

Coachman

Mars

No one had reached Mars apart from the Martians who weren't green or little.

“Enaw enaw,” and was loud and was Durno at the top of the collapsed cavern roof
Cousin Jackie had fallen through.

Durno loved his mules and had names for them all. Yes he loved them so much he siphoned off the best carrots and oats the stagecoach line gave him for his mules to sell to villagers. Mules in his mind was mules, no good for nothing except work and whipping but he did love his mules and wanted this one back.

“Enaw enaw,” Durno called waiting for an answer and behind him faithful beasts that was stampeding to his call. Yes mules that pulled his coach that knew if they didn't answer him he did whip them pink.

“Enaw enaw enaw,” Durno heard and was confused for he was a mule skinnier version of the monster.

“Enaw rnaw,” from the bottom of the cavern.

ENAW ENAW,” really loud from the bottom also behind the other 'enaws'.

“How many mules are there?” Durno but needed extra toes to count the 'enaws' he heard.

Then them faithful mules behind stopped right where he was and the weight make a rock fall; just as well for Durno because all them mules on top of him winding something was too mean for words.

“I hate them mules,” Durno screamed as he fell with all the mules above falling too. But be happy he really did love his mules and his skinner's knife fell away from its scabbard and went point down to one bending down picking up a sparkle.

Coachman

"I am rich," Cousin Jackie but did not think ahead like Dieaslave or he did ask, "Where can I spend this on Mars?". And because he was bending over the skinner's knife got him square on.

There went the sparkle spinning across the air.

"Enaw enaw," and that crazy mule jumped up and ate it.

"Did anyone ever tell you how handsome you are?" Cindy always wanting a mule in the backyard to keep the grass short.

"What careless being dropped this knife?" Jackie as the owner landed on him and claimed it.

And was lucky for them mules these two was below to provide a soft landing.

"Ouch," these two; see Durno really loved his mules to be a soft cushion.

"Enaw enaw," the mules and scampered off to play.

I will skin and stuff them for them type of mules will do what they are told and work 24hrs a day," for Durno like we said was a skinny version of Eagor. Perhaps Dr.

Frankenstein had borrowed his brain for Eagor and not returned it?

REALLY "LOUD ENAW ENAW," from the wavering shadows.

And Cousin Jackie still had his brain and saw where the shadow came from so distanced himself from Durno who was sharpening his Skinner's knife.

The Martians had arrived and was one and owned the shadow and had a strange voice.

"ENAW," the Martian and: "My that one is so big it can pull the coach all by itself," Durno for he was a secretive drunk actually. Perhaps it was all the figs he ate to clear his system he was addicted too that made him funny. "Hick," Durno and walked over to the shadow that had long ears and a tail with a bush of fur at the end. It also wore a bikini and had sand on the hooves.

Coachman

“I will sneak away and get the others,” Cousin Jackie for a successful business man is also long lived.

“Enaw enaw,” Cindy talking to the crazed mule that ate the sparkle who replied “enaw enaw.”

“Are you speaking mule?” Cousin Jackie grabbing the rope thrown down by Dieaslave above and the rest of the passengers behind him, ogling for disasters are exciting to watch.

“Enaw,” Cindy replied.

“He he he he,” the crazed mule and added, “enaw.”

And the rope had a noose for Dieaslave had intended Cindy to put her foot in it, not Cousin Jackie's neck.

“I never liked the greedy man anyway,” Dieaslave and added, “Here Bornaslave if you help pull him up he will tell you where the sparkle is for it fell down there too,” and said it loud so all the kitchen staff heard so there was no shortage of rope pullers. As for the other passengers they had intelligence so waited in the side lines to take over when Cousin Jackie was pulled up and needed questioned about the sparkle.

“I do not like brutality so will cast a talkative spell on the fortune cookie seller to speak up,” The Druid and was a lie for his spell did give Jackie eight legs so he could run down the cavern looking for the sparkle.

“I never torture anyone for information,” Granny and would show her legs to Jackie till he talked.

“I believe in the rack so will wait for the mules to stretch Jackie a mile long to make him talk,” Lancelot who was always bottom of the class when a squire.

“I will find a dark cell so no one finds out the truth about police brutality,” the sheriff.

“I am hungry and Jackie is full of fortune cookies and Chow Mien,” Count Dracula

Coachman

drooling at the lips at the thought of eating Chinese.

“Eagor you must make him talk,” Lula Bell.

“How?” Eagor for he was thick.

“Be a monster,” Lula Bell.

“You mean be romantic,” Eagor so Cousin Jackie would definitely squeal.

“When Cousin Jackie talks for them to stop torturing him, I will eves drop and be off to steal the sparkle, then Cindy and a mule to get us back to the crashed rocket ship and escape,” the elf with pointed ears who was not a mechanic, nor an engineer come to that.

“I never get my hands dirty as a tax man knows how to tax,” the man in the red shoes holding a calculator.

“I will just say, “Tell me where the sparkle is and he will for I am a king,” H.M.

“I will feed him mushrooms,” Careless so Cousin Jackie did need [A@E](#).

“I will feed him this tin of biscuits,” Oiler and added, “then this vile potion of laxatives made from leaking rocket ship engine oil, greasy as cheap lard sold as substitute butter.”

And “Gasp these idiots are hanging me,” Cousin Jackie as the kitchen staff hauled him too the top.

“Hello,” Dieaslave crawling down the rope to get too his love Cindy.

“Gasp if you gasp help me gasp I will tell you gasp where the gasp sparkle is,” Cousin Jackie for he wasn't an enterpriser for nothing.

And big ears above strained to hear: “They are well oiled so can hear a pin drop a mile away,” the owner of the ears.

“Swish,” a broom and swished away down the cavern for the broom knew Oiler did reward her with a look if she got the sparkle for BROOM was in love. She did bring Cousin Jackie back for his biscuits and medicine.

Coachman

Swished into Dieaslave and swished him away.

“Gasp,” Cousin Jackie with the secret of the sparkle still in him and the crazed mule.

“I will will rescue Cindy and then Cousin Jackie who better talk or the broom will swish him back wont you BROOM?” Dieaslave and stroked BROOM places so got splinters in his hands.

“Pur,” BROOM and was confused, Oiler beat her and kicked her to make her slop out the over flowing rocket ship latrine for moon biscuit was all that was on the ship.

(Cousin Jackie wanted to stay rich so never stocked the kitchen; apart from biscuits that Oiler never saw him *borrow*.)

“Tickle tickle,” Dieaslave putting in practice for when he met Cindy.

“Pur,” BROOM and knew she would not tell Oiler anything. BROOM was in love again but with a new owner; a kind thoughtful thinking dishwasher.

A bum that was not descended from snakes and bats and would be a wonderful father to her kindling children.

Yes Dieaslave knew how to think and had not thought things out as he tickled BROOM to get her to fly to Cindy.

“Enaw enaw ha ha,” the crazed mule laughing over a joke Cindy had 'enawed'.

“Rumble,” from the crazed mule's belly as sparkles are covered in dust and germs and not digestible like a fresh green Iceberg lettuce.

REALLY LOUD “ENAW,” from the shadows as the Martian advanced.

And in one gulp the mule Skinner was gone.

“Burp,” the Martian and added, “ENAW.”

“Gasp pull quicker gasp,” Cousin Jackie dangling above the Martian with long ears and a skinny tail with a tuft of fur at the end. Not to mention them big carrot eating teeth.

Coachman

And the Martian saw the crazed mule and fell in love.

“Enaw enaw,” all the other mules not happy the Martian had eaten Durno for they knew Durno cared for them, gave them green carrots to eat, and oats that was wet and let them sleep out in the rain.

“Enaw enaw,” the mules remembering and partied.

“Burp,” the Martian.

“Enaw enaw,” Cindy and ran for Cousin Jackie whose legs she just managed to grasp.

“Quick sell me a laxative,” she demanded and pulled so hard on his legs his Chinese coat ripped off.

“Puppy dog print?” All the watchers for Cousin Jackie had kinky boxer shorts.

But never mind help was coming for Cousin Jackie for aspiring cousin was climbing down the cavern walls with no climbing gear; another relation of the monster?

And Vendor 678 was ready to show her legs to get The Druid to share the information where the sparkle was.

And the Martian did not swallow Cindy for they like a pretty leg for Mars can be a dull place. Besides the Martian wife wasn't about.

And as the Martian opened wide a mouth full of carrot left overs to swallow Jackie whole a rock climber who wasn't using rock climbing gear fell in. See we told you he was related to the monster.

AND a happy story for Cousin Jackie is saved.

“Choke choke,” the Martian not likening the flavour so rolled here and there; all over the crazed mule so a sparkle shot out a place.

“I am rich,” Oiler whose ears had heard and whose hands were fast so caught the sparkle; “Phew,” he added too.

Coachman

“I will swing on the end of gasp this rope gasp and snatch the sparkle,” Cousin Jackie and did and went a strange blue colour too.

“He has the sparkle quick pull him up,” Granny and encouraged the rope pullers by booting them; one by one she booted them off the cavern hole edge.

“Yaweeeeeeeeeeeeeeee,” sort of sound they screamed all the way down and them mules below moved out of the way for they isn't stupid. So “THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD,” was heard as the kitchen staff came down heavily.

“I have the sparkle,” Cousin Jackie holding the sparkle at the top of the ledge now, but since no was holding him was an easy target for Granny to kick him off so he fell all the way down.

And got a soft landing on the kitchen staff.

“Weeeee,” and was the sound a pretty face belonging to a pretty ankle makes running past snatching a sparkle makes.

“Enaw,” a crazed mule running over Jackie and the others for it was crazed.

“Enaw enaw,” the other mules running over Jackie and the others for they was in love with the crazed mule so must all be females, hopefully for mules is a strange lot.

“The spoilt brat is running away,” for Granny had always spoilt Cindy sending her out in the dark to black alleys to sell pressed flowers to drunken sailors. And just as she was going to cast a spell on Cindy, Lancelot stood directly behind her.

“Bye bye,” he muttered Dracula was sure he said.

“Hate you hate you hate you,” the elf with pointed ears thought he said.

“It was Useless who did it,” the tax collector was sure was said.

“Ha ha he ho,” Lula Bell and thought it was Eagor.

“Only I am allowed to laugh like that,” Eagor and kicked Lancelot over the edge.

Coachman

And because Eager jumped with excitement the edge collapsed and all fell down.

“Hate you Eager,” was heard often till many thuds was heard and a horrid scream too.

For Granny was dusting herself off at the bottom.

Oh Granny full of spells.

A witch you be.

A pocketful of poisoned apples.

A fine skier.

Surfer and life guard collector too.

Oh Granny wont you use a spell?

But never got the chance so Cindy and the mules disappeared into the sunsets.

Sunsets?

And as the fallers unwound themselves they froze with terror.

“Enaw,” and was the Martian holding his belly for Durno was not safe too eat so they was safe.

And Granny turned him into a mushroom.

And The Druid plucked him and made him soup for he was a gummy old man at heart and a Gaulish druidic chef so added water crest and onions and a flakes of toast with a layer of melted cheese. And wasn't careful were he got the flakes for a monster was seen near by scratching his head.

Brie of course from Normandy for only the best did do for the monster got about.

“Can we have some?” And was the kitchen staff who did eat anything for they did, slops, plate sweepings, roaches and ear wigs to make them healthy dishwashers.

“Get lost,” the passengers who did not mingle with them lot for they had culture, lots that grew between their toes for being coach passengers never saw a bath. Except for her

Coachman

with the pretty ankles who always smelt of roses.

“I only smell of cheap perfume Cousin Jackie sells so hate the bitch,” Vendor 678.

And over the sunsets for down here there was three suns so Dracula better watch out,
Cindy saw a city. An underground one so none on Earth knew it was there.

And above Vendor 678 was feeling all alone. So alone her knees was wobbling and her
teeth a shaking.

“When will Neil Armstrong rescue me?” For she never gave up for she was after all
related to Cousin Jackie.

“Gr sniff,” suddenly behind her for them dogs was lonely too.

And where was Cousin Jackie whose miserable rocket ship got them into this Fine
Mess?

“Gasp save me Vendor 678 gasp,” for the end of the rope had wrapped about a
stalagmite.

Worse he was six inches off the dusty floor.

Worse he was being ignored by the passengers who did send the hired kitchen staff to
fleece him when he was motionless. Just in case finger prints was left and they knew a
Fortune Cookie seller has pockets lined with gold coin; enough even to pay the hired help.

But another was nearby, he whose hands slid down the rock face for they was well
oiled? Whose pockets where full of I.O.U.'s the passengers owned him and labour
contracts and unpaid taxes.

Who would save Cousin Jackie from being robbed?

And of course getting the noose off him?