

A Blown Fuse

Coachman

It was the shadow's fault and who was the shadow?

Zoro of course and if you believed that then how about Mulan or her comic dragon? The talking donkey that an ogre hates but is the pin up of these nasty coach mules?

No, then you have to wait for I have forgotten who the shadow is “Ha ha he he ha ho,” the shadow laughing.

ANYWAY: As we all don't realise it takes more than just a pretty ankle to start a rocket ship, it takes two.

“Mmmmmm my toe nails could be painted strawberry red,” Cindy thus illustrating how a pretty mind thinks so took her ankles off the control panel and did anyone replace her pretty ankles with their paws.

Furry taloned PAWS as we are dealing with coach passengers.

No they was born from stink weed and green algae from muddy Florida swamps so was looking at the ankles and knees. Knees yes because a pretty girl likes to flash it about: “A world without grovelling admirers willing to cross a twenty lane busy stage coach motorway for a refreshing ice cream for me is boring,” our Cindy illuminating the thinking process of a pretty ankle.

“Cur,” The Druid clutching his chest saving Cindy from his drool that stuck to the carpet and dust in the carpet so was horrid as creepy crawlies made their way up it; so Cindy did choose him first to fetch the ice cream in rush hour traffic.

“I must ride into the sunset with her,” The sheriff and went to look for a mule so saved Cindy from a boring lifetime.

“Maybe he will go at rush hour too and besides ice cream is fattening,” Cindy twisting

Coachman

her knickers.

And “I hear mules below decks,” the sheriff.

“Enaw enaw,” the naughty mules running about the rocket ship's lower decks in the dark so the sheriff did wonder into the cargo, sacred green crocodiles for them mules was mean.

“Ha ho ha hhhhhhhhhhhh,” Eagor forgetting how to laugh as he leered at ankles.

“SLAP,” and is capitals as Lula Bell slapped him good so saved Cindy from a good time with the big monster.

“I must order this subject Cindy to me at night and goody goody I am king and can order anyone I like,” H.M. but years of debauchery made him breathless so Cindy was safe.

“I can ask him for an ice cream any time,” Cindy seeing H.M. wobble across the motorway as an express stagecoach with World Cup Soccer fans approached so Cindy cheered and smiled.

“What are you smiling about dear?” H.M. believing he made her smile.

“Titter titter,” Cindy not giving anything away.

And the shadow was big but was cast from a tiny man, a man in a red cape who had horns and a swishing tail. Puffs of smoke also left his mouth; “Give me air,” he muttered a lot too. He also wore heavy duty fire man's gloves as his trident was red hot. “Blooming heavy it is,” the tiny man added but knew the job had many perks; he got all the biscuits he wanted, all the cash and all the bosses for he was THE GOD OF MERCHANTS.

“Greed was his name.

Lust too as that went with greed.

So his pockets was stuffed with bunnies.

And had a tail.

A small sharp pointed one.

Coachman

He had little cute horns too.

And a snake tongue that flicked.

So was blooming ugly.

But was happy at his work.”

“I love this job as gets to meet the likes of him,” the tiny man so guess he was not happy at his work at all for he was the cousin of lies, and explains why he took it out on Mr. Eco whom he dragged behind him in chains. Chains made of gold just to be different.

“Eeeek,” Cindy and fainted.

“I will take her too,” the tiny man and sent Mr. Eco for her.

“Over my dead body,” Dieaslave not thinking for once.

“My hero,” the goddess Eostre in the invisible stuff that surrounds us all.

“Suit yourself,” the tiny man and began to remember magic to chain Dieaslave too. BUT: “Ah my tummy,” the tiny man and holding his tummy ran hither and yonder looking for a latrine for them free moon biscuits was vicious.

“Here get lost dishwasher,” the sheriff to Dieaslave and threw Cindy across his broad sun tanned shoulders for he was the hero of a dozen Italian westerns so adored by all females except one, Cindy who was made of awkward stuff.

“Enaw enaw,” a mule waiting for the sheriff on the promise of a bag of oats to ride away into the western sunset.

But it was Useless who saved the day for seeing the gold chain something in his mind snapped.

“Gold,” is all he mumbled and gnawed at the chain and soon had it free for them dwarves got some teeth.

“Here clear off,” the tiny man needing a loo quick so kicked Useless away who held onto

Coachman

the chain; and illustrates how small a dwarf is too!”

And Useless and chain flew the air with the greatest of ease.

Hit the sheriff places and kept going.

“You remembered my birthday,” Cousin Jackie holding the chain.

And below a useless little man sobbed, “Riches was in my grasp sob, I could have bought any pretty ankle sob and a gold mine too sob.”

Then there was another two shadows that had sneaked aboard the ship.

“Grrrr,” Bunny.

“Sniff,” Goldilocks for they was fed up chewing little green cute and green boys and girls. They tasted like blue cheese so wanted something tough and grisly like Useless, something stretching and sinewy like Nameless; or with bits of everything like Bornaslave who coincidently squeaked a lot when played with. And Servant who had enough of himself for both dogs to chew at once.

And Dieaslave was not mentioned as he was too smart to be chewed as he knew how to think.

And Careless was in the ship sprinkling magic mushrooms about with these words:

“Happy at work I am,

Tra la la skip we go.

Mushrooms everywhere to make people happy.

To make them like me,

Free and easy living.

Tra la la skip we go.

And they will thank me.

Love me chew chew.

Coachman

Aniseed flavour mmmmm.

Tra la la is that dogs?"

And was them two dogs who loved aniseed so took the lot from Careless.

"Here leave me some," Careless pushing Bunny and Goldilocks aside.

"Grrr sniff," he heard but be happy he was so full of magic mushrooms never felt a thing.

And was because the dogs was full of magic aniseed they licked careless instead of ripping him to shreds as dogs know the juiciest bits are in the marrow.

So the three frolicked onto the controls and all the right buttons was pressed and levers let go.

"Gawd someone hates me," Cousin Jackie who had been standing at the rear of the ship holding the chain. The rear end where flames shoot from rocket ship engines so definitely wasn't amused.

"Someone loves me," Useless dragging the chain after him as he looked for a hiding place for it. "Ah the rocket ship door is open so will hide the chain in there," for Useless did not have much imagination. He was thick in other words.

So dragged the chain over the toes of the aspiring cousin fed up selling tickets to those who would not buy, so seeing riches on offer snatched the chain and bolted for a hide out.

"Ah a rocket ship door is open, I will hide in a broom closet," for he would always be just an aspiring cousin. So hid there with the chain and Cousin Jackie.

"You are fired," from inside the broom closet.

"Bo ho please don't fire me I have a stamp collection to look after Bo ho," and slobbered all over Cousin Jackie who needed to escape anywhere on the rocket ship.

AND: "Wo there mule," the sheriff with Cindy over his shoulder but the mule had other ideas.

Coachman

“Enaw,” which translated meant, “a bag of oats to carry this dead weight no way brother,” so did a mental to be rid of the sheriff but not Cindy for mules like a glimpse of ankle too.

“Enaw enaw,” and was two “enaws,” which meant, “Help me fellow mules to stomp this sheriff into carrot meat,” for remember them mules was murderous and mean.

So the mule did a tantrum with all the other mules back into the space ship.

“My mules,” Durno and unleashed his whip.

“Enaw enaw enaw,” and was three “enaws” as the terrified mules ran back into the lower holds.

“Cruel Durno,” and was Eagor who being subhuman felt the mules was kin so wrapped the whip places so Durno went green.

“ROAR,” the rocket ship roared.

“I am not being left behind with these green aliens,” Vendor 678 and as she went into the rocket ship saw H.M. wobble towards her and she did something; shut the rocket ship pantry door.

“Here what I ever do bad to you?” H.M. on the other side of the door seeing hundreds of biscuit tins for Oiler knew where ever they was going they did get hungry and buy buy buy.

“You never bought me diamond rings, a house on a beach in Hawaii, a limousine, a private balloon to travel; all you could do was look at her ankles,” Vendor 678 and pulled down the shutters on the door window.

“We have no king but Mr. Eco,” H.M. heard outside and outside an army of cute green kids stomping towards him with pitch forks, burning torches and stakes and mallets.

“We work 24hrs a day.

No sleep just work.

Coachman

So gone mental.

We must kill kill.

Him over there.

Mr. Eco is our king.

He makes us work.”

And all the cute green kids singing this woke up with these words, “Mr. Eco makes us work and doesn't even give us lollipops to suck, just work work and no play” so did a smart about turn and stomped off after Mr. Eco as sleepless zombies chanting, “We want play, play with Mr. Eco, use him as a stress dolly and play.”

“ROAR,” the rocket ship blasting off too frontiers unknown.

And at a porthole a tiny face belonging to a tiny man looked out.

“All mine to covet,” he said between mouthfuls of sulphur gas.

“Rubbish all mine,” Oiler at another porthole dreaming of whole planets to strip of trees to make boxes for the tins of biscuits.

“They can work for me in my mines, bound to be deep coal mines needing miners,”
Cousin Jackie at another porthole.

“What mines?” A dwarf somewhere in the rocket ship.