

## Coachman

## A New Martian Civilisation.

“I will build a 40 story emporium right here,” Cousin Jackie for he had painted a spot marked X; for future Earthling tourists in two thousand years.

“Why didn't I think of that?” Vendor 678 and hated him for she had ambitions, a lingerie department store for future earthling tourists, men and girls, didn't matter as long as they spent spent spent spent.

“Why didn't I think of that?” The aspiring cousin and did not think of that as he did not wear lingerie or even boxer shorts so was an unhygienic little runt.

“I will steal his idea so must think of dastardly plans,” Mr. Oiler. “I am not thinking of that but of a mansion and swimming pool and a dark street with a street light for Cindy my intended. Yes for Cindy for when she gets restless too sell pressed flowers,” for love had gone to his brains so wasn't thinking.

“One and two make four,” for Eagor was doing the thinking these days as he counted them 'enawing' Martians in a coral.

“My Eagor is going into the stage coach business for the stage coaches will need Martians to pull them. Isn't my Eagor smart,” Lula Bell who beamed with pride as they waited for the tourists to fill the stage coaches in two thousand years.

“I will open 'Dracula Tours and get a fresh continuous plasma supply.” Dracula thinking of an army of Martian slaves to build him a castle.

“I will live in the attic and when he isn't looking drink all his continuous plasma supply,” the elf showing elves with pointed ears were a nasty miscreant lot who was dangerous as they thought ahead. It was the pointed ears that provided cooling to the small over used brain that could not stop wanting to think so smoked and sizzled instead.

## Coachman

“My Eagor will take the basement where he can jump out and shout “BO” at the tourists,” Lula Bell who was thinking of flying up to the attic sometimes.

“Human tourists to be my devoted subjects?” H.M. And remembered devoted subjects tried to cut off his head so went over to the Martians and said, “I am your king so grovel.”

“Enaw enaw,” them Martians and then kicked H.M so was covered in sores.

“Nameless,” H.M. and he came.

“Yes my king?” Nameless calling him something crude under his breath?

“Fix them,” H.M. and meant the Martians with flared nostrils and parted rubbery lips showing real big teeth that was good for ripping servants to shreds.

“Not blooming likely,” Nameless and ran for it for Nameless knew Mars had open plains for a man like him to build up a ranch and sell Martians to the stage coach that would run through his land. And Nameless stopped for he was just a servant. “I need that sparkle to build my empire. I must act normal or whoever has the sparkle will think I am onto them,” so he returned to fix the Martians as Nameless acting normal would.

Thousands of Martians and only one of him so was over quickly.

“I will get Servant to pluck bits and pieces off them Martians to make tasty love potions,” the sick Druid who added, “Oh Servant where art thou?”

And Servant was behind the out house shivering for he had seen what them Martians had down to Nameless.

“Where is that lazy bum?” The Druid and asked his portable magic mirror who told him so Servant was sent shaking and dribbling at the mouth to the Martians.

“Please can I pluck bits and pieces from you?” he asked and smiled and blinked with his eyes to add mystery.

So the Martians went berserk as he plucked them and shredded him all over.

## Coachman

And Nameless had a dream about Mars as he stuck bandages on himself.

A dream that H.M. did go out riding a Martian on a lonely mountain trail. And the Martian did throw him off so H.M. did be left all alone to get lost and never come back to boss poor Nameless about again. So Nameless chuckled and rubbed his hands together for he was off his rocker and after the mauling and shredding the Martians gave him, no wonder.

“Can I share your dream too?” Servant and dreamed The Druid was on the same Martian and when he was lost, just in case he found a tourist guide and came back, bumped into Cousin Jackie who did give him a ticket back to Earth and pay his trip as the ship's magician act.

So Servant cackled louder than Nameless and no one minded them as they was in tune so made an 'enawing' rhythm.

“I must sign them onto my Oiler Record Company,” Oiler now dreaming of a record factory with Martians buying his records.

And Useless proved he had nothing topside for he said, “I can make ear piercing sounds too,” and did and soon drew Martians to him. Ones that swooned over him for he was now a Martian pop star. “I am loved at last,” and forgot about the sparkle for he knew the tourists from earth did fawn over him, worship him as the King of Pop. And goes to show what years of mining twenty miles down finding no gold does to a dwarf brain. Ferments it like forgotten socks under a bed.

While he 'enaws' I will see what Dieaslave my arch rival in all things is up to?” Bornaslave so kept to the boulders where orange fungus grew. For them Martians must eat to keep strong so have orange fungi plantations you know. Miles of the stuff and at a distance gives of a red glow so Mars is called the Red Planet by Earthians.

## Coachman

“There he is scurrying like a vermin in too tight pantaloons,” Bornaslave seeing Dieaslave walking with Cindy in his usual rags. “Want a bit of this orange stuff, grows everywhere,” for Dieaslave had picked his from between his toes so explains why Cindy slapped his face but missed and got Bornaslave. She was also making sure the sparkle was in the tummy of the Martian in front of them. Tethered by a hundred ropes for beside Cindy many sharp knives for she wanted the sparkle out. So was no accident she had slapped Bornaslave so his teeth left him so saw stars.

And the Martian was so sacred it did stuff.

“I will point Bornaslave to the Martian manure with these words, “Fetch the sparkle forit is in that smelly stuff so we can run away together, of course without Dieaslave,” and flashed him ankle.

“The sparkle, I am rich,” Bornaslave seeing spinning ankles and not stars now and without antiseptic gloves ran for the gem, took hold of it, kissed it and while the Martian germs spread quickly through him, he dreamed of Cindy and him on a Caribbean beach while monkeys made exotic fruit drinks for them, iced of course.

“Gawd what have I licked,” Bornaslave as he dropped the sparkle and clutched his tummy. So all remember WASH YOUR HANDS BEFORE YOU EAT.

“And Dieaslave who could think threw a handy bucket of soapy water over the sparkle so with these words, “When I hold this up to my face Cindy doesn't see my wart between my ears.” And he was right, for Cindy saw visions of handsome Earth tourists rescuing her from Dieaslave and this orange covered fungi planet.

And Granny zoomed by on a broomstick that was hoping to meet Mr. Oiler.

“Here girl these Martians want pressed flowers that taste better than this orange stuff,” for Granny was still that mean, nasty witch that had escaped from the Snow White story.

## Coachman

Who will save Cindy and allow her the dream?

Where was the goddess Eostre?

Arguing with that bum of a no good god Wodan about forgetting her birthday for he had been out with the lads playing net ball on a beach covered in floozy nymphs, fairies and sprites. Yes arguing as he held up his hands with these words, "Not my hair," as Eostre threw super glue over his head for she was a spurned woman, so was dangerous.

So was left to Lancelot to make the day for Cindy.

Yes that no good Tin Man who was dangling behind the broom stick in chains for Granny knew he wanted FREEDOM.

"If that dwarf can chew his way out of manacles I can nibble my way out of this elastic Granny has knotted me up in." For Granny did not like the feel of rusty iron chains so opted for rainbow striped elastic to wrap Lancelot in.

She was a Black Widow.

A creepy crawlie.

So should have six legs but had two.

For she was in disguise.

Just ask her broomstick.

Who was in love with Oiler.

So Lancelot nibbled to escape.

And dropped sixty feet to the Martian rocks.

"Ouch," Lancelot below but he was free and got off Bornaslave who had broken his fall. Now as Granny was about to turn Dieaslave into a dancing blind white mouse to draw the Martians in to buy Cindy's pressed flowers, she noticed the broom was a lot lighter. For Lancelot had gnawed to freedom.

## Coachman

“Ping,” went Lancelot without a paracgute.

“Oh my goodness me,” Granny who fell off because of turbulence but she was a witch so did not need a parachute like someone.

“I must run as fast as my pretty ankles can run,” Cindy and ran towards an approaching space ship.

VIRGIN TOURISTS was in big red letters on it.

Cindy was saved.

“Allow me,” and was Dieaslave who opened the newly erected Jackie Emporium door for her to pass through. For he had thought ahead and knew the store was a good place to hide from Granny who was buried in the Martian ground for she had not remembered the spell for flying. So was Bornaslave who she had landed on. So was Lancelot who was between her and Bornaslave.

So Granny did be happy and forget all about Cindy as she concentrated on using broom to teach Lancelot a lesson about escaping.

And as the VIRGIN ship approached a stage coach drew near.

“Gee up,” Durno screeched and added, “All aboard for the Martian Express,” for he was needing locked up in a secure unit.

Now is the question what will Cindy do? Will she jump aboard and take her chances amongst the vast landscape of orange fungi that was Mars? Who knew what Martian cities was out there? All Martians surely didn't have long ears and scruffy tails and 'enaw' all day. There must be a Martian Buck Rogers waiting for her.

And there was, she just didn't know it and he stood right beside her.

He was a wart between ears.

Unloved by his intended.

Coachman

Broken hearted and sad.

He wore smelly rags.

That he wiped his nose on.

So had a metallic green about him.

But could count past ten.

And did love you to adopt him.

And his name was Egor. No it was Dieaslave who  
needed a complete new story to find the answers to the above questions.