

Coachman

The Martian City

Was full of Martians preparing to invade the Earth.

“ENAW ENAW,” came from the city so was full of bustle and din.

And there was a huge square where martial music blared and a leader with long furry ears was speaking. “Enaw enaw he he ha ho enaw enaw,” he enawed into a loudspeaker.

“He looks cute in them dark sunglasses,” Cindy and can be forgiven for she is a pretty ankle.

“Enaw,” the leader whose tail wagged for he had seen Cindy and translated, “Earthgirl.”

So suddenly Cindy wasn't alone. There was millions of dark brown eyes under long brown eyelashes staring at her. They had never seen an Earthling before and was impressed, that was before Dieaslave arrived.

“Enaw enaw,” they said about him; “It must be a pet or something?” They was close enough for Dieaslave was kitchen staff and in love.

“Enaw enaw enaw,” Dieaslave enawed impressing Cindy that he was not all in the mindless.

“Enaw enaw enaw,” Cindy added for he had told the Martians she was his intended and she had replied “Not on his nelly enaw enaw.”

And just what were these enawing Martians anyway?

Let's ask Cousin Jackie hanging 6 inches above the cavern floor in a noose.

“Gasp weho will gasp save me?” Cousin Jackie and in a pocket the green foliage of a salad lunch.

“ENAW,” and was loud and excited for the Martian loved a green nibble especially when not paid for; and Cousin Jackie it knew wasn't in a position to barter.

Coachman

The Martian was a pretty oily alien and knew how to deal with Earthlings.

It ate them like it ate Durno so Jackie better watch out.

“Enaw sniff sniff,” the Martian sniffing the green foliage and nibbled away.

“Gasp ha ha gasp that tickles,” Cousin Jackie still a dark blue.

And the Martian nibbled all there was.

“Gasp get away gasp I want to leave gasp everything to gasp a little Cousin Jackie gasp,” for the Martian had funny tastes.

“Grr sniff,” was heard coming down real fast.

And Vendor 678 hit the Martian square on.

Them mean dogs hit Cousin Jackie and was so annoyed at falling down the cavern took it out on him, BUT; “I am free,” and added, “no longer gasping either and hello dogs no more free doggy biscuits for you,” for he wanted them off his legs that they was gnawing.

“Grr sniff,” for them dogs liked the barbecue flavoured and Kung Po doggy biscuits Cousin Jackie gave them for his dirty work.

“Do I get a reward for saving you?” Vendor 678 and was brash and arrogant and hopeful.

And Cousin Jackie remembered the help she gave him so whispered something to them mean dogs that sniggered before chasing Vendor 678 towards the Martian city.

“Here a gold coin,” Cousin Jackie for it had dropped off the Martian.

“What did that punk say, a gold nugget?” Oiler leaving an oil trail in the cavern and followed Jackie towards the city.

“I will leave this oily rock and claim a gold tax,” the Chancellor who was no better than Oiler. And because the rock was oily slipped and slithered past all the others heading to the bright glow of the City of Gold.

Coachman

“It is made of gold, I know gold when I see gold,” Useless who never found a gold nugget ever. Other interesting things such as no gruel in his watery gruel yes.

“A city made of gold wow,” Bornaslave and straight away his mind filled with evil thoughts such as, “I will have all the gold for me,” and because Dieaslave wasn't thinking for him could not think any further like how he was going to get the gold. “I will just say the gold is mine,” and was happy and sang “Off to work we go, tra la lee, off to work yes,” and just repeated the words as he was unable to think for he was thick.

Unlike Dieaslave a mile further on having a deep spiritual conversation with the Martians.

“He is more than an ugly wart,” Cindy beginning to see the true beauty of Dieaslave.

And above Wodan was curled up with laughter, “Beauty is skin deep ha ha, yes just look at Dieaslave and run for the hills ha ha,” and so Eostre was wrath and sent a spell upon Dieaslave who became a Mr. Universe rippling with muscle and in a bright red space suit with a silver stripe down the sides. So Cindy was blinded with his beauty and forgot “Beauty is skin deep,” for Dieaslave was so handsome; Eostre had not forgotten to remove the wart either and had sent it away too seek a new home.

So a mile back a wart drifted lonely on seeking a refuge from the cold.

“I will name this city after me,” Nameless and said, “The City of Gold,” for he had changed his name to Goldfinger for gold fever was upon him.

“Drool,” a sign of the fever as the kitchen staff drooled.

“I am a royal servant and so will employ these dish washers to ravage and loot this city,” Servant.

And the wart that drifted by thought, “Royalty, I will be a royal wart, perhaps a prince?” For the wart was in good company.

Coachman

“Here I have a wart on the end of my nose,” Servant.

So the others moved away from him fearful the tunnel was full of these floating warts that liked Servant.

“Wait for me,” Servant running after them for he was afraid of the dark tunnel for he could hear, “ENAW,” everywhere, so the others ran faster to get away from him. So explains why they ran out and saw for themselves the City of Gold and a million Martians who said, “ENAW,” meaning, “Earthlings charging us, it is war war and more war,” for “ENAW” means a lot like; 'Carrot in Hollandaise sauce, carrot in curry sauce, carrot and fish and chips'.

'Enaw enaw enaw,”

the Martian enawed.

“Got any carrots?”

To the Earthling.

“Just this ray gun.”

“Enaw enaw enaw

what's it for doc?”

“To conquer Mars.”

“Enaw enaw enaw”

the Martian enawed.

Which was laughing.

“Why laugh Martian?”

The Earthling asked.

“ Enaw enaw enaw,”

came from a million

Coachman

laughing Martians.

“Carrots anyone?”

The earthling asked

and grinned.

“Humpty Dumpty sat on a mushroom and grew big thingamabobs oh what a lucky Humpty Dumpty,” Careless in a voice that sounded like grated glass for his special mushrooms did that to you after a while, of course not forgetting what they did too your insides when mixed with them biscuits.

Them special ones made on the Moon that if you believed Mr. Oiler where full of vitamins and added ingredients; and the ingredients bit was true for them mules was pure organic.

ANYWAY: “ENAW” them killer Martians 'enawed.' A million killer Martians all with glaring big brown eyes under big dark eyelashes.

“Here this isn't no welcoming committee?” Useless seeing a million Martians.

“They are making horrid smells,” Granny who hated vulgar language for Granny wanted you too believe she stayed at home knitting jumpers for her future grandchildren.

And Dracula and the other vampires went green so it was hard to distinguish them from Eagor. For the smell was like. “GARLIC,” Dracula spat then collapsed so them vampires was no help against the million “enawing” Martians covering the landscape in a garlic stink with a hint of onion.

What had them Martians been doing under the ground apart from making a million Martians.

“Oh Lancelot if you be a handsome knight in dashing stuff I will free you from being

Coachman

my escort for ever ever ever,” Granny standing behind Lancelot.

“Is that a promise,” Lancelot believing the old witch who used spells to hide her warts, wrinkles and gaps in her teeth. And lest we forget, them spindly hairy legs.

Too Lancelot heaven had been promised so he shouted, “For King Arthur, Saint George and the dragon,” then ran amongst the Martians and was the last thing he ever did for there was a million of them.

Oh Lancelot was his name.

Yes brave and not cunning.

Not really brave either.

Not much of a knight too.

More like a scrunching twerp.

You know the type?

Always behind you tip toeing.

Sniggering too.

Sometimes muttering.

And always reached the latrine first.

So everyone cheered when

them million Martians filled five baskets

repeatedly with him.

It was a miracle.

He was loved for once.

They wanted an encore.

And got heaps of Lancelot.

Five baskets repeatedly filled.

Coachman

“Enaw eanw enaw,” them Martians.

For he gave them colic.

So no longer loved him.

But hated him like everyone else

which was natural.

Yes Lancelot was his name.

A name to forget; “Enae enaw enaw.”

“This does not look promising,” The Chancellor and no one liked him but he had got their attention for they was no longer laughing about Lancelot for the passengers was a cruel lot.

“Purr,” as Broom was behind him.

“Why hello sweetie?” The Chancellor for he wore red shoes and took your taxes so was funny in the head.

“What are you waiting for Broom?” Granny for she was full of malicious intent for she remembered taxes paid a year past. Taxed for sun lotion, taxed on the number of bronzed oilers she found on a beach in the Antipodes. So Granny was wrath and missed Lancelot and regretted sending him to the million Martians out of boredom.

For Granny was a spoilt Granny who only now realised the worth of that useless knight.

“I demand too see your ruler,” The Chancellor and showed them his red brief case so all the Martians trembled for a red brief case is found all across space. It means only one thing?

Tax collector so all them million Martians ran back to their city shinning pretty for they had servants too to polish all them gold and nickel towers and bronze door knobs.

“Maybe there is more to him than I noticed?” Granny thinking of the future.

Coachman

And why The Chancellor ran after them Martians for he did not like the future seen.

“I will sneak away when no one notices,” Bornaslave but the trouble was he didn't wait till no one would not notice.

“You can help Servant carry me,” The Druid and Useless did for The Druid showed him a vision of a gold mine as a reward in the city ahead.

And Servant being taller than the dwarf carried The Druid above his head and the dwarf whose feet did not reach the ground.

“Grunt pant,” sounds came from Servant who was sweating too.

“What a lovely job,” Useless happy at work.

AND WHAT OF THEM EATEN BY THEM GREEDY MARTIANS?

REMEMBER THIS IS A HAPPY STORY AND NO ONE DIES HERE; just regurgitated which is far faster than reincarnation or waiting for judgement day.

Why have a glimpse of them below.....there is Durno filling bags of sea salt and nice and sun tanned too for all the flames.

And Lancelot filling a wagon with coal.

'OILER INDUSTRIES,' was in red paint on the wagon's side. And on a rock above flicking them ever so gently with a Bull whip; that devil on a shoulder. See how Durno and Lancelot smile, happy at work.

And look nymphs bringing supper and my a twenty course spread, how lucky these workers way down below, not like them above picking up dropped carrots the fleeing Martians dropped.

And as we leave the tiny devil on a shoulder to eat his twenty courses.....

And the tiny devil did soon be disturbed for above:

“I just know Lancelot is digging for gold underneath my feet,” Useless.

Coachman

“Yes a whole vault filled with the shiny green stuff,” Nameless thinking of emeralds.

“Yes green gold,” Useless who was colour blind.

“Green gold covered in Caesar dressing,” Servant and drooled for he was a starving servant for the passengers had forgotten to share the mule feed with them lately for they was busy with them 'enawing' Martians.

Them million 'enawing' Martians.

And suddenly Useless became sneaky as he slithered into the shadows and there began to dig, mole fashion or he did be at it for ever and ever.

“I will crawl into Useless's tunnel ever so quietly in case he hears me,” Bornaslave who had thought so a gleam of light appeared in his eyes; but was extinguished as the dirt in front was thrown back. “Argh can't see a blinking thing,” Bornaslave no longer thinking or he did never have opened that place where food goes, in of course.

“Why lazy thing, get up here and dig,” and Useless was a tough nut for his size so dragged Bornaslave squealing like a porker by the nose upfront.

“Dig bum,” was the precise words used by Useless whose eyes were demented a gold colour, his teeth a dirty yellowish gold, his skin a gold yellow tint for he had jaundice for the passengers had wanted rid of them biscuits.

Biscuits made with too much salt and moon gravel to finish one off.

So Bornaslave trembled for he was digging to get away from the mad dwarf now biting his bum. “Grunt,” was heard often too.

And behind Bornaslave the passengers followed the kitchen staff for they knew a million funny fury Martians was too many to beat up.

And only that tax collector followed them Martians back to their city.

“I have a new master,” the aspiring cousin pulling Dracula's coffin in the tunnel the

Coachman

dwarf had made. "He is a count so will reward me with a Lordship for saving him," for the aspiring cousin was just that; "drool," he added dreaming of Cousin Jackie bowing to him.

And in the coffin Dracula was not alone. A sneaky elf with pointed ears had sneaked in while Dracula was asleep. "What is good for the knobs is good for the peasants," the elf and curled up in the shadows, just in case the knob woke up and threw him out.

And Eagor sat on the coffin for Lula Bell was inside.

"Ha ha this is good, pull faster ha ha," for Eagor was having fun.

"If I let go of the coffin and make a run for it the monster will outrun me and shred me, I am doomed," the aspiring cousin fed up aspiring for Dracula pulling the coffin.

"Titter giggle," from the shadows in the coffin.

"That sounds like Lula Bell, where did she go?" For Eagor was forgetful.

And ahead the tiny devil chewed on a Vindaloo prawn for everything was hot in hell.

"Where is the gold mate?" Useless dropping in as he dropped through the roof onto him from his tunnel. "Grunt," was heard often behind him.

"Gasp choke," the tiny devil swallowing the hot prawn the wrong way down so added: "Gasp."

Then the lot dropped onto him squashing him good so only his forked tail remained for the rest of him was pushed into the soft hot soil, that steamed and hissed crisping the tiny devil good.

"Gasp I hate them," he muttered face down too.

"Who hates Eagor," so showed the tiny devil not too speak your mind in public like films tell you too; that is because John Wayne never met Eagor.

"Hello honey," and Lula Bell appeared from the coffin and so did Dracula but not the elf.

Coachman

“Where have you been?” Egor not liking Dracula's false fangs on her neck for Egor was no fool.

“To the corner shop dearest,” Lula Bell.

“Oh,” Egor for he was indeed a monstrous fool, a dim wit too.

And Dracula slid by for Egor was big and not trustworthy.

That's when the elf appeared thinking he was safe.

“Where have you been?” Egor in a nasty tone for he did not like the elf for he had pointed ears and was an elf; so Egor was a bad boy judging elf's by their appearance.

“With Lula Bell,” the elf slipping it out so stopped, shrunk a foot and trembled and added, “he he just a joke Egor.”

But Egor didn't see any joke so chased the elf here and there and through walls so rocks fell down and burst into the sewer system of the Martian city and ruined it. For Egor couldn't catch the fast footed elf who used to be a long distance runner and won an Olympic gold for the sprint.

“Why doesn't the monster have a coronary?” The elf sweating and added, “I am out of shape, too many of them biscuits high in salt and weevils puff pant.”

And because the elf had stopped on a Martian street puffing and panting he was bending over.

And a million Martians were about him 'enawing' just as Egor appeared.

“Grrrrrrr,” Egor making the sound of an angry monster.

“Enaw,” them million Martians who breed fast and Egor beat them all up for he was a monster.

“When the monster has his hands full I will escape,” the pointed eared elf but as he got a hundred yards many Martians Egor was tossing about came down to Mars.

Coachman

“Ouch that hurts,” the elf buried under them so shows there is someone above who likes monsters and not elves with pointed ears.

And what about Lula Bell? She was a milk maid, an extra whose job it is to hang about the shadows and get bitten by Dracula so nothing happened to her, besides she had more than pretty ankles.

So had Egor that destroyed the golden city; he had what it takes to be an ugly monster..

So “what happened to all the gold?” Bornaslave asked as he dug his way up near Egor.

So “the monster has taken it all for himself,” Useless not wanting a long happy life.

So “we must rob the monster and beat him good, then throw him in a sac and toss him in a fast flowing river,” Nameless and where he got this dangerous thought from who knows?

“Titter,” and was from heaven where Wodan was responsible.

“I want my share of the gold want want want and will rob the monster,” Servant suffering from Fools Gold Fever and a 106F fever for the drinking water was dirty as the staff was expected to drink from the pools. Pools now fermented for Egor had destroyed the Martian sewer system.

Well done Egor.

And explains why Servant was covered in purple alien spots from alien bacteria.

“Who wants to shred Egor?” For Egor knew he was big and tough.

“They do,” and was Dieaslave with Cindy and he pointed at the tax collector for Dieaslave was a friend in need.

“Grrrrrr,” Egor as he chased The Chancellor this way and that and shouted: “Stop so I can shred you,” and got a reply, “Monster you are an idiot,” as red shoes clattered very fast on the Martian roads.

“Grrrr sniff,” but was not from Egor so Useless trembled and Bornaslave peed in his

Coachman

pants and Nameless stunk the place up.

“What cute doggies,” Careless and threw a bag of raw hide flavoured mushrooms at them and was eaten all up.

“Here doggies,” and Dieaslave threw them a bagful of chicken flavoured biscuits.

So was these two that saved the staff from a gnawing.

“Ha ha,” Bornaslave booting the dogs doubled up with colic and never thanked his friends for his life.

“Food,” Useless stealing the dogs food and never thanked his friends for his life.

“Give them it good Bornaslave,” Nameless making sure the dogs knew it was not him getting revenge for a decade's gnawing.

“Mushrooms anyone,” Careless handing out chocolate flavoured ones to everyone. But Dieaslave did not eat any nor did Cindy.

“He is so manly not giving me a biscuit,” Cindy away with the fairies for she saw Dieaslave in a new light; the wart had floated away remember.

And Eostre had been working while Wodan was having his joke with Nameless.

So the Martian civilisation would never be seen from the earth as Egor had destroyed it; not that it was seen from earth as was underground. Just as well or all them stories about little green men did have too change to 'enawing' fury Martians eating carrots and people.

Yes Mars has a lot to thank Egor for?

IN THE FUTURE: “Cousin Jackies's ghost tours, \$5 a person, come and stand where the Martians met Egor.”

“2\$ a lick on an Egor lolly,” was Oily Oiler's response.

And dart boards everywhere with a hated face under the darts: Egor's. AND “Tra la la le,” was heard on the winds of Mars and “Ha ha he he,” in the lightening too.