

Coachman

Enaw enaw

And from behind a rose bush Lancelot stood out just as the coach with worried mules approached so the mules were now terrified for Lancelot was waving his hands for attention and was waving so hard his braces snapped so his chain mail trousers dropped.

“Enaw enaw,” the horrified mules so shut their eyes for they were decent beasts who could not stand the sight of spindly hairy legs.

“Whoa up foul beasts,” Durno for being frightened beasts they did what frightened beasts do best, winded something horrid.

“Cur what a stink,” Lancelot who had caused all this; but being a knight was above blame.

“Ma ma gasp,” the most handsome man from some place where a lot of pasta is eaten as he is slowly overcome by mule exhaust so collapses across the road. A most unhealthy place to faint since unrestrained mules were about.

And behind a tree an elf appeared and his ears where so big and pointed they fluttered and rustled in the breeze so the mules just about to stop prancing about on the most handsome man ever imported from where tomatoes are sun dried went berserk.

“Cover them ears, the mules think you are some kind of were-wolf,” Durno and cracked his whip at the elf who with these words, “Yikes,” jumped six feet into the air but not as high as them mules.

“That's what I call authority and now coachman what do you feed them mules?” The oiler salesman in a plaid suit about to sell Durno a bag of oats; for oats was stitched on a bag for them mules was winding awful.

“Ga,” Ga underneath them who had mercifully regained conciseness. But never mind he never screamed once so as not too frighten you.

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Anyway a bag of oats that had roaches escaping from it. A bag taken from a deep plaid pocket. "I feed them wind so they is ravenous and know when we reach where ever we reach can have hay," Durno and the oiler saw a sale slipping away so added quickly, "Good for wind," and the mules heard and hated the swine.

"Enaw enaw," the mules wanting some oats.

"Take this you ugly cousins of donkeys," was Durno's reply with the carrot at the end of the whip and they hated him too.

And behind a tree a naked man holding a fig leaf as this is a clean story with no nudity.

And the pretty girl in the red hood wanted to swoon for that is what good girls do when seeing a naked man so don't get to see anything. But since Granny was not about opened an eye and saw where a certain birthmark was. Yes she was a naughty girl needing sent to bed.

And Durno knew the naked man could ride under the coach for he wasn't having any fun and games in his coach. He was a man of morals and knew naked men had no money too.

And the naked man held a hand to his mouth to stifle of course, a howl, "howl burp," the stifled howl. And the howl went out the other end so the mules reared some more and came down on what was plaid. Yes, them mules got sharp hooves and big white teeth so the oiler said, "gasp my sales brochures," that were spilled across the road and in a puddle a picture of Saint Tropez and bikini floozy girls playing netball in the sand. So Durno dribbled and shook and so did the mules who were looking over his shoulder. For behold the French knew more about eating snails in garlic; they knew about donkey rides on the beach; donkeys in the latest swimsuit fashions

"Drool dribble shudder dream enaw," the foul mules.

And since Durno was thinking about French cuisine never noticed the naked howler sneak into the coach; of course stifling a howl.

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“Hiss,” the stifled howl hissing from another place for were-wolfs are unhygienic.

Nor noticed the elf who had come down from his six foot jump and landed on top of the coach. A thieving elf who seeing Durno fantasise about losing six inches off his waist and surfing in Bermuda shorts, with a banana print of course on a beach in Saint Tropez. Yes a thieving elf who using a credit card opened the luggage because banks like credit cards stolen so you can pay the sudden interest off an elf ran up.

And his eyes did a boggle as he held up a red bikini; obviously not belonging to the oiler.

Yes the elf swooned into the open suitcase as the oiler scrambled up the coach side like a roach with mule teeth places. And were-wolfs eat rats and slugs when they can't eat you and here was a scrambling roach for them insects know how to crawl into a wallet and leave it empty.

Roaches the cousins of him under a hood thinking of new taxes to fleece you good. They was also nephews to Mr. Oiler.

And Lancelot seeing the handsome man from some continental pizza takeaway lying across a muddy road; with these words “Eureka,” scrambled over the European who made these sounds, “Gurgle gasp ga,” as Lancelot's mailed feet went places so “eek ga,” was heard too.

Yes long sharp pointed mailed feet so a long “eeeeeeeeeeeeeeek ga.”.

Yes Lancelot stood all over the handsome man's salami sandwiches and not any where else of course for a good story has a vet on the sidelines for the animal welfare.

“Hi yah baby,” Lancelot too the red hooded girl already in the coach and now peeved for opposite a naked man who had dropped his fig leaf and picked up an oiler brochure.

“I said hi yah baby,” Lancelot putting on the charm for in his back pocket, 'Mr. Oiler's Charm Guide for Knights.' Lancelot also added, “I have a Ferrari coach model back at my pad,” and was all lies to impress pretty ankles that were rustic, naïve and needing impressed by city folk like him.

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And the naked man scratched his right ear and what was amazing was that he used his right foot like like like like a naked man can. "Scratch scratch," was heard and things pinged off the ear and landed on Lancelot and not the pretty girl under the red hood for she was made of sugar and candy floss not rusted chain mail.

"Judas I am infested," Lancelot's words of wisdom and the wise girl moved right against the coach window.

And here an Aslop fable, *"AXX flea powder is selling at discount at all D.I.Y stores."*

"Here I see a tuft of fur on a bottom," the oiler having slid into the coach while Durno still dreamed above and so did the hungry mules, of carrots and oats and donkeys on a beach.

Then **spaghetti western** music hurt all the ears as a sheriff lifted up his sombrero and puffed on a chewed unlit cigar.

And pulled on a chain to choke a dwarf to show he was AUTHORITY.

"Better get that handsome man thrown above in the luggage," he said and spat some tobacco out.

"Here my plaid shoes cost me," but the oiler never finished for **spaghetti western** music hurt his eardrums so he added, "who can I sue for that tobacco stain, what's his name Genoa Looabridgeheda the film director who wrote this rubbish for sure."

And just like that six guns flashed in the dim light for the sun was setting; yes setting for the idiots had taken all day to hide behind bushes to escape paying a landlord's bill.

WERE-WOLF TIME.

Besides Durno wasn't recovered yet and he better hurry up and come down to earth for behind a crazy inn keeper doing a mental waving unpaid bills; frothing at the mouth screaming unprintable things such as "Lousy faggots," and "whose paying my bills?" Which under the circumstances was a natural thing to ask for a man stumbling about heading into the sun, so was

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blinded and never saw the back of the coach; but felt it.

“Ah the coach?” He exclaimed just before he swooned and lucky for him the sun was up as a naked man was inside the coach needing fed. A naked man used to eating rats.

And inside the coach a sheriff flicked his cigar butt at the naked man who gratefully used it for he had dropped his fig leaf some place.

“Titter,” the girl showing all she was a girl for that is how good girls titter.

“Howl” the naked man for the cigar butt was still red.

“I don't take kindly too strangers from no where joining me travelling to some place,” the sheriff and **spaghetti western** music filled the coach.

“Cur my ears,” the oiler opening a brief case taken from a deep pocket and behold cotton balls so sold many.

“Can I buy some clothes?” The naked man holding the cigar butt.

“Titter,” the girl in the red hood.

And there was the flash of a six gun and the spin of its bullet chamber.

And because the sheriff was occupied a dwarf filed away at his chain with what was available, his teeth. And a wanted poster was unfurled and there a picture of a hairy man, naked of course with shredding teeth and long talons. It was a drawing of a were-wolf by an artist just before he met the were-wolf.

A pity he wasn't around when the sun came up or he could have drawn one of the naked man too. Then the sheriff wouldn't have, “Mmmm maybe this isn't you,” and “I still don't like naked men in my coach,” and spun his six gun in his hand.

“Grrrr,” it was a sound of hell from the naked man for the bullets looked like they was made of silver and perhaps the tin badge too. And we all know how were-thingamajigs hate silver for it gives them colic. “Grrr,” the sound of hell again as the naked man hadn't been eating well, some

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rats and an Outer Mongolian Dwarf hamster escaped from a nearby pet shop and string of rubber sausages outside a joke shop only; and not forgetting a bacteria infested gnawed leg of lamb found in a trash bin.

“Grrrr,” the sound of a naked man clutching his stomach so dropped the cigar butt.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeek,” as was no longer a titter from the good girl much offended at the sight of naked furry knee caps but still kept glaring and ogling at something smouldering.

And the sheriff opened the coach door and kicked the naked man out, head first over a hedge into a field of cows. Don't be alarmed this is a happy story and the naked man had a soft landing for many thingamajigs cows leave behind softened his landing. And if the inn keeper would be so kind and stay swooned till night fall, dinner would be served too.

Yes the naked man was lucky, why many of us don't get the countryside too breath, nor eat organic fresh food, yes he was a lucky man the naked man for if he was quick he could steal the inn keepers clothes and get to wear them a day before he shredded them as he changed into a WERE-WOLF and spent many a useless hour wasted howling at the moon when he could have chased rabbits instead.

“HOWL”

Fluffy cuddly white bunnies every girl wants to hug tight till the bunnies bones snap. But Mr. Were-wolf does a quicker job with a “Skip to me howl,

Grr grr rip,

Tal la la,

A happy were-wolf.

Skip to me howl

A dancing were wolf.

One out of tune too tra la la lee.”

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And Lancelot eyed the sheriff who from no where stuck another cigar butt in his mouth to chew; then pulled his sombrero down over his eyes. Yes here was a man afraid of no one Lancelot realised and was afraid his ambitious plans to fleece the pretty red hooded girl of her riches would be foiled. Wearing chain mail was a rusty business always requiring oil and new mail. And Lancelot looked at the pretty girl under the red hood who smiled back and he was smitten.

“I must marry her, fleece her and leave her,” the rotten thoughts of the bum knight.

Then a horrid “gasp,” as a chain was pulled tight.

“Oh poor little kola bear,” the red hooded girl using the dwarf as an excuse to lean over and open up some cleavage while she patted her scented hanky on dwarf's brow; so he was smitten too.

“I must marry her, interrogate her and steal my jewel back then kick her out,” the dwarf's nasty thoughts but added, “Gasp I am blinded,” as pointed thingamabobs got his eyes as girls have them just for that purpose. “What were they?” For the dwarf had forgotten what a girl was.

And there was no reaction from the sheriff under his sombrero; the dwarf was a no good small time crook so deserved what he got; thingamabobs.

So in a twist the pretty girl snatched her hanky away from the dwarf and sat back in her seat.

“Gee up mules,” was heard above as a whip cracked through the air.

“Enaw enaw,” the startled whipped mules being whipped delicate places.

“A miracle I can see, I believe I believe,” the dwarf just before getting silenced as someone mean pulled a chain so “Gasp” and as the little man was an extra struggling with his choker no one noticed; “He was just an annoying dwarf.

An attention seeker.

A criminal so was rotten.

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For his wind was bad.

He was just an annoying dwarf.

A no good extra.

Paid to swim with the sharks.

Be cannibal food.

And meet Goldilocks and Bunny.”

And inside the coach an elf had bought hair gel, a comb and scented essence from the oiler for he was not alone sighting sights daddy looked at and told him never to tell mummy when he was a boy; and since boys grow into Adam's sons still are.

So he was smitten for he was a beast, not human, an elf who it is said caught beautiful butterflies and ate them. Of a race that had pointed ears for they had not learned the important essence of small ears. A race that should not dare too ogle human women or else the vet they go.

“I must marry her and parade her about town on my arms so no one will notice my ears,” the elf wanting the pretty girl just like them men Granny warned her about; *“Never met a rich elf as no one will give them a job apart from digging a new outhouse.”*

ANYWAY: “Sniff phew,” the pretty girl under the red hood for indeed that had been the elf's last employment.

“Good grief man you haven't have you?” Lancelot trying to prove to the world why elves where elves and not house trained. He was also bigger than the elf and owned a big sword.

And **spaghetti western** music filled the coach as a sombrero was raised and blue eyes focused on the girl under the red hood. And the sheriff's lips moved.

The girl's heart beat raised, he was to say sweet nice things to her?

And the lips moved about the cigar butt as it got chewed some more.

“Chew,” the sound coming from moving lips.

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And the sheriff spat the cigar butt at the elf so it stuck in his right eye.

“Oh my eye me right eye,” the elf and was a natural thing to say and “hey?” Also another natural thing to say as the sheriff threw him out the coach.

And here an Aslop fable, *“Pointed ears are better than small ears,”* for the ears where long and so got stuck in the shut door so the elf was not left to fume in a muddy road. Muddy for the rain and passing mules pulling coaches made it so.

So be happy the elf was not walking for a were-thingy was about as well as he who thought up nasty taxes in red stilettos so was the fault of broken heels you got no rebate.

ANWAY:

“Thud bang,” the sound of an elf being banged against the coach door from the outside continuously as the coach hit pot holes. And was a silent elf for he was unconscious.

And the oiler felt no guilt at selling the elf foul smelling hair gel made from ingredients only him and them mules knew what where made of. *“All fair in love and war,”* the oiler for he had almost had a cardiac arrest when the pretty red hooded girl had leaned forward.

“I must marry her and show her off so all all will think I am virile. Gasp my heart, I need a swig of ear wig tonic,” he said quite forgetting it was a tonic he sold country bumpkins so quickly added, *“gasp I have poisoned myself,”* and *“she doesn't know I exist. I must show her a pretty little thing needs a rich uncle type too protect her where ever we are going that is so large and full of vice and oilers not related to me.”*

And the sheriff smiled a crooked smile and all were not sure if it was his lips curling over the bitter taste of tobaccy many days dead or he was smiling over a memory of a Cuban Holiday. But then his hands quick as an Italian pincher in a cinema queue lit a match to light the cigar stub.

“Bump,” the coach on a bumpy road.

“Gad I am on fire,” from the chained dwarf but don't worry he is an extra.

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“Puff,” the sheriff blowing cigar smoke staring into the blue eyes of a little red hooded girl.

“Help I am ablaze,” the lying dwarf hoping for a jail break for when the sheriff bent down he did stick V's into the mean blue eyes of the sheriff and pull his tongue and steal the keys to unlock the chains. Then he did be free to come back with his gang of dwarves and take the girl by force and ride into the sunset in mine barrows pulled by more dwarves. A dangerous thing to do with a were-whatever about wanting to shred tasty dwarves.

Keep dreaming dwarf.

“I can see his eyes again,” the girl about to swoon hoping the sheriff did catch her and to make sure he was interested took a deep breath too expand places.

“Bump,” went the coach.

So she fell across Lancelot who didn't mind for he was the type that tied pretty girls across rail road lines. And she stayed where she was breathing deep thinking the sheriff was getting an ample handful of essences for girls are made of tangerines, pomegranates, roses and your diamond rings.

“Forgive me sir,” the girl opening her eyes seeing Lancelot above her and although not overjoyed was still happy, for here was the knight to introduce her to courtly princes and fame; so she did never ever stand in street corners shouting, “Pressed flowers for sale.”

And she wouldn't for Lancelot had seen a sparkle for he had been looking places Granny did send him to the vet for.

And a cigar butt bounced off Lancelot's forehead and a sun tanned hand reached for the girl and pulled her away towards the oiler, him, that middle aged man with a belly? No to he who owned the hand, a hand belonging to a smitten handsome tanned blue eyed face under a sombrero and blanket eaten by moths.

“She can be my cow girl,” the sheriff thinking of farm yard chores he wouldn't do.

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And **spaghetti western music** filled the coach .

“It is his eyes, maybe I can own them all, the oiler to keep me, the knight to take me to princely balls, the dwarf to clean my chimney, the elf to stand guard out in the rain and the naked man to come round and read me bed time stories when alone on stormy nights. And the sheriff spend nights gazing into his blue eyes.”

And forgot about the handsome Italian who could only say “Ga.”

“His name was ga.

Ga ga ga.

A handsome gondolier.

Ga ga ga was his name.

Ga.”

“I can use him as a coat stand,” an after thought so was happy.

But so many smitten suitors and only one pressed flower seller.

“Gee up,” Durno above.

“Howl,” a naked man now all furry and hungry as the moon was up.

“Oh my ancestors a were-thingy,” an inn keeper some place behind waving bills.

And all the passengers had seen The Sparkle of something so Granny would be busy.

“Hold there coachman, I need aboard,” a voice outside and to make sure Durno stopped spun a gold shiny coin thrown in the air, attached to a string of course. And too make sure had littered the road with carrots. Carrots dug up from a field near by with these words: “Here Shepard dig me carrots and I will give you a tax rebate.” For he wore clean shiny red stilettos.

“Dam mule I will skin it for it has swollen my gold coin,” Durno.

“Purgatives but if you insist on the skinning look here at my brochure on the latest mules,” an oiler having smelt a sale so had scrambled up to the drivers seat so he who stopped the coach got

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in, and sat in the oiler's seat.

“What have I done?” The oiler knowing greed had been his downfall. “I need many sales for the wedding and not my wedding,” he comforted himself so sold Durno a new knife and a bottle of purgatives to cheer himself up.

“Enaw enaw, the terrified mules not wanting to be rugs and where off.

“Crack,” the sound of a coachman's head knocking himself out from the sudden jolt of the moving coach.

“Here I have no idea how to drive a coach but if I don't we will crash and I will be dead,” the oiler Mr. Oiler looking down over the road on a thousand foot cliff that had appeared out of thin air as atmosphere was needed.

And in the distance Dracula's castle seen to add fear; of course with horse shoe bats flying about and two hungry vultures as they was expensive.

“Howl,” from behind the coach as a fury were-wolf wanted to catch and shred the oiler for one inn keeper waving bills was not enough to feed any growing wolf.

And was the reason why Mr. Oiler didn't use the breaks.

And then being the north it rained and sleeted and the Aurora Borealis appeared so the sky was green.

All to make an eerie feeling so arm chairs are gripped and pop corn packets dropped.

“Howl,” the greedy wolf after the pretty girl for as a naked man he had been smitten. A were-wolf who had seen a SPARKLE and now wanted a diamond spiked leather dog collar.

“I hope no one opens the coach door or I am dog food,” the insulting elf still there banging happily away with his head on the outside door. A smitten elf too so hated all those inside the coach for outside he could not press home his cause to the girl. For he knew by morning he would have told her he owned a yacht painted pink to prove he was an eccentric millionaire; then

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she did marry him and be wife two hundred and divorce two hundred for millionaires have a wife in every mansion in every beach resort, and butlers too and wanted that SPARKKLE to pay back taxes to that chancellor.

For tax Chancellors make the world go round world go round.

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And inside the warm coach the tax man clutched a purple brief case and dreamed of owning that SPARKLE; eureka he did tax bosom by the inch and fleece every tenth inch as his own.

H.M. TREASURY was stitched across the top of the red brief case.

And H.M. was far away but in a balloon puffed by Bornaslave and Dieaslave, perhaps was related to the naked man for he wore yellow pantaloons and garters and a white ruff about his neck. Never mind the rest it was ghastly bright colours and his shoes made of wood imported from Holland so “clog clog” was heard as he walked.

A right dandy twerp if ever was born, but he was H.M. and bored of life for he had no queen for he was his own queen, and loved a hundred orange sellers called Nell; any orange seller as long as they was orange sellers. And went “clog clog,” as he walked? And hated oranges too.

“Charlie clog” his subjects whispered as he went by. Yes whispered as he had this deep dungeon where he played Dungeons and dragons with you for he had strange pets down there, well fed strange pets.

Perhaps a dragon and the game 'Dungeon and Dragons' and certainly no game of cards.

“And I am Nameless, a servant not fit to have a name. My hair is uncut and insect filled and bet you can guess what insects. Blame H.M. as my pay is what I find lying about.”

“Finders keepers,” an Aslop fable.

“And my job is to sweep away the droppings after dragon has fed on whisperers who make the mistake of tittering and giggling which is louder than a whisper,” Nameless taking a

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breather on his broom; a broom covered in layers of dragon stuff.

Just as well the dragons were having a breather as well?

“Here Nameless come and pull my boots on,” H.M. through a speaking tube, “on the double,” to be mean and added, “them sweepings did be nice manure in my garden,” and did not add it was raining not frogs but crocodiles for H.M. was a spoilt royal brat with a good sense of humour.

“Fag him,” Nameless wiping his smelly hands on his leather jerkin and pulling his woolly cap down over his ears so he looked stupid and smelled rotten.

“What was that?” H.M. above.

“Coming oh Beautiful One,” Nameless and says something about H.M. So Nameless stuck his broom some place and ran like a shooting star as a dragon woke up.

“He he ha ha,” Nameless thinking he was funny but was a fool as a dragon never forgets.

And what had Nameless got to do with a stagecoach heading to a far away forgotten place? Well nothing apart from Nameless is about to become a passenger. So is that horrid twerp H.M.. as there is plenty of room in the undercarriage amongst the springs and goose lard to stop the springs squeaking as the coach is a SLEEPER.

The dragon too as it wants revenge.

And it happened thus:

“Where is Nameless, never here when you need him in a hurry,” H.M. being ghastly as Nameless had served him from the beginning of nappy changing and lots of nappies were needed as royal babies eat lots of caviare and prunes, and Nameless had to eat them first in case they was poisoned so was seen holding his belly all day with these words, “I have colic.” And all through boarding school were Nameless fixed good bullies silly enough to bully a future king. Big bullies a lot bigger than Nameless so he was always thrashed good. Yes and all through

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puberty and teenage years as Nameless went out in storms to the girls boarding school next door and sampled what was fit for a future king. Yes Nameless had it rough serving his future king and during war years Nameless went to the front as an H.M. proxy warrior and almost got shot some place so he could never sample any future queens for his mean master H.M. ever again.

And not to mention the food tasting Nameless did so got bigger portions of caviare and prunes as H.M. no longer ate children's portions. And the fish eggs and prunes was poisoned as who wants a dandy for a king? Maybe some ambitious ugly step mother wanting to dump skinny daughters on a twerp of a dandy prince? Yes all the roast potatoes smeared in goose fat and all the ducklings without much meat so many ducklings were required to be tasted; all the fluffy white mash and honey roasted parsnips and sour Brussels that poor Nameless was stuffed with. But Nameless had brains so slid platefuls of food under the table for a royal poodle to taste for poison. So many poodles were bought and never had grandchildren for who wants a dandy as a king? And who wants a poodle anyway apart from the French and film stars?

Yes Nameless wasn't skinny and had an exercise machine to help him shed the pounds of double chins he had gathered. It was a dwarf manacled to a set of big watch cogs so when the dwarf peddled the exercise pad turned so Nameless didn't need to do any running at all but yawn and watch the clock and hope lunch did hurry up.

And one day the dwarf escaped for Nameless had been dreaming about spitted giraffes to taste for H.M. in case they had been poisoned and as giraffes are big a lot of dreaming about chewing them up is required.

Enough time for a crafty UN loyal dwarf to nibble his way through his manacles. See dwarves come with lots of spare teeth so he escaped and luck was with the dwarf who sneaked into H.M.'s bedroom and ransacked his jewellery chest.

“Nameless is that you?” H.M. from behind a screen as he struggled into a corset.

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“Yes of Fabulous One,” the dwarf wanting revenge for all them years cycling an exercise machine. Why he should be grateful to Nameless for his leg muscles bulged and the rest not an ounce of fat. And stuffed his pockets full of gems and cleared off with these words, “Now to see if its true, muscle builds places and shrinks others for I haven't seen a woman in twenty years,” and kissed the newest poodle replacement then a cat, fondled a drying sheet, and screamed, “What does a woman look like?”

And eventually ran out of luck for he had been born with the wrong cards as was earning free drinks in a low life pub by the docks chewing anything to prove a dwarf can chew anything for a free drink. Why at his feet gnawed manacles.

And what about the jewel? Dwarf had met the wrong girl for a dwarf manacled to an exercise machine don't meet many girls so went nuts when some girl said, “Hi handsome want to play Monopoly upstairs?” So pretty soon all the girls in dockland wanted to play monopoly with dwarf so pretty soon he was almost broke. “I have one ruby left and have learned to mug them back,” poor dwarf still not seen any ankle so was desperate and almost broke for he was a no good thief now stealing pennies from these poor girls who were willing to stand in dark street corners any freezing night to play monopoly with you. So dwarf no longer walked up the shady stairs in front of the monopoly players but went behind with a smirk.

“He looks so small and hapless who did believe he was a violent mugger?” The monopoly player victims. Yes stolen the pennies when they lifted their pleats to climb the many rickety stairs to reach their shady rooms way up top. Enough time for any smart dwarf to slither up them billowing pleats and empty a purse stitched to a garter where all girls keep their pennies.

The only thing this dwarf could remember about girls for he had learned to keep his eyes shut when mugging or be distracted by the garter so still hadn't seen any ankle; poor little dwarf..

“Ha ha I teach girls made from silks, air fresheners and lavender oil that we dwarves might be

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descended from mud amoeba, cow pats and macho maleness but we are the best.”

ANYWAY: “Try and chew through this?” And **spaghetti western** music filled the pub and dwarf found himself on a coach heading to where it was going? Too far away lands up north where big elks live that hated dwarfs.

“Rats,” the only strong words the dwarf could think for he had been brought up proper.

“I am rich as H.M. put a £1,000,000 reward on the dwarf for H.M. wants him to remove a broom stick some place to teach other servants to be loyal and not steal,” the sheriff we know who likes to chew cigar butts. “The image counts and smoking isn't healthy,” and for image blew a smoke ring about the dwarf who had a coughing convulsion and almost died but never mind this is a happy story and the reward said, “Dead or alive,” so be happy for the rich sheriff.

“Kills them every time,” the sheriff and **spaghetti musics** filled the air and then he pulled his sombrero over his blue eyes as the dwarf went blue.

And the dwarf cursed for allowing the sheriff to catch him. It was them blue eyes under the sombrero that he had seen.

“Are you a girl?” The dwarf had asked captivated by them eyes so in an instant had been manacled. “He blew cigar smoke into y eyes so cou;d seen nothing.” And, “Eeek,” the dwarf as a chain was pulled with these words, “Can't a hero get any sleep about here?” And came from under a sombrero.

And to make sure the sheriff rode the only mule the dwarf was dragged along behind going purple of course but at least escape wasn't on his mind but breathing so the handsome sheriff got a restful sleep as dwarves make bad prisoners; especially them that have good strong teeth for chewing.

But don't feel sorry for the dwarf as pretty soon he was a passenger on a coach so would get a seat.

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“I recognise that dwarf as the dwarf called 'Useless' and a big fat reward from H.M. is out for any handsome knight to collect, but the problem is how to get rid of that ugly sheriff with them six shooters?” The demented knight called Lancelot as he was a dreamer schemer. And did not know Nameless the other useless servant had had been sent north to collect Useless or else and then H.M. had these thoughts, “Nameless will fall to temptation and steal the reward money for maybe that dwarf lies with cement weights at the bottom of my moat and Nameless is the real thief?” H.M.. so packed his alligator over night bag full of frillies and went north too.

“Put not your trust in servants,” an Aslop fable.

And a pretty girl sat opposite the sheriff and didn't know any reward existed for she did not read the reward posters for Granny had never taught her to read; just sell pressed flowers so Granny could spend the profits on Swiss ski resorts flirting with aged film stars who had been toppled out of films because fans wanted sex, more sex and some blood not some film star no one could remember in a wheel chair teaching kids to play baseball. And who plays baseball anyway; football yes, fans could watch a squad of oldies play football in zoomed up spiked scythed chairs but not baseball.

So the girl clutched her pressed flower collection to her perfect Wonder bra perfect fit woman's secret weapon to make men blind. *“Who needs sums and detention when I got assets like mine,”* and breathed deep to impress the sheriff who raised an eyelid and chewed his cigar butt for the image counts.

And spaghetti western music filled the air.

“I need an optician,” Lancelot and could not avert his eyes and the pretty girl who knew not too keep all her eggs in one basket especially if some were chicken, goose and duck and idiot and all hatched at different times so twittered her eyelashes and grinned a silly smile so all her

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pearly white teeth flashed blinding Lancelot more.

“Ga,” Lancelot having learnt Italian from the handsome stranger fit for nothing but to say “Ga,” and swoon at his feet on the coach floor. An unsafe place to swoon as everyone's feet rested on you, feet needing a good wash after days of weary travel and who knows what they had stood on and where using you as a shoe cleaner?

And a cigar but was spat and hit a dwarf called Useless in the right eye so “Ah,” was heard as the cigar but was still lit.

“I must learn that secret,” the oiler meaning the secret of the western music for he had aspirations of advertisements, of selling his cigars smoked in Marlborough Country and lots of dwarves running about as small bears being hit by HIS manufactured plastic cigars, as plastic cigars was home grown and not imported from foreign lands that hated you. Yes plastic cigars safe too smoke and Mr. Oiler could dream.

And he did be rich so “gurgle,” was heard as saliva went down the wrong way for oiler thought he could handle GREED but was wrong; for greed is one of them kinky original sins that walk the Earth in a fat green robe: green to encourage people to think VEGETABLES for GREED is organic. So the oiler “gasp,” and saw £ and \$ spinning round his head.

Then the girl in the red hood slapped his back and put her arms under him with these words, “Phew,” for his expensive after shave was something else for as every good oiler knows when kissing babies to win a sale, must smell washed. And then a fur ball was coughed out.

A fur ball?

Well there was a naked man about needing a silver bullet!

“You have saved my life, how can I reward you?” The oiler lying through his back teeth that were all gold filled.

“Titter,” the pretty girl who Granny had taught her to titter like all good girls do to make men

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relax before sticking the dagger in and twisting it good till the purse was empty. And the titter had the desired effect as oiler was after all a Son of Adam. Worse a greasy salesman always on the up looking for those who did not follow the stock markets to sell them shares in Cuckoo Land PLC.

“The economy is in a meltdown as not enough dwarves are running tread mills and H.M. isn't investing in any new mills where orphans work sixteen hour shifts. Dwarf orphans of course as with the recession all the mines are closed. And so investment must come from some place else, from those who do not watch the stock market, gurgle gasp,” as GREED visited again.

“He can pretend to choke all he wants, once was natural choking and twice is a come on to make me hold him again and that after shave phew,” the pretty girl under the red hood so ogled the man under the sombrero. *“Why won't the sod look at me, am I ugly, perhaps not enough cleavage is showing?”* And looked down and saw she had already opened too many buttons. “Of course the good girl guide advises ankle,” and bent down to pretend to tie up a shoe lace when in fact she was lifting up her pleats and craftily tucking them into her garters and did it so quick no one noticed.

For good girls are taught how to do this by granny while boys are taught to ogle, fart and catch nothing while fishing.

“Ga,” a handsome man coming too under her feet and saw right up her legs.

“Nothing is free sonny,” the good girl and stamped him silent as only good girls know how too just like that so no one noticed. “A shame as he is so handsome, just he doesn't know any words apart from 'Ga.’”

But her secret garters were secret and the handsome man saw spinning garters above him in all the colours of the rainbow; what a lucky handsome man.

And when she bent over a sheriff's eyes looked all the way down her back and this time didn't

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spit a chewed cigar butt at any dwarf for he had already spat it. This time he noticed the good girl wasn't being good for he could see all the way down to the elastic line.

“She was a bad girl.

Taught by Granny.

A flirtatious ankle.

Titter titter they titter.

She was a bad girl.”

So Mr. Sheriff took from the oiler's top breast pocket a fresh Cuban cigar and bit the end off it and spat.

“Ah my other eye,” a dwarf nearby but at least it wasn't lit this time the lucky little man.

“Cigars don't come cheap?” The oiler and as **spaghetti western music** filled the inside of the coach a silver dollar span through the air and oiler jumped from his seat caught it in his teeth.

“Gasp purgatives,” the oiler having swallowed money and money was interest in a bank but constipation elsewhere. And the pretty girl ignored him as three times choking in a row was over the limit.

And dwarf went crazy seeing bare back, garters and things chained dwarf's are not allowed to see. So going crazy on the end of a tight chain was a daft thing to do.

“Gasp,” Useless the dwarf going blue and was ignored by the pretty girl who, “Every Tom Dick and Harry is onto the choking act now. I will just ignore them and they will go away.”

And an elf banging at the door from outside knew he was not into any act but was the star attraction as he was seeing stars, universes and space ships for he was being knocked senseless continuously.

“Ga,” came from him often showing he knew how to speak Italian.

And the man who invented taxes and clutched a red brief case was not smitten by the pretty

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girl under the red hood. Why he taxed her type naked and sent them to work in mills needing labour for the sixteen hour shifts were having a nasty effect upon the dwarf population already working.

WORKERS were needed to stimulate the economy, workers who would work for free.

Perhaps you?

“I know her type, like the wife twenty years ago in university flashing her mole at me, yes a wife who thought what was mine was hers but soon found out it was the other way,” the greedy man who invented taxes under his red hood.

For hoodies were in the in fashion as well as sombreros.

And a naked man clung to the undercarriage and needed to howl and worse whistle for he had seen ankles through the termite eaten coach floor. But “Ga,” instead for he was learning Italian.

“Whose choking,” the pretty girl and looked about the coach and the blue eyes under the sombrero hardened. The spin of six shooters and the bang bang of blazing guns.

“A choke mam?” The handsome sheriff asked knowing his reward money was safe as whoever was lurking under the coach was full of holes.

And the naked man had ten fingers and needed some extra as he stuck them into his holes, so couldn't cling to the coach no more.

“Howl,” the naked man being rutted by coach wheels. Which translated means “I hate him.”

And above Durno shouted, “I hate nudists,” and cracked his long whip at the naked man so “howl” was heard again. And the mules followed the long whip as it had a carrot tied to it.

“Howl,” the naked man as sixteen mules ran all over him and the wheels again.

“Stupid animals, turn round and head for where ever we are going or no oats when we get there?” Durno and the mules turned round and got the naked man just as he was brushing mud of his fur for the moon was cloudless so was an easy target.

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Yes “howl” was heard again but the fury naked man was ruttet happy as he had seen ankle so was smitten.

And as he lay face down in the mud Durno knew he was a were-thingy so threw a chain of garlic at him for oiler had sold him that as a lucky charm to ward of were-wolves. But everybody knows just like the oiler did garlic is for vampires.

So don't feel sad for the naked fury man for he was up and howling for were-wolves need a silver bullet to finish them off.

“Gee up mules as a crazy from an asylum is wanting to eat you,” Durno and whipped them extra just in case the crazy wanted to eat him as were-wolves isn't particular what they eat for Durno was tough and grizzle.

And Durno being a good driver was looking in the side mirrors that were lined up to see what was going on in the coach for he was a dirty old coach driver who instead of whipping the mules good was ogling at the pretty girl so whipped the were-wolf good instead.

“Howl,” the were-wolf clutching places needed to make little cuddly were-wolves.

“I need to buy some rejuvenating potion from the oiler,” Durno and spat chewing cough sweet into the air. Extra strong chewing cough sweet for men who spend their time outdoors.

And it hit the were-wolf right where it counts and sizzled and frizzled so the naked fury dog like creature clutched places just as he was climbing aboard to shred Durno to bits out of anger. For no one whipped a cuddly were-thingy places and got away with it. No sir they did not so the extra strong cough sweet did what the garlic did not do.

“I must spread tales a were-wolf is about and sell what Durno was eating and get rich quick,” the oiler Mr. Oiler dreaming of another failed get rich quick scheme.

“Titter,” the pretty girl looking out the window to see what the commotion was so saw the thingy on all fours rolling about in the road mud clutching a sizzling place.

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“A were-frog,” Lancelot trying to impress her he was educated but impressed her he was a fool for pretty girls can sniff an idiot a mile off.

“Throw these at it,” the oiler and in the dimness of the coach the knight bought the oiler's unmentionables and threw them out the window with these words, “What was I touching?” But they did the job as the wind blew them about the face of the were-whatever who cascaded into a cacti bush all covered in thorns just waiting for a were-wolf.

And them mules about turned on a penny and headed no where special.

And **spaghetti western** music filled the air as blue eyes stripped a pretty girl naked in the way only men can do; for men were boys once and boys are descended from garden slugs and spiders that scare girls.

“Titter,” the pretty girl knowing what the handsome sheriff was doing and pretended not to know.

And the handsome sheriff span his six shooters and blazed away at the thingamajig stuck on the thorns.

“Howl,” from the blasted were-thingamajig which means, “I hate him.”

*

And since Durno was watching his side mirrors never saw the road sign, “This way,” so went towards Slains Castle where the real Count Dracula lives. Lucky for H.M. who had ordered his balloon out and the wicker basket stuffed full of cushions to follow Nameless.

“I don't trust Nameless who I had heard isn't coming back so along with Useless must be made examples of or no one will blow hot air into my balloon, besides a royal tour is a necessity as my tax inventor is out collecting taxes,” and meant him clutching a red brief case. “I don't trust him either for money makes men dreamer schemers and I should know for I am dreaming of a new balloon capable of holding fancy dress balls so I won't get bored as I follow my

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servants about my kingdom,” H.M. the spoilt brat in garters that held up his silk stockings. And knew his subjects were envious of those silks for they could not afford them after paying his taxes. And because he was aloof and knew how to deal with sniggers so never heard his subjects whisper, *“Only funny folk go about in garters even if the garters belong to H.M. and we all know he is a dandy rake.”*

“Get blowing,” H.M. to his privileged blowers who numbered at least fifty. Privileged for they were in gold chains to give the balloon some sparkle.

And a prevailing wind blew the dandy north towards a coach going the wrong way thanks to Durno.

“Here there's a limit what drops from the royal balloon and soggy loo paper is over the limit,” a marrow farmer below flicking soggy royal litter off his prize marrow and was the words of change. Fermenting revolt it was, and he was just many under the balloon that had had it up their neck in royal thrown away mutton legs. All that was needed was an oiler selling pitch forks and gasoline along with flint matches for a fed up crowd to riot and burn down a royal palace. Perhaps even a balloon with someone in it?

And an oiler in a coach just heading north; had a suitcase full of interesting thingamabobs a rioting crowd needed and he did be able to afford his retirement home after all.

“Puff blow pant,” the fifty blowers after sucking in hot air from a furnace in an engine room fixed to the bottom of the balloon, “gasp wheeze,” they added and “crack,” from the task masters whip for “slackers” was heard too.

“Squawk,” a passing albatross that hadn't brought any luck to the fifty blowers.

And far below amongst what looked like ants Nameless was on a ship about to dock in Nigg River Harbour which was a few planks of rotten wood stuck in a muddy estuary as no sane workmen worked about here for on that spooky hill above a castle; Slains where Dracula was

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born.

Which explains the bats roosting everywhere and were wild unhouse trained bats full of rabies wanting to give local tourism a shot in the arm. And from the castle walls a big servant was seen throwing bread crumbs to the bats. A big foul smelling servant who slept amongst the coal. A big servant with bolts in his neck.

“Tra la la,” the happy monster sang; yes could it be the same monster we know and love from bed time stories? “Tra la la guess who?”

*

“SPARKLE,” was on everyone's mind as all had seen the sparkle even Durno using his side mirrors.

“That sparkle isn't the sparkle of what men see while whimpering in their dreams; for men are all related secretly too change shapers, *“Nice one moment and the next wild beasts,”* Granny missing Lancelot.” And Aslop fable adds: *“The minds of the male passengers thought for they was all descended from what floats in middens, what floats in a roasting tray when a chicken is taken out, runny fluid in other words.”*

“There was three sparkles there,” Durno thinking for all of them and is a warning to girls as old age don't stop men thinking with their toes.

“Yes three sparkles,” Lancelot thinking hard what the third sparkle might be, mummy had never told him about a third sparkle there? But Granny had just before he pushed her down the ski slope.

“I can sell it whatever it is,” the oiler showing oilers were rich scum.

“A sparkle like that can pay for my ears to get shortened,” the elf dreaming scheming.

“I can buy a girl whatever a girl looks like,” the dwarf aspiring.

“Howl,” the were-wolf dreaming of a suit case full of clothes to shred.

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“With the reward and that sparkle I can give it away to an orphanage,” the sheriff lying through his back teeth.

“That sparkle I can become my own king and be a better tyrant than H.M.” him with the red brief case.

“I can replace these mules with stallions,” Durno.

“Enaw enaw,” the mules understanding English and winded their resentment.

“Judas Priest want a stink,” Durno.

“Snigger,” them resentful mules.

But Dracula hadn't seen any SPARKLE so wasn't schemer dreaming.

“Tra la la,” the monster and since Dracula wasn't looking ate some breadcrumbs for he was hungry.

*

“When I get to her some place will sparkle with bruises as no grandchild of mine advertises her sparkle, besides what's hers is mine, I need a new Ferrari coach and a Nissan in case the battery is flat,” Granny jumping on her broomstick.

“Bruises and broomstick?” And in her rack sack many poisoned apples to sell to hungry miners; dwarves looking for gold for Granny hated dwarves. Big ones, brown ones, small ones, yellow ones, white ones, any colour and any alignment for dwarves are the little sons of Adam, as long as they was dwarves Granny hated them and sold them bad apples. For Granny had a tattoo on her left biceps, “I hate dwarves,” and on her right biceps, “Snow White stinks.”

And not far away a forgotten mother, forgotten because she was forgotten; never mind the gods were about and that makes up being agnostic.

“Who was my mum?” A pretty girl under a red hood had asked pressing flowers too sell.

And above Wodan the god heard her and shivered. He knew, was his girlfriend Eostre and not

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the wife. Bad Wodan what had been doing when he told the wife he was taking the dragons for a walk?

“Wodan was his name and made men.

Wodan stinker to be precise.

“Made them in my image.”

So men stank too.

Made the monster too.

As an after thought and

left over string and glue.

Wodan stinker was his name.”

“Mmmmmm, what's her name Eostre isn't here and the pretty thing under the red hood is pretty,” Woden peering at her from a cloud for he was a Peeking Tom needing his girlfriend Esotre to catch him and throttle him good.

“And she never told him she was his.

For women are like that.

And knew she wasn't

For Cindy was descended from

Roses and gardens and

Cash accounts.

Not stinker Wodan.”

“Mmmmmm I feel as if I am in the middle of a snow storm and all is quite and something unseen is near me, titter titter,” the silly pretty girl in the red hood for she could feel Wodan's eyes on her bum.

“For men being Adam's sons just can't help themselves,” Aslop staring too.

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And Wodan sneaked away for he was a sneak of a macho male descended from what birds drop.

And being a goddess Eostre overheard every thought Wodan had and would never get again for a man should learn to look at one pair of legs only and not sneak about red hoods like like like a son of a rattlesnake.

“I will make her fall in love with the first man the girl in the red hood bumps into in the queue to the out house in the morning so better make sure Dieaslave has drunk lots of mugs of water and slurped platefuls of watery gruel that have been lying about uncovered. Uncovered for flies were at the front of the out house queue. Flies to make sure Dieaslave wanted the outhouse for Eostre was a cunning goddess. A goddess with longer legs than her under the red hood. Legs she had insured for she was indeed a calculating woman.

*

“Puff pant,” Dieaslave doing his share of the blowing as H.M. was in the balloon along with his hang ons. “Puff pant,” Bornaslave reading the comic strip of the Herald as he was doing the thinking for him and Dieaslave.

“Puff pant,” Dieaslave blowing for both of them so Bornaslave could think for he knew his friend was thinking of their escape.

“Ha ha,” Bornaslave thinking of their escape as he read the pictures.

“At this rate we will never reach Nameless and that dwarf Useless,” H.M. watching a belly dancer who being long legged knew how to make more money than H.M. did in an hour; why she just wiggled her belly in front of H.M. who ogled and drooled and threw diamond rings and cash at her for Wodan had made them after him.

“Whistle,” H.M.

ANWAY: “Nameless get the speed up,” H.M. then remembered Nameless wasn't here so went

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down to the blower himself. "Phew what a stink," as the essence of blower reached him so fainted.

"See what my hard thinking does?" Bornaslave fleecing H.M. for H.M. had many rings worth a royal ransom. "To help us bribe the guards so we can escape," Bornaslave explaining to his friend Dieaslave.

"Puff pant," Dieaslave.

And because Eostre couldn't bare the naivety of Dieaslave cried and screamed as she pulled her red hair out then added, "I need a wig or Wodan wont look at me for sometimes long legs isn't enough, so winked at Thor the thunder god who went berserk for he was just another macho man running about the clouds in goat skin leotards. And when Thor goes berserk storms brew so a strong wind blew the balloon north too far away rotten forgotten land some place where a coach and passengers was and resentful mules.

"How lovely a cool breeze for blowing is hot work," Dieaslave and caught a fly and offered it to "an unknown god or goddess for being so kind too a pure over worked slave like me."

"If only there were more like him," Eostre and then looked at someone else, "Ha ha," Bornaslave reading the comic strip."And less of his type," she added.

*

"A tin of chopped tomato as every good cook has them in stock. A handful of freshly picked wood mushrooms and a dash of garlic and this omelette should be just right, something to warm the innards of an old gentle druid," and was all lies for The Druid of The North was thinking of his mission so picked the wrong mushrooms. He picked ones with bright purple spots when they should have been bright red spots so started seeing yellow submarines and hearing loud rock music so went nuts. Yes nuts enough to pull his hair out by the roots so pretty soon a pile of long white fluffy stuff was at his feet.

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And wasn't a handful of garlic but sixteen handfuls because he was seeing yellow submarines and ogling their crew. A crew running about in bikinis and many had hairy legs for too much garlic does that you know.

So when he opened his breath too drool was overcome by the stink of garlic so screamed, "I am dying gasp must open a window," but opened the cage to his newts, spiders, bats and rats sort of thing and they was mighty relieved to be free for he picked them at will to chuck into his stews and potions; so naturally felt like a bit of revenge so:

"Help help," someone being shredded by vengeful creepy crawlies.

And some of the creepy crawlies had sharp teeth like them rats and being rats ran up his legs so The Druid of the North was in desperate states.

"I must remember the spell to turn them all into ants so I can stomp them under my feet," the deranged druid and what he was going through anyone did be deranged.

So turned them all into army ants as them mushrooms was still affecting him.

"Oh my gods what have I done?" The druid stamping on army ants with no shoes and because them rats was already on his parts turned them into army ants too on places important.

"Help help," the druid foaming at the mouth rolling about and pretty soon was rolling about clutching his tummy for he had cooked eggs a year old he kept for pile potions he sold to mean grannies and one he knew in particular so was extra old eggs.

"Ali of a Thousand Thieves take me to my outhouse," the druid thinking about the relief house and not insect spray and forgot to mention what outhouse so ended up at the back of the queue where a line of passengers waited to get into the outhouse ahead.

"Help help," from them passengers in the queue as army ants found their way onto them.

But at least the druid was where he was meant to be.

"Ha ha ho he ho," Wodan thinking all this real funny.

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*

“Sniff sniff,” Goldilocks knowing without the Inn Keeper three square meals a day was gone,
never mind that chained dwarf had plenty of muscle.

“Grr.” Bunny dreaming of dwarf covered in fried onions and barbecue sauce.

And a watching crow liked the taste of ants so had a great time.

“Kra kra,” is what crows make.

Ugly noise.

Ugly birdies.

Fly away

And don't come back.

“A pet for me?”

A monster asked.

Lucky crow the monster wasn't hungry.

Breadcrumbs can fill a hole.

*

And a tiny devil was reading an advertisement in The Times for that paper gets about.

“Imp wanted for a shoulder, any imp any shoulder, pay good,” so the tiny devil applied.

What has this rotten scallywag got to do with this story?

Well he is scary for this devil wears ballerina stuff.

Eats caviare by the tin.

So smells of fish.

Can make money by wishing it.

Has floozy types about him for he makes them cheaper by the dozen.

He got the job too as he had a brilliant C.V. And came highly recommended from the seven

For “Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr,” was heard continuously from his multiplying sheds.

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And the young Oiler grew into the oiler in the coach.

An Oiler who had sold his contaminated pills to H.M. for gout.

“Half his kingdom for a cure he promised,” Mr. Oiler now on a coach too far away get lost land as H.M. Wanted his head on a pole for the pills had bunged him up for a month.

“Cur what a stink I isn't cleaning up in that out house,” Dieaslave.

“I have a headache friend so someone must do it,” Bornaslave.

“For a good friend like you I will clean up,” Dieaslave so with clothes pegs on his nose went to clean.

“Ah peace to read my comic book,” Bornaslave a true friend.

“Makes me proud of what I created,” Wodan above.

And above a goddess fumed behind Wodan's back.

Eostre was a daughter of Eve so knew how to deal with Adam; where was that serpent?

One bite she knew on Wodan's over weight bum would do the trick. But where was the snake?

“On vaccination,” a note read in it's basket, well if you want a job done good do it yourself.