

Coachman

Biscuit Factory

“Here my name is not on that sign,” Cousin Jackie looking through a telescope and had a coughing fit when he read small print on the sign.

“HOME TO OILER FAMOUS MOON BISCUITS.”

After an hour for a business man needs a lot of time with smelling salts for merchants are a delicate lot prone to stock market fluctuations and sudden chest pains; so need lots of sympathy and handsome bonus pay packets to make them all better.

“I will look again and plan ahead, I will build a cheese factory across the road for the moon is full of mouldy cheese and I know Oiler does not know what goes with biscuits,” Cousin Jackie and saw another sign for they go up quick on the moon; especially with all that chained free labour.

“HOME TO OILER FAMOUS GREEN MOON CHEESE.”

“Ah my chest,” Cousin Jackie and collapsed and waited for a nurse to administer resuscitation by way of kiss of mouth for he was a true Son of Adam.

“Yucky there is a noodle stuck between his incisor and snappers,” so the nurse knowing the dead can't hurt you rifled his pockets and satisfied headed for the beaches.

But never mind this is a happy story and the nurse left the back door open as some kids in the garden were playing Jumanji the board game and in no time at all, a herd of wild heavy elephants appeared and ran across Jackie.

“Good grief,” Cousin Jackie trying a few karate moves but them elephants had been in the films so remembered Kung Fu stuff so shot peanuts out of their trunks at him.

“Ow that hurts,” Cousin Jackie wanting his aspiring cousins to collect them up, bag and sell them for, “Vendors get about.”

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Then a troop of baboons out of the board game that gave him the kiss of life and rabies.

“Judas Priest who ever invented this game should be shot,” Cousin Jackie.

“Ha ha is the game of life,” Wodan who invented the bad game up.

And was Cousin Jackie grateful to his distant cousins the baboons? “Look nice bananas go fetch,” for Cousin Jackie always kept fresh fruit in his pockets for emergencies so threw them in a pond nearby. A pond filled with scared green Nile crocodiles but them baboons was smart, they was drunk and used to stealing cars, invading houses and carrying of teen age daughters.

They was some baboons; they was made with A.I.

“Chatter chaterr,” them baboons and not “Ook ok.”

For the gorilla like Eagor had patents on laughs and stuff so beware.

For he was annoyed they had infected him with fleas and stuff.

And to get Jacky's circulation going a pride of hungry lions he had to out run too.

“Cousin Jackie was his name.

Ha so kick here and

there.

Poke here and got beat up.

For he was a gentleman.

A Kung Fu one.

Ha so and got beat up.”

And the baboons went and sat on the edge of this story and ate what sweets they found in his pockets and didn't pay for them; the bums of baboons.

“Puff pant,” the running enterpriser doing the trick and added, “I must get to the moon before Oiler owns the pickled onion factory to go with the biscuits and cheese,” Jackie

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managing to hide in an out house for inside toilets had not arrived here yet. Mainly because stingy landlords who owned properties here said: “Who needs an inside toilet, how unhygienic all that stuff festering in a porcelain bowel, much better to have the tenants go out in moon cheese storms and hope they find the right hole in the ground.” And was a quote from Cousin Jackie; so illustrated how landlords are not right in the head.

So as Cousin Jackie pieced together paper squares to read a newspaper free, Mr. Oiler stuck up a new sign on the moon:

“HOME TO THE FAMOUS PICKLED ONION FACTORY.”

“Gasp my chest,” Cousin Jackie in the out house as he pieced together a picture of a mule in a bikini advertising donkey rides on a beach. “It was gasp pant a nightmare,” he explains.

“Buzz,” some flies covering him and buzzed a telepathic message to him as flies are related to greed so are related to enterprisers and slum tenement land lords. “He has done what?” As he heard about “HOME TO THE FAMOUS PICKLED ONION FACTORY.” So added: “Gasp my bowels,” as the effect was like a laxative.

“I must gasp get gasp out gasp of here gasp,” Cousin Jackie and used a merchant's inner spiritual strength to kick the out house door open. “Ah fresh air what a relief.”

BUT?

“Ha ha,” a million kids peering in, kids without shoes for their parents work in his factories.

“Gasp wait till they gasp join gasp my work gasp force,” Cousin Jackie and was so cheered he recovered and pulled the door shut keeping all the flies in. “I must buy organic pesticide,” then used his calculator so added: “Non organic and who cares about the water system as Oiler drinks from it so he will be no more.”

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“Buzz,” annoyed flies who read his mind so plagued him.

“Ah my tummy,” a caring merchant in a outhouse now full of colic and other nasty fly spread diseases. But he was a landlord so was partially immune to the fly born diseases so kicked the door down, jumped out and as the flies flew away fed up of his antics.....”Ha ha,” from 2 million kids for kids get about.

“Drats,” Cousin Jackie who had not pulled up his braces so was peeved.

“Peeved for landlords have souls.

Souls like coal.

Souls like a moonless night.

And sheds full of abandoned prams.

For the mums work all day

All night.

So got no need of them.

So are stripped down for wheels

And stuff like that to sell at car

Boot sales.

And he keeps all the cash.

For landlords got souls.

And suffer peevishness.

When no one buys the junk.

Yes Cousin Jackie was his

Name.

And the other was oily

So Oiler was his name.”

**ANYWAY:**

And on a dusty moon road Mr. Eco stood rubbing his hands in glee. Rubbed them so much smoke came off them so pretty soon he screamed.

And after putting 2 pennies in a Mr. Oiler water meter so water did come out of a common tap to fill a bucket too soothe his hands: "So what if Oiler owns 95% of the factories I will still be rich and he has done all the work," Mr. Eco sending in young moon green kids to learn about factory work to gain free employment experience on their CV.

And none were ever seen again as organ eerie music was heard.

"That green piece of cheese out there thinks he will be rich, I am Oiler and already thinking of ways to swindle Mr. Eco of his share of the profits, he he ha ho," Oiler adding a touch of the maniac.

"For an invisible imp sat places.

Covered in dandruff it was.

For Oiler wouldn't use shampoo.

"It cost money," he said.

So the imp was covered

Dandruff flakes.

So the imp added milk and sugar

And never went hungry.

But fed Oily ideas:

"Don't use shampoo."

**ANYWAY:**

"These biscuits are dry, cough cough," Dracula needing to dip them in blood and question was whose blood?

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"I can use his savoy image to advertise my biscuits," Oiler now wearing a plaid waistcoat and braces to hold up a big waistline. And Oiler saw Dracula in his aristocratic get up smelling, biting and crunching his moon biscuits as advertisement. The vampire's hair thickly gelled, the whitest shirts, the blackest suit and would be paid nothing for, "The dead have no legal rights ha ha ho he," Oiler getting maniacal again and ate one of his moon biscuits so added, "Gawd these are disgusting." But that would be a big secret and as the make up crew got Dracula ready Lula Bell was heard: "My Eagor is better looking than Dracula and knows how to act," and was the lies of a depressed alcoholic vampress rejected by BollyWood for she didn't know how to act.

"Eagor going to be in spaghetti westerns," Eagor dreaming.

"Yes I can use that monster as the bouncer and the first job he can do is watch out for Cousin Jackie and know what to do with Cousin Jackie on the moon, my moon ha ha ho ho he he," Oiler stuffing biscuits in his mouth so dry biscuit crumbs foamed there. "Gasp I need water," he added too.

"Here handsome," Lula Bell and held out a glass but there was a string attached to it.

"Gasp let me drink," Oiler.

"Who is the leading lady?" Lula Bell asked.

"Me," Eagor showing mental health issues.

"For that glass I will make you my star," Oiler and got a drink but whispered to you, "*No legal document was signed, the lady can go find a job as a diaper changer, diaper washer and talcum powder sprinkler on them fresh wiped diaper bottoms,*" for Oiler was nasty so added: "Ha ho he he ho ha," for he was a lunatic.

"*I don't need any legal document for if that bum don't make me a leading lady I will murder him,*" Lula Bell quite rightly and showed us what vamps carry in their handbags; a

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metal crowbar, a cut throat razor, a spiked baseball bat and a bag of itching powder as well as make up and stuff.

*"I am not afraid of her,"* Oiler whispers to us and shows us his lawyer's mobile number.

But then as the lights went on and Dracula flicked out his teeth to suck a biscuit Cindy walked in.

"Pretty ankles of course I will put a picture of them on each biscuit tin and will sell like hot cakes, especially if I lie and say there is a key to Cindy's bedroom in one of them tins ha he ho ho," Oiler drooling and because he had a drink of water was wet biscuit that fell from his mouth as he showed manifesting festering evil genius.

For he did make sure he won the key.

"He was a boaster,

Oiler was his name.

A roaster too for he wore a red scarf.

And knew the ladies loved him.

For he was a delusional walnut.

For he was an Oiler by trade.

And laughed like Santa Claus.

And filthy rich.

Were you and me was

Filthy poor.

Oiler was his name.

And a landlord too.

So buzz some of his friends.

"What Cousin Jackie is here?

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Swine and dry rot.”

For he knew how to swear.

Oiler was his name. ”

“I don't need his money just a ticket off this place for the green dust sticks to my painted toe nails,” Cindy for she spent a fortune getting her nails manicured and painted too match her pretty ankles.

“Baby where you go so do I?” The sheriff and spun his six shooters but gravity took over and they span from his hand knocking Oiler in the back of the head.

“Snooze,” Oiler knocked out so never saw Cousin Jackie blast off from Planet Earth.

“The sheriff is another reason I must escape this place,” Cindy.

“I will be famous as Useless Buzz Light Year,” Useless wanting into films.

“He is another reason I must escape,” Cindy and took out her tray full of pressed flowers and made the rounds.

“Pressed flowers,” she shouted as she edged closer to a sign.

“ESCAPE THIS WAY.”

And the nearer she got her shout, 'Pressed flowers for sale' became a whisper: “*In case the idiots hear me and notice me escape,*” Cindy illustrating how clever pretty girls are.

And who erected such a sign?

Was it Mr. Oiler with a lump in his head lying on the green stuff exactly over the spot marked X.

The X where a thousand tonne rocket ship carrying Cousin Jackie did land and obliterate Oiler for good.

“While Useless tap dances I will follow Cindy and get my hands on the sparkle,” Nameless going to stand next to Cindy showing true originality; but she was used too his



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type. Their after shave warned pretty girls they was coming and in his case something vile and strong.

“I poke them in the yes and when they can't see spin them about and shove them away,” Cindy explaining why Nameless was holding his eyes heading towards a biscuit factory where he did enter and get shackled to a production line filling biscuit tins with green biscuits. “And his after shave stinks of Parisian toilet water,” Cindy really annoyed at the cheapness of Nameless for pretty girls expect expensive after shave and fat credit cards so was insulted.

“I am really mad,” so Cindy ran up to Nameless and used interesting stuff girls keep in their handbags like Lula Bell keeps.

“Argh,” Nameless as a glass bottle dropped from his pocket as Cindy worked him over .

***'Mr. Oiler's Best Aftershave.'***

Ingredients was grazing nearby, 'Enaw enaw.'

“I wonder where this leads me?” Cindy following the sign down a green track a mile above a gorge filled with green water. Yes green water for the moon is made of green cheese and not cheddar.

“Phew this planet stinks,” Cindy proving a point about green cheese.

“Yes take this broom and go sweep in front of the biscuit factory and you will be in the ad,” Eco lying to Useless who took Granny's broom.

“Tra la la,” Useless happy at work a film star sweeping and never noticed Mr. Eco open the factory door as Useless swept himself in.

“What wonders are behind that factory door that them fools must hurry and enter?” Servant showing production line potential.

“Why don't you find out?” Mr. Eco in a voice more oily than Mr. Oiler. So oily it was

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smoother than chocolate and promised the exotic treats of Babylonian pressed flower sellers.

“Squeak,” the factory door squeaking open as entrepreneurs don't waste cash on luxuries.

“Here Nameless let me put them biscuits in that tin,” Servant not thinking but then Dieaslave wasn't here?

“Get your own tin,” Nameless wanting a production line all to himself.

“Any mushrooms in there?” Careless tripping and being assured there was was allowed into the biscuit factory. “These biscuits need some mushroom powder to jazz them up,” Careless about to bring law suits against Mr. Eco and not Oiler for Oiler had more expensive lawyers.

“I am not going in there,” Bornaslave showing promise. .

“You will be left out, wont get a share, be miserable for the rest of your life,” Mr. Eco spinning spin talk.

“Let me in,” Bornaslave all excited so he jumped up and down.

“What about you sonny?” Mr. Eco asking Dieaslave.

“Look a penny,” Dieaslave and when Mr. Eco looked down he was off for Dieaslave graduated from primary school and if he had made it to middle school, who knows, a doctor, a lawyer, a politician or perhaps someone like you the leader of a nation.

“I saw her go down here,” Dieaslave reading the “ESCAPE THIS WAY.” sign post. “I can here her sobbing too,” he added hearing the splashing of the sacred green piranha fish below. And the sacred green Nile crocodiles too as they is in every story. “I should get the fire department as looks real steep,” he hesitated going down as the path that was loose gravel and a trail of careless dropped pressed flowers went down there too.

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“My love for her commands me,” the idiot so went down after Cindy who was near the bottom and running out of flowers for pretty girls know they always get rescued.

“Oh a green painted door I wonder what is behind?” Cindy and opened the door.

**AND?**

***“BUY TICKETS FOR THE OPRAH WINNIE SHOW THIS WAY.”***

“I must but as not seen the last twenty two episodes and besides I smell dishwater behind me,” so Cindy followed the neon lights upwards while Dieaslave closed.

“I know I can't stand that show so know my Cindy will not have gone that way,” for Dieaslave was not only a dishwasher but a Son of Adam.

So real soon came to a beautiful emerald green pool with lilly flowers floating on it, and palm trees with monkeys eating bananas in them. Also strange coloured birds chirped and flew about.

“I will wash in the pool for Cindy must be here for the place has many flowers needing pressed,” Dieaslave and splashed happily away in the emerald green pool.

“For he was a dish washer.

So had never been taught things.

Things like sacred green crocodiles.

Things like sacred piranhas.

And these things have to live some where.

Some where where he was splashing.”

And as Dieaslave got a first class nature lesson Cindy wondered onto the show.

“What pretty ankles she must get on the show and raise the ratings,” the green show producer.

“She has ankles prettier than mine,” agreeen Oprah whoever and showed Cindy a lift;

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a lift that took her to the surface so she said, “Blast back with this lot.” And about her Durno and the mules, the passengers and millions of little green cute green kids eating green cheese and biscuits so did soon be all dead.

And Dracula was needing a sleep so was shown a coffin by Mr. Eco who without Oiler was behaving as a full business partner.

“His was an echo of oil.

And was swollen headed.

Dreamed of bunny girls.

And more bunny girls.

And hatches to keep them.

For he was just an

Oily echo.

Echo echo echo.”

And the coffin was on the edge of a moon crater that would soon be illuminated by the sun.

“He is biting all the little cute green people who now only get up at night so he must go,” Mr. Eco and explains why some of the coach travellers was in the factory packing biscuits and one adding mushrooms so Eco added; “The night shift is Dracula's fault as must be paid night shift wages the bad blood sucking bat.” Yes Mr. Eco was furious and forgot himself and by chance met Mr. Oiler on his way into the factory.

“What do you want?” Mr. Eco forgetting he was only at the dreaming stage of bunnies and hatches whereas Mr. Oiler had swimming pools full of splashing happy bunnies. But was Mr. Oiler's fault for he was burned crisp for on the spot marked X a space ship had

landed.

“Hello,” Cousin Jackie had shouted happy to see Mr. Oiler again.

*“First impression counts,”* Aslop as Mr. Eco saw him as a burnt greedy bum which he was, to be spoken down too and shown the cookers needing cleaned of green moon lard six inches deep from frying biscuits.

“The night shift wages will come out of your profit share,” Oiler sucking a mint, a strong one so Mr. Eco 's eyers watered. “See where you signed,” Oiler shoving a paper under Eco's eyes.

“No,” Eco protested but he was a business partner running on the bad side of nature; hence why Oiler smelled of sulphur and was never bitten by them vampires. And under his pants a wiggle showed from excitement, a wiggle that was a forked tail.

“Here a gift from senior management to take care of the problem,” Oiler opening a brief case taken from a dark pocket smelling of rocket ship engine oil.

“A wooden stake and mallet, what is this for?” Mr. Eco showing off he was as stupid as Useless and Bornaslave; perhaps a relative?

“Just take them and your natural instincts will show you want to do, that's a good chap now go and take care of Dracula and then Cousin Jackie for a bonus, two million shares in the business OK?” Oiler knowing little green men were under the influence of greed for flies followed them.

“Yes droll slurp dribble,” Eco seeing all them shares, bunnies and not ordianry bunnies because they was in bikinis for Eco was a bunny lover. So in a haze drifted into the factory.

Strong mint wafted after him.

“All mine all mine,” Oiler and chuckled so green smoke filtered through his yellow teeth for he was such a miser never bought tooth paste so was a good customer of the tooth

fairy.

A fairy that hated him for all his pennies from her piggy bank was now gone.

“Hello Oiler I want too complain about these biscuits,” and was Granny showing him a green slice of the moon on a hard chunk of green moon biscuit with her false teeth stuck in them.

“It is Mr. Eco who deals with complaints,” and he opened the factory door for Granny to enter.

And a broom hovered above Mr. Oiler as Granny's teeth chattered on a biscuit.

“Hello Oiler these biscuits of yours have given me some colic,” and was the sheriff and because he was so handsome Granny forgot her next move and she dreamed of making him a masseur; for Granny had this problem.

“While she dreams I can escape,” Lancelot but his armour squeaked too much so was apprehended by the broom.

“Ouch,” Lancelot being broomed into the factory where he tripped over Mr. Eco with Dracula having supper from him. Beside Eco a wooden stake, cross and mallet for instinct had not helped Mr. Eco.

*“Hello Dracula show me what to do with these?” Eco had asked Dracula who seeing the stake went fruity and bit Mr. Eco right in the veins so explains why Eco was lying down.*

“A job for you sheriff?” Oiler hoping he did enter the factory and get taken care of.

*“And why did he want rid of them all?” Aslop.*

“For I had a peek at Cindy while she was combing her hair in the private ladies place and saw her sparkle,” Oiler a true villain and added, “Ha ha he he ho ho.”

“I am hungry,” H.M. and needed no prompting to enter the biscuit factory.

“There is an indoor latrine sheriff,” Oiler and was left with Granny.

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“I could do with a bit of green biscuit for a cure for colic,” The Druid.

“For you on the house,” Oiler losing patience with Granny for out of his eye could see Cindy speaking to that loathsome twerp, Cousin Jackie.

And was the fault of vendor 678 and Aspiring Cousin he lost patience with Granny and was taught a lesson in manners.

“There is Cousin Jackie and will go and plead forgiveness in dealing with Mr. Oiler and Jackie will pay off my debts,” a distant aspiring cousin whatever and was allowed to dream.

“I will show him a bit of leg and Cousin Jackie being the good guy will take me back for Oiler has bad breath and sweaty smelly armpits,” Vendor 678.

“What gratitude,” Oiler and grabbed the broom and beat these two strange colours.

“Er my broom,” Granny's rattled voice for her broom went back a long way to a baby broom stick when it was still a giant redwood cedar that a lumberjack was to whittle down to her broom.

“Madam you are annoying me,” Oiler for his eyes was glued on Cindy for she was showing Cousin Jackie pretty ankles. Besides Granny had white hair, was toothless and skinny and whose ankles flaked dry skin and squeaked when she moved so Mr. Oiler ignored her whining.

*“My ankles will give me a free passage to Earth and freedom.”* Cindy explaining to us, in a whisper of course.

“Broom,” Granny and broom beat Oiler the colours of the rainbow and some we never seen in this dimension.

“Oh pretty planets and stars,” Oiler trying to catch them as they spun about his head.

**AND A COMMOTION WAS HAPPENING IN THE BISCUIT FACTORY.**

“Who sent you? Was it Van Hesling?” Dracula between sucks of red juice.

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“Gasp I am dying,” Mr. Eco's answer as he was sucked away.

“He looks real cute, almost the shade of ogre green my Eagor is, can I have Eco as a pet?” Lula Bell.

“Go away woman,” Dracula almost with eight pints in him.

“Save me someone?” Mr. Eco and all the cute little green boys and girls remembered the whip he gave them so, “Ha ha,” they replied and sat down and stopped packing green biscuits and ate them instead.

Soon they did have colic like the sheriff who had been a long time in that indoor latrine where paper was heard being shredded into squares.

“Someone mention my name ha he ha ha,” Eagor proving he was dim and sleeping monsters should be left be,

“Master can I finish him?” That grovelling elf with pointed ears wanting to climb up the vampire social heights; for inwardly he thought Dracula an ugly bum who owed his position to a lucky bat bite one long ago night.

So Dracula kicked him places with these words, “Get your own factory manager.”

“Why did I ever meet Oiler?” Mr. Eco regretting his wrongs.

“Gasp someone mention me?” Oiler escaping the broom outside as it was having a breather.

“A rug Eagor I must have it so we can lie on it together in front of a fire and be cosy and romantic,” Lula Bell and clapped her hands in glee for Oiler was a right mess.

“What does romantic mean ha ha ho he,” Eagor and suspecting it was something naughty giggled then farted.

“The monster has finished me,” Mr. Eco and went blue and added, “Gasp I hate you Eagor.”



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“Who hates me? Grrrr,” for Eagor was an angry monster so pushed Dracula away saving Mr. Eco who sighed with relief. Then Eagor jumped up and down on Mr. Eco with these words, “Hate me do you?”

**ANWAY:**

“Can we have him?” All the little green cute green boys and girls and since Eagor had got bored as a monster's span of concentration isn't good and: since everyone was holding their tummies and banging on the indoor latrine door with these words: “What's taking you so long,” and “How long does it take to have a wee?” And “How long does it take to do a number two?” And “Let's kick the door down,” but because they couldn't wait ran about here and there seeking an out door latrine.

All with their legs crossed. And some cute green boys and girls took Mr. Eco away down to the dark cellar where the sacred green Nile crocodiles and piranhas lived.

“I am saved,” Dieaslave being left alone by the crocodiles and piranhas that preferred cute little green moon kids so scrambled up the walls, the rock boulders, sharp peaks and came out in the Oprah whoever show.

“A dish washer just what I needed,” whoever but Dieaslave was liked by a goddess.

“Who does TV chat show hostess think she is?” And prodded Dieaslave somewhere so he did not take the elevator to the top but like a mole dug his way up.

“Moon light and here what is that cow jumping over the moon for?” His first words on the surface.

While below a goddess was on a TV chat show.

“So Esotre, do you mind if I just call you that and not your majesty Eostre?” Oprah whoever.

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And them with crossed legs found just one outside latrine .....”TWO DOLLARS PLEASE TO USE,” and that aspiring cousin of Cousin Jackie stood there with a can for Cousin Jackie had forgiven him.

## FORGIVEN HIM?

“I let the twerp believe that for I am not standing outside that out door smelly place,” Cousin Jackie sending Vendor 678 to the smelly place to sell rolls of toilet paper.

“Now to take over this green rock,” Cousin Jackie and plucked off a bit and the smell of cheddar was so strong: “Yummy I can stuff my fortune cookies with this and sell millions of toilet rolls from the side effect.

“I will sneak into the rocket ship and escape,” Cindy not eating any green rock.

“Ohh my tummy,” Cousin Jackie.

“Eager like playing in this green dust with no shoes ha ha,” and Eager was the reason why colic was about.

**EVER SEEN THAT MONSTER'S TOES?**

“Come along dear,” Lula Bell fed up of the moon and all the moaning.

So Eager was led by the nose ring to the rocket ship as Cindy sat at the controls.

“How do I fly this ship?” Cindy for she was only a pretty ankle. Never mind help was on the way.....”Ha ha Lula Bell going to teach me the meaning of romantic ha he ho ha ha,” the help.

“Hey there is a loo on the ship,” Useless showing he did be poor and useless for ever.

“I could sell that information,” Oiler holding his tummy as little green boys and girls fattened him up like a goose on ground biscuits and cheese for they had got bored of making Mr. Eco brush the teeth of them sacred green Nile crocodiles..

“A latrine on the ship,” and was not just one but all them idiots so made a rush for the

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ship; of course over Mr. Oiler to show you what happens to kids that grow up bad.

“No tickets no get on,” Cousin Jackie but was ignored in the stampede. “Quick get me to emergency,” Cousin Jackie but was ignored because: “I really hate him for years of grovelling servitude,” the aspiring cousin who was picked up by dishwashers and thrown in a wheel barrow.

“He can take our place in the ship's kitchen,” Dieaslave thinking again.

“Why didn't I think of that?” Bornaslave who was real thick that's why.

“Don't forget me,” The Druid and ran past Jackie.

“I want to die please Wodan let me die,” Cousin Jackie never able to forget what The Druid's skinny hairy legs looked like under his white robe. “There was wild life moving amongst the hairs,” Cousin Jackie too much on the details for Cousin Jackie didn't think it right he should have nightmares alone; he wanted you to have them too to brighten his days.

As for Wodan: “Who is this creep wanting my help,” so Cousin Jackie would live,

And as Cousin Jackie stood up he said, “Hey I isn't crossed legged any more?” So was happy but Granny was riding her broom to enter the ship with these words: “Phew what a stink,” and said a spell or two, actually was three to stop Cousin Jackie entering the space ship.

“Sir you need a bath,” and Lancelot prodded Cousin Jackie away with his toy sword so he stood next to Oiler and all the little green kids who now moved away from him.

So Cousin Jackie saved Mr. Oiler from a fate worse than death with the sacred crocodiles.

So because there was no bad air about the sheriff walked into the space ship swaying his hips for the moon press.

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And The Druid passed him for he was using magic to carry him about for Servant never seemed to be about. And The Druid slammed the door on the face of the sheriff.

Why?

“He was some mean druid.

He never won the golden sickle.

So was bitter and mean.

He missed his servant.

An ugly gnome.

Ever seen a handsome gnome.

They all got white beards.

A gnome called Servant who he beat

Daily to vent his meanness out.

So just liked being mean.

Mean.”

“Here let me in?” The sheriff panicking for behind him he heard the shuffling sound of 2 million green feet of freed factory workers.

“We have the right to live anywhere we want,” the cute green kids as they shuffled.

“I am not waiting,” H.M. and wiggled through a porthole.

“How did he do that?” The sheriff who was not fat enough to wiggle in.

And inside at the controls a pretty ankle was praying: “Oh Esotre goddess of pretty ankles don't let him aboard, he is so boring.”

And Dieaslave beamed, “Now's my chance to show her I am cultured and charming,” so thumbled through the pages of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, all billion pages for he was in love.

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And a door opened and a sheriff crawled in under the feet of a shadow. A shadow that belonged to a real power so the man who owned the shadow was not afraid of anything.

“I will hide this bribe from Esotre and spend it on myself for once,” Wodan wakening up to what women were made of? Nice smelly smelling salts that robbed decent men folk of how to think and what to spend their cash on, like camel racing, shark fishing and gliding.

“I will be in the presidential suit,” Cousin Jackie whom the shadow followed.

“He hasn't noticed me,” a smaller shadow that sneaked in after the sheriff and hid in a broom closet for Mr. Oiler knew a battle lost didn't mean a war lost.

And the sign was put there by the shadow for was a short cut to his place.

And as the shadows sneaked aboard Durno and them mules thundered on knowing no one did notice them in the shadows.

“Here where is Useless to sweep up this mule muck,” Granny so had been noticed for mules are big, hairy legged, and them huge ears and teeth and what comes out the exit?

“Grrr sniff,” and was a whimper as two bum dogs was playing dead so no one did notice them and throw them off the rocket ship.

“Here get Bornaslave to throw them dead dogs off ship,” The Druid and added, “Servant can help,” so they stayed on ship.