

Coachman

Green Cheese

And it stunk too for was blue cheese so the little cute cheese men that lived on the moon stunk something too. And as were INTO equal opportunities so all the little green cheese girls stank too; but with a hint of lavender for girls no matter where they are always smell nicer than boys.

“For it is a well know fact boys never change their unmentionables for two years, have potatoes, yams and bamboo shoots growing from their ears, and are covered in ticks and fleas,”

Aslop who is a grown up boy covered in grown up ticks and fleas so itches an awful lot.

“Scratch fleck,” sounds of Aslop behind a lump of green moon stuff. “Argh,” added sounds as moon green stuff can be as sharp as stonemasons know. An interesting fact to know that to further your insight into the building trade.

ANYWAY:

“Gobble wink,” the green little girl said holding a platter full of different types of green cheese for she belonged to the: 'The Moon Chamber of Commerce.' And was their idea seeing a rocket ship coming to promote what the moon had to offer: Cheese and little green people who was lined up in queues and all chained.

YES CHAINED.

“Gobble wink,” as from now on moon language is translated:

“Gobble wink, My idea as will help the rocket explorers buy them and take them back to the earth,” a plump bigger than most little green man who smoked rolled up cheese so added; “Cough wheeze the image counts,” for he had many wallets stuffed full of moon currency. Paper thin gold money for underneath all that green cheese mines to make Useless apply for a permanent visitor visa. Gold to make his eyes boggle, his hair fall out, his tongue swell and escape so better not tell him.

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Gold that had been kept a secret behind the song, “The cow jumped over the moon,” and in that song one should have asked, “Why did it jump over the moon?”

No green grass for it too eat, just little green people standing on gold.

Yes the moon was no place for young little moon boys and girls who needed vast plains to roam and grow tall and handsome. Then marry and fill the plains with millions of little green babies and filled nappies and eat all the food then starve.

“And that's why we members of The Moon Chamber of Commerce want rid of moon people. They are rabbits, the moon is crowded, they have nibbled away at the reserves of cheese. Why look each has his or her name pinned to his green chest. In chains to quieten protesters and by the way my name is Economicrex. Just call me Eco for short.”

And above Eco who made things so simple to understand a rocket ship roared.

“Prrrrrrrtf,” went the rocket ship choking away as Cousin Jackie had cut corners for he was an enterpriser on the up and make. Perhaps in his distant ancestry a Scotsman?

But inside the rocket ship anxious faces glued the portholes.

Portholes covered in sea sickness for mule fuel had been used by that cheap bum Cousin Jackie, “Has made me rich,” Durno not ill for he was used to stage coaches and the rear end smells of mules so had shovelled away for Jackie.

“Yep I am immune and count \$100 and is so rich when we get to the moon I am off to them places no decent person visits. But I isn't decent, I am a vile unwashed stage coach driver who can skin a mule blind folded.”

And the money had a familiar face on it, Cousin Jackie just worthless Monopoly money. A fact of life Durno would learn as he was kicked out of them places no decent stage coach driver did visit.

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And them mules was happy he was vile and dumb as thought of vile places instead of skinning them.

“Enaw,” the happy mules making green house warming effects with horrid rear end sounds.

And in the mobile safe of Mr. Oiler \$10000 Jackie had paid the middle man for the mule fuel.

And about the ill mules juicy rotten carrots to make them produce quickly needed rocket ship fuel.

For Cousin Jackie had not bought enough for he knew who were the passengers.

“People I hate,” Cousin Jackie and “he ha hee ha enaw ha ha,” so was a maniacal laugh for he had become unhinged by them he hated.

“Ga look ga little ga green ga thingamabobs,” Bornaslave looking out a porthole in the galley for he was a natural born dish washer and a natural green leafy colour too.

“Drool ga drip yes and girls green big thingamajigs,” Servant who didn't know what big thingamabobs was and was so ill he was a handsome bright green.

“I am ill I am dying,” Useless an ogre green too look like death for he was a comic.

“The moonies are in grass skirts dancing and waving,” Careless and was correct and believed it was his carelessly picked mushrooms causing hallucinations and because he was full of them, unwashed varieties was more ill than the others at the portholes.

And more ill than them who served up unwashed mushrooms in burger and takeaway places for being careless never washed his unwashed fingers.

'Yes Careless was his blooming name.

Long and skinny these careless types.

With dull sunken eyes.

Eyes that weren't full of light.

But magic mushrooms.

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And he was full of thingme wiggly

thingmes he had eaten.

For he was a careless bugger.

Yes Careless was his name.'

AND:

"I don't want to die Bo ho and ga splat drool," such horrid noises from Nameless and because he had been seeking a mop and bucket in the top of a kitchen cupboard atop his friends; friends who now hated him for he had knocked everything on the shelves on them. Cleavers, steak knives, pepper, chilli, curry powder and a million roaches that was red hot roaches as fed on the hot stuff.

And he never found the mop and bucket up on the top shelf of the kitchen cupboard.

"Is this what you want?" Dieaslave not green for Eostre favoured him for in his hip pocket Mr. Oiler's travel sickness tablets. Made from natural ingredients as mules was handy but . Eostre favoured him REMEMBER.

"What divinity has plagued me with travel sickness?" Mr. Oiler green with added red spots for glamour for Eostre remembered the glass beads he sold her; for merchants get about.

"No one hurts my honey bunny Dieaslave," Eostre in heaven feeding Wodan mushroom filled grapes so he did drift off and not see what was going on Earth below.

"A bet is always won by the nastiest pretty ankle," Aslop.

And as Dieaslave did a cute little hop hop out of the kitchen for an idea had been impressed on him; and then good profitable ideas come from unseen helpers. So for an instant Dieaslave smelt roses and did not think of Heaven but a pretty ankle, four of them for he was a Son of Adam; a crummy in other words. Plus an unseen imp was about and because was invisible got away with improper suggestions to Dieaslave.

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Dieaslave knew he must get to a life boat just like Mozart knew he had to get to a piano.

“Don't forget Cindy,” Eostre sent as a footnote for she was after all dealing with Dieaslave who was still one of them, and always would be one of them, an automatic dish washer.

“I am Dieaslave and a prince.

I will marry Cindy.

And look at pretty ankles

Till the day I die.

Pretty ankles.....as blue tits flew about

Pretty ankles.....as Great tits flew about

Pretty ankles.....and the big tits ate the little tits.

Is all I can think about,” so Dieaslave hopped away to find his love seeing tits everywhere; “Tweet chirp,” the full big tits.

And back on Earth Cousin Jackie was having a bath to rid himself of black soot for them rocket ships using mule stuff is polluting, asked: “Did I cut corners on lifeboats?” And answered himself, “The rocket ship Titanic is unsinkable for is man made,” so answered.

And Cindy was the colour of a green bean so was pretty lifeless. Just as well for Dieaslave who found her.

“I will slip her onto this wheeled waiter tray and whisk her away to a life boat,” Dieaslave thinking again and once in the corridor added, “Her ankles are so beautiful I am distracted,” so got lost amongst the rocket ship corridors; but never saw any signs:

“THIS WAY TO LIFEBOATS.”

“Here you look pretty green girl, better take one of these,” Dieaslave and stuffed many a Mr. Oiler anti sickness pill into Cindy who went many shades of green for she was blessed by Eostre too whose favourite colour was green.

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For being ill through passing doorways alerted those in the doorways something was up.

“Perhaps escape?” Bornaslave wiping his face on Useless as Useless was smaller than him.

Yes Cindy was so ill she did not resist Dieaslave with his warts to take her to the back of the rocket ship, the last part that did hit the green Planet Moon.

'I will tell the twerp I have a headache,' Cindy for pretty girls are pretty girls.

“He has her,” Useless but did not add, “maybe the sparkle too,” so tried running after Dieaslave but slipped on all the travel yucky so slid after Dieaslave.

“Ook,” that mean gorilla that had escaped from L.A. Zoo and threw Bornaslave on the corridor floor and paddled away. Ook,” the primate nut case added not knowing what a sparkle was, but perhaps some giant juicy yellow banana? And how did it get on the rocket ship, well it was needed as an extra to shred the dish washers so the dogs could get a rest. A surprise for bored readers and was mentioned in an earlier chapter too.

“I am going back to the porthole,” Nameless but heard “Grr sniff,” so knew he wasn't.

“Ga ga halp,” Nameless overtaking the gorilla for he wanted to marry one day and have little Nameless kids.

“Sniff grr,” was also heard running by the ape.

“Ook,” the gorilla for was his favourite word. Then threw a mango skin aside for gorillas eat a wide range of juicy fruits.

“Yikes grr yipe sniff,” the mango skin doing a good job so the nasty dogs slid out a port hole and drifted gently down to the little green girl waiting to sell cheese. Don't worry she had no fear of dogs as there are none on the moon: not even little green ones; so welcomed the beasts with open arms.

So mummy never got to chide; “Don't touch the dirty dog, it has worms.” Besides being 14 would never have listened as she knew best.

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“Two pets for the price of one,” the green girl and knew they must be hungry for some green cheese.

“Nice doggies,” she was heard too say.

Yes but this is a nice story for bed time so we hurriedly leave the cheese seller and visit the moon ship again plummeting to the moon at a million miles an hour.

“ZOOM.”

“Ook,” from a port hole.

“There must be a life boat somewhere?” Dieaslave who thought so never panicked.

BUT:

“Gawd we are going to die,” from his fellow astronauts who were the panicky kind.

“Eagor want to live, help me help me Bo ho,” Eagor shaking the gorilla who had been sliding on Bornaslave.

“Oook,” the gorilla falling in love.

“What a relief that idiotic monster can't tell me apart from a chimp,” Bornaslave feeling luck had changed.

“Oh sorry I thought you were someone else,” Eagor putting the soft cuddly toy down and picked up Bornaslave instead.

“I want to live,” Eagor screamed into Bornaslave.

“Oook,” and the primate went berserk, “Ooook Ook,” it screamed for it understood English and did not want to die.

“Ooook,” it screamed into the face of Useless who had been sliding by.

“I hate this monkey,” Useless who did not whisper so the monkey throttled him for it had an anxiety problem, it knew people hated him or her as was a gorilla that zoo visitors threw plastic fruit to eat, so was really BUNGED UP: so hated all Useless types.

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“Master save me,” Servant climbing up The Druid's smock which was no longer white.

“Unclean beastie,” The Druid answering Servant and turned him into a surf board and threw him out a porthole and jumped on and clicked so all his luggage came too. Trunks made of oak full of trinkets collected along the stage coach journey.

Full of stuff waiting to be made into vile potions lovers buy; so escaped and crawled about the surf board Servant biting him good. Even giant Afrikan termites that bored into Servant.

“I hate this druid,” Servant and forgot to whisper so The Druid added a piggy tail at the end of the surf board.

And because was a magic surf board The Druid was surfing his way down moon beams that sang moon songs to the cheesy folk below.

“I am not sure I like these people after all,” Mr. Eco with The Chamber of Commerce.

“Where is my broom?” Granny and jumped on with her Lancelot who she knew as a massager would be hard to replace. “I will tell you where the sparkle is,” and he came.

“I hate myself,” Lancelot looking down at the specks below as Granny had put him undercarriage where servants and masseurs must travel. Where there was lots of splinters. So hung onto the broom with stretching fingers so shouted: “I am going to die.” But don't be alarmed the story needs some squire to get his innings to keep the workers happy. So Lancelot did not fall off and clung to the splinters Okand the workers were not happy.

“I am a film star of a hundred westerns and am going to die,” the sheriff so threw The Chancellor out a port hole and jumped on him to be guaranteed a soft landing.

“I am going to die,” The Chancellor seeing the moon zoom up to meet him so saw his life flash in front of him. “I am innocent of robbing the people,” he lied to angels making sure he watched his life flash by; “I will change my ways and give the money back.” So because he lied the angels changed his course to land on a hill of smelly blue cheese for they did not want his

type in heaven.

“I am going to live,” he quickly changing his tune for tax collectors are leopards with spots that have them for ever.

“I am going to live too,” the sheriff happy he had thrown the tax man out first. For hell wanted his type for he would never die for a friend for he didn't know what love was. Only fame that paid for his singing silver mechanical horse for film stars must be noticed.

“As long as I am the sheriff and get to do this,” and jabbed his spurs into the tax man for effect; for the sheriff like the leopard was a cowboy who would never change his spots.

Perhaps Cindy was with the best man out, warty Dieaslave.

If you was Cindy who would you marry?

And Wodan showed Eostre a picture of Dieaslave with these words: “Beauty skin deep is it? How would you like to be married to him?”

And Eostre felt sorry for Cindy and broke the spell of travel sickness.

“Let go of me creep,” yes Cindy was awake.

“It is me Dieaslave your saviour,” Dieaslave who could not understand he was ugly for he didn't carry a pocket mirror. Besides they all broke when he looked into one.

“Don't you like me because of the big wart on the end of my nose?” He asked and shed a tear.

“Yes.”

“Don't you like me because of the continuous runny nose as kitchen staff eat scraps of lard?”

“Yes,” Cindy feeling guilty for girls are sympathetic silly things who never think,

“Don't you like me because of the smell of unwashed unmentionables?” For Dieaslave was a servant denied baths so this green mist flowed from him and this sound always, “Buzz buzz buzz.” .

“Yes,” Cindy feeling she was made of dog mess and not candy floss now for hurting the wart.

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“Don't you like me because of my uncut curled toe nails,” Dieaslave knowing how to make the best of a situation.

“Yes,” and Cindy wished she had never met him.

“Don't you like me because of the gangrene between my toes,” Dieaslave thinking the green needed a polish then she did like him.

“Yucky,” Cindy and ran for it for death was kinder.

“Come back my love,” Dieaslave and ran after her.

“That bum Cousin Jackie must have put brakes on this machine?” Mr. Oiler knowing if it had been him brakes would be too expensive; an unneeded luxury.

“Eagor don't want to die,” Eagor shaking Useless as he got bored shaking Bornaslave.

“Poof poof poof,” three people becoming vampire bats that flew out a port hole.

“Nameless I want you to die for me,” H.M. ordering his servant to the last.

And was pure chance the brake was found for Cousin Jackie wasn't as cheap as Oiler.

Was Cindy we have too thank for in terror of the approaching wart lay across the controls wanting to faint and pressed the brake button down with her pretty ankles.

“Quack quack,” a thousand times was heard as the brakes was let loose out the back.

“That is the brakes?” Oiler bemused when he should be grateful for ducks is a dime a dozen in Cathy.

“Ook,” the gorilla so happy it grabbed Oiler and hugged and hugged and hugged and broke every bone in Oiler.

“I am dying Oiler,” and was so the bored gorilla threw him away and eyed up the servants.

A gorilla who had been denied cuddly toys as a baby so never grew up.

“Ook,” he ooked approaching terrified Nameless.

But then THUD as the rocket ship hit the moon.

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"I am dead," from Mr. Eco under the rocket ship.

And a little flag popped out the rocket ship cock pit.

"BUY COUSIN JACKIE FORTUNE COOKIES."

But the rocket ship was safe, all was quiet and so quiet the happy sounds of a gorilla at play was heard.

"I am alive?" Bornaslave thinking of himself.

"I am alive," Nameless disappointed the ape wasn't dead.

"I am alive," Useless hoping the ape did go back to the other toy.

"I am alive," Servant hoping they would all die so he get the sparkle and with the gold he could buy heaps of bright clothes gnomes wear and would need someone to iron them, so remembered Cindy.

"We are alive ha ha these mushrooms gave me a nightmare, man I thought we were going to die," Careless eating more mushrooms and might die.

"Eagor lives," Eagor and thumped Careless to prove to himself he wasn't dreaming.

"Ooook," the gorilla and beat his chest but it hurt so beat Useless instead.

"Ha ha," Bornaslave attracting attention to himself so the ape beat him for apes have two hands.

"Since Nameless doesn't have too die for me he can carry me out to show the moonies I am important," H.M.

"*We* are alive," Dieaslave showing why he was liked by the gods and hated by Wodan.

"I hate him for I suspect I did not make him," Wodan far above who only knew how to make men full of wart hog fur balls and greasy hair gel.

"I must get my pressed flowers to sell to the locals and as they gather round escape Dieaslave," for Cindy had escape on her mind.

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“I am dying,” Nameless playing with the gorilla.

“Ook,” which means in gorilla tongue, “Oh what jolly fun,” as he ripped things from Nameless.

“Hey gorilla be quiet I can't think,” Oiler looking out the port hole seeing an army of green aliens with signs:

“WELCOM ALIENS.”

“And behind them Mr. Eco and behind him another army, the real army in chariots made of space junk drifted by and caught in giant fishing nets.

That explains the giant nets sticking out into space catching space junk.

“I have an army of low paid workers that glue the space junk into highly priced rubbish, why just look at my cigar holder,” Mr. Eco and the holder was an old toilet holder reshaped to hold cigars. “Neil Armstrong,” was stamped on it.

“Halp me someone please help me,” and was a squeaky voice.

“Who said that?” Mr. Eco afraid he had poisoned someone.

“Me,” a little girl voice but was asking the wrong people. Yes people for them in the crashed space rocket heard for they was reaching down with hungry hands to sample cheesy delicacies on her tray. A tray that had not been crushed by the three hundred tonne space rocket. Lucky for the delicacies for they was still fresh retaining the full flavour of the moon.

“Why are you lying down on the job?” Mr. Eco asked the girl who had been waiting to sell the aliens bits of the moon.

“Gasp pull me out boss?” The little cute green moon girl under the big space rocket.

“I might get my hands dirty, here you aliens this is your rocket ship so remove it so she can get back to work and why are you eating my moon delicacies for free?” Mr. Eco.

“Eagor was hungry,” Eagor appearing at the port hole.

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“He is beautiful,” Mr. Eco wanting a full page three spread of Eagor on his tabloid paper.

“What about the girl?” Useless jumping out the porthole and following Mr. Eco who was leading a happy Eagor away to page free stardom.

“Never mind her mind me,” Bornaslave showing how selfish dishwashers were.

“They know where the sparkle is,” Nameless being dragged behind Eagor by Eagor for Eagor hadn't stopped playing.

“Wait for me,” Servant and ran after them.

“Stops me putting an ad out for eager workers in my cheese biscuit factory,” Mr. Eco knowing what to do with these unwashed smelly aliens. “No one will notice their aroma in the blue cheese division and besides soap in the latrines costs money.”

“Never mind them I will help you,” Dieaslave showing why he was popular with a goddess for he was not a typical Son of Adam. “Girls are full of lavender and bouncy energy,” Dieaslave getting the attention of Esotre who was a girl with super powers.

“Gasp I am going blue,” the hapless cheese seller under the rocket and was natural; it was a heavy rocket ship remember with coloured fins and brilliant lettering down the side in neon flashing lights.

“JACKIE'S EMPORIUM OPEN 24HRS DAILY.”

And Esotre on a cloud heard and was touched so sent super human powers into Dieaslave and a blue cape: 'SUPERDIEASLAVE', was stitched on it.

“I will make him ill if he comes near me,” Wodan fearing the super Dieaslave who might aspire his job. Why who wants a flying dish washer zooming about the moon at night, or worse stopping people queuing at a car boot sale?

So Wodan took precautions; he bought a Super Man uniform and posed in front of a mirror with these words, “Now Eostre will like me.”

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“I am filled with super power so will lift the rocket ship off you girlie,” Dieaslave and held it up with one finger.

“Eagor jealous,” Eagor no longer the strongest.

“Perhaps there is more to the wart than essences?” Cindy impressed.

“My hero,” the little green cute moon cheese seller.

And Dieaslave who knew how to think shouted: “It is Esotre the goddess of beauty and love we must thank,” for he was a survivor and as he shouted a bad smell spread about him for men give off bad smells like dogs at the wrong place and time.

And speaking about dogs the two we have grown to love and admire ran out from under the rocket ship and ran after their friends.

“Oh Gawd no,” their friends in unison.

Never mind a super dishwasher was near by and would save them, but first the super hero was signing autographs.

'Love from Dieaslave,' he wrote.