

## Coachman

HAD

Never toilet trained.

““Ha ha,”” that idiotic monster. “

And the fairy mother whatever saw Careless stagger into the rocket ship for careless people stagger showing others they are useless; and being useless perhaps a distant relative of Useless who dreams of gold mines because he is a dwarf. One that never learned to read or write so copies Bornaslave who needs Dieaslave to think for him.

“I will turn him into a frog needing kissed to become a handsome prince,” the fairy god mother but was heard above by the goddess Eostre.

“What does that cosmetic mess intend doing? Why there is only one handsome prince,” Eostre and in her locket chain a picture of the handsome prince. Dieaslave when he was one without the warts and gangrene.

And Eostre stuck signs in the desert.

**'THIS WAY LOST ONES.'**

“I need three blind mice, a pumpkin, a pretty ankle and a servant to make Careless a toad,” the fairy whatever proving she was deranged and suffering memory loss for she was ancient. Why she was in every Mel Gibson film and had played along Frank Sinatra and the rat pack. “I just want sleep,” she moaned and cracked remembering her performance in the 10<sup>th</sup> Kingdom and cried so her black mascara ran.

“Eeek an evil witch,” Bornaslave and added “What do I do, where is that maggot Dieaslave never here to help me,” so Bornaslave threw the escaped gorilla monster onto the evil witch.

“Oh my Gawd where did this primate come from?” The fairy Godmother showing she was learned and had been to finishing school.

“I am Bornaslave first class pot washer,” Bornaslave knowing primate must mean him and be

## Coachman

an insult for Dieaslave wasn't here to help the banana. And in the circumstances Dieaslave did rather be a maggot than a banana when a hungry escaped primate was near; in fact right next to you.

“Ooook,” the hungry primate and wiped his big fat rubbery lips so salami flavoured saliva splattered Bornaslave but not the fairy whatever for the witch had pretty legs as well as ankles.

*“And the primate was male of course,”* Aslop.

“I belong to the passengers in the coach,” Bornaslave forgetting he could have raised the flag of the working class brothel visitors and say he was H.M. But he had little ambition apart from finding the sparkle and drowning Dieaslave in dirty washing up water.

“Ooook,” the hungry gorilla not getting any attention.

“A dish washer how cute, and just what I needed,” for the godmother was a lousy house keeper. “I usually use blind white mice and turn them into vacuum cleaners,” but the blind white mice had wisely immigrated. “Did anyone ever tell you I want skinny ugly first class pot washer,” for the godmother with all that magic could be forthright and worse truthful.

“Bo ho,” Bornaslave.

“Oooooook,” the gorilla and added “Bo ho,” for the ape thought he looked like Bornaslave.

“I am the fairy Godmother and can grant you any wish you like,” the evil witch of a fairy god mother lied for there was many strings attached to her wishes. Like if there was money about she did replace you with Prince Charming and if not turn you into that bad tempered green ogre Shrink who spoke to mules and donkeys so needed locked up.

“Wow,” Bornaslave when he could have said, “How awe fully delightful and now for my wishes.” Instead he fell on his face so deprived himself of seeing them legs.

“Ooook,” the gorilla still looking at them legs as wasn't daft.

“Grant me a wish please, to be like Dieaslave,” Bornaslave who knew that was the pinnacle

of life.

“Mmmmmm,” the Godmother for she was a calculating business woman thus able to function as evil witch as well as godmother whatever.

“Pffff,” just like that and Bornaslave found himself in a caravan next to the rocket ship and a pile of dirty dishes to wash and ironing to do. 'FAIRY GOMOTHER'S PLACE' on a sign outside.

“Fag this,” Bornaslave and threw away his apron and rubber gloves and jumped out a window.

“Grrr sniff,” below the window for the dogs had been following Useless.

“Ooook,” the gorilla lonely without Bornaslave to mangle.

“Prrrrrrrrrrft,” just like and sent the ape too but as something was tugging her expensive French silk stockings laddering them she was obviously distracted and very annoyed.

“Yucky,” she managed looking into the big brown bright eyes of Useless.

“Drool,” Useless when he should have said, “Madam I have never seen Aphrodite in a vision of Venus except in my dreams, how grateful I am to be able to adore you.” So explains why the Fairy Godmother was annoyed.

I mean Useless had dirty finger nails and blacker unwashed fingers. Fingers all hard from mining in mines full of Dead Man's Fools Gold. His breath was off as he didn't have television in deep mines so never heard about Colgate and white teeth. So his breath stank and why the fairy magic woman was trying to stand away from him.

“Don't you like me?” Useless and shed a few tears for he had had years of whippings from rotten ogres and trolls to make him dig deeper and faster. So knew the value of tears and had never learned they had no value.

She was the fairy Godmother out of the same fairy stories as Grimy Brothers wrote. Stories that made kids go under the beds terrified. Stories full of trolls that ate kids, ogres that ate kids,

## Coachman

witches that ate kids, wolves that ate kids, fairy whatever that felt disgusted when things like Useless laddered their silk expensive stockings.

“Vile thing be away with you,” and her tone was harsh too just to let Useless understand for she knew he must be uneducated with them dirty finger nails.

“I failed to understand the benefits of a healthy diet and homework but don't deserve this,” Useless in the “Prfffft,” as he was sent away and “Bo ho,” was the last thing out of the “Prfffft.”

“\$100 a pair dam little useless man,” her answer.

“SHAME.”

“I am Madam Fairy Whatever so watch it.

I know my worth

A \$100 a pair.

And dates with Dr. Who.

But prefer blind mice.

Pumpkins and cucumbers.

Watermelons even.

And first class pot washers.

“I am Madam Fairy Whatever so watch it boys.”

“Grr sniff,” for they had finished with Bornaslave who hung from their mouths for they were BROTHERS who shared everything.

“Is that my pot washer?” The man hating Fairy Godmother who only appeared to help pretty ankles doing healthy floor polishing work without an electric polisher.

“Ha ha,” Bornaslave having learnt a trick or two from Eager.

“Prfffft,” the expensive lady and sent Bornaslave to a rocket ship to colonise the moon.

“Grrr sniff,” the mean dogs showing they was mean tough neighbourhood dogs that could

## Coachman

chew any careless postman and mess up a lawn with well smelly mess.

“Just try it boys,” for the fairy lady knew how to tell boy and girl dogs apart.

“Grr sniff,” the dogs having learnt nothing from Dieaslave since they never gnawed him; but had learned everything from Bornaslave, Useless, Servant and Nameless.

“Prfffft,” and sent them to a space ship where they landed on soft stuff.

“Oh my Gawd,” Bornaslave the soft stuff.

“Have a mushroom?” Careless in the rocket ship.

“Ta very much,” Bornaslave so soon felt nothing.

“Grrr sniff,”

“Ha ha,” Careless full of mushrooms and if Eagor only knew he no longer had a laughing Patent: “I will mangle him,” Eagor when he found out, “Ha ha and see how Careless likes that,” and added, “Bo ho he has stole my laugh and was so upset sat and and the big ugly monster cried.

For Eagor knew he had nothing to offer the world except his muscles and laugh for Eagor knew he was thick as toast with a thicker spread of unhealthy lard on it. “Bo ho that is why I mangle people for looking at me funny. (Looks more than funny, looks full of revulsion and loathing.) A dangerous thing to do when the monster is mentally unstable.

But he was wrong for Lula Bell knew he had more to offer than nuts and bolts so Eagor should cheer and go make his fortune.

“Lula Bell is right, what is a laugh. When I hear Careless laugh it sounds like a Tom Cat sitting on a meat mincer a broke owner owns who can't afford a vet. Careless can have my laugh and I will make my riches the other way,” but Eagor remember was thick and didn't understand what Lula Bell meant so stood in his shorts and posed flexing his muscles.

“Yucky I am ill,” and “he is plain ugly,” from decent folk for Eagor was covered in operation



## Coachman

marks and nuts and bolts. But some friends of he who wore red shoes was happy to see Egor so threw him pennies.

“I am rich,” the thick monster admiring the pennies. “One penny can buy Lula Bell a diamond ring.”

*ON THE SUBJECT OF PATENTS. “There is such a thing as a patent office,” Aslop but the only shop Egor knew was the workshop he used to work in for Dr. Frankenstein to pay off his medical bills for monster parts isn't cheap. Why the good doctor visited the abattoir for it was free stuff there. And explains why the ugly monster had bristles on his tummy and knees. A curly tail on his bum. A funny nose that grunted often. Yes Egor was ugly.*

**ANYWAY:**

“Where and why have these idiots appeared?” Madam Fairy Godmother and because running lost people was quieter than complaining servants was taken by surprise.

“What a lovely neck madam,” a demented elf dragging her into the shade of a rocket moon mechanic shop for it was built underground so must be dark.

“Here your ears are pretty sharp ha ha,” the fairy whatever knowing how to make an elf stop dead. So was his mistake for he started fuming so giving the wicked fairy time too use her wand.

“Here the wish you wished for all your life,” and she gave him it.

“Here I am so small like an ant no one will notice me so wont get called funny ears,” the happy vampire elf. But towering above him a fairy godmother who was fed up of them all and she was wearing steel capped and studded boots to match her pink ballerina fairy dress.

“Poor elfie time to go permanent bye bye,” the nasty woman but at least the tiny elf got lots of shade under that boot.

“What the?” The nasty godmother who needed sent back to fairy godmother school and learn how to give decent wishes.

## Coachman

“Suck suck,” Dracula not waiting for the mechanic shed for he needed refreshed parts her blood could refresh rodent and rattlesnake blood could not revive.

“Get off maniac,” the fairy godmother and was rich coming from her.

So sent Dracula not to the shade of the deep mechanic bunker but to the rocket ship.

“Wait for me,” the wise tiny elf with funny ears who did not want to hang about this crazy woman.

And as the godmother rubbed mosquito bite lotion on her neck: “Here I see your laundry needs washing?” An aspiring cousin turned up like a bad penny for he was one.

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm,” the godmother seeing possibilities for she had a years washing out back for she was a busy woman. So busy she never stood still and asked, “Am I living a good life?” And answered herself, “Sure am,” and zapped cute white cuddly bunnies into wolves that everyone hated.

But then Vendor 678 turned up like a rotten apple for she was one.

“I will wash your laundry you got on for free if you let me wash your washing mistress,” for she was a true groveller.

So as the laundry aspirer's ripped the clothes off the fairy godmother they poked her in the eyes, stood on her tongue, left finger prints on her delicate bum so was no wonder they was sent to the rocket ship.

“Only people made of cheese live on the moon,” the fairy godmother with a malicious streak for perhaps the cheese people did be cheesed off with the newcomers and make cheese burgers out of them.

And as she picked up tinny clothing fragments she got real angry. “This was the diamond studded dress I wore helping Cinderella. These diamond brooches the three pigs. These gold boots the wolf who appears in all stories. The silver hair band the wicked witch. The sexy

## Coachman

pantaloon the annoying dwarfs who sing out of tune.” Yes she was some woman this fairy Godmother.

“She was a real woman.

With a 46DD chest.

She was a real woman.

With a tight corset.

So was pink faced.

She was a real woman.

And had much washing to wash.”

And a whip cracked the air so she was tickled by the carrot tied to end of it.

“Gee up,” Durno and whipped harder for he liked too she a pretty woman in gold boots dance.

Then “Enaw,” as them mean mules ran over that Godmother biting and wiping their hooves on her.

And the coach ran right over her.

The wheels that is so left rut marks on her.

“Hey a strange looking woman is wrapped about the wheels,” the sheriff and never offered to help the strange looking woman wrapped about the wheels for he did not believe in helping others.

“He's right,” Lancelot and prodded her with his sword to she could tell them who she was and never offered to help for Lancelot only helped himself.

“We don't want another passenger,” Cindy knowing all the women in this story was competition so never offered to help so never offered to share her make up bag for grandmother fairy needed it spinning about them wheels.

## Coachman

“My little Cindy is right,” Granny and tried to broom the Godmother wrapped about a wheel away.

“I like her boots,” he who wore red shoes and yanked them off the fairy Godmother and hid them in his brief case full of your taxes and never offered to help the fuming lady in distress.

“I need all the seats for I am on the large side,” H.M. so never offered to help unwrap the mystery woman wrapped about the four wheels. But did offer his hand with these words, “You may kiss my ring.”

But there was one amongst them who did help and had Durno to help him save the angry revengeful fairy Godmother from turning them all into blind white mice.

His name was Dieaslave who encouraged Durno to yank on his whip: a whip wrapped about the fairy Godmother so was making her blue in the face.

“Enie mino mo,” The Druid making up his mind to help and was a bad naughty minded old man who needed cement weights on his feet and thrown off a bridge.

So was no surprise the fairy Godmother ended up sitting next to him. So was not Dieaslave who saved the angry fairy woman.

“Got any pressed flowers to sell?” The Druid who had saved the angry fairy woman to pose with him as his young girl friend. For he was a pervert through and through and a lesson to all young pretty ankles, beware of dirty old men.

“I knew it competition,” Cindy and jumped on the fairy Godmother pulling her ears.

“That's my girl,” Granny and helped Cindy by sending the broom to poke the Fairy Godmother in the eyes, both eyes.

“Halp,” the Fairy Godmother realising she was amongst friends of them she had sent to the rocket ship.

“Ha ha,” the sheriff used too saloon girls fighting so was a real macho man.

## Coachman

“I am above this,” Lancelot but still kept looking for common folk was born to entertain him.

“Madam bandages going cheap,” Oiler feeling a sale coming.

So is little wonder the Fairy Godmother sent the lot to the rocket ship but since she was in the coach was going too.

And below Cousin Jackie was making sure they were going.

“That was Oiler waving to me from the coach window,” Cousin Jackie and foaming at the mouth, a mouth making weird crackling sounds as Cousin Jackie hit the launch button.

So was Fairy Godmother fuel that sent man to the moon and beyond?

Was fairy Godmother the origins of NASA?

Did Neil Armstrong owe her a debt?

“One giant step for fairy godmothers she was heard shouting.”

“I will shuttle here and there,” she was heard to scream.

“These lot are chimps so will teach man how to survive in space,” also showing the way what to send to the moon first.

“I have lots of Jacky Life Insurance,” also as she was wise and cunning.

“Thank Gawd she isn't insured with me,” Oiler knowing anyone going to the moon was doomed. “Is all conspiracy theories,” he added and, “with cardboard backdrops.”