

Coachman

Nameless

“I hear my master wants to stick my head on a pole in a public place. I won't like that as everyone will get to see I haven't washed my hair in years,” Nameless on a boat about to dock on the River Yathan below a bat infested castle. “I hear the parts below my head are to be chopped up and sent all over the country. Now I wish I had changed my unmentionables and never got that tattoo, “Love you John,” across my bottom.” Yes Nameless was a worried man and knew he had to catch that dwarf and had heard a sheriff who wears a sombrero had caught him. “It must be me who takes that dwarf back preferably dead before he spreads more lies and takes me to Execution Square. That dwarf is full of nastiness and to think I treated him well giving him all that exercise and swept up floor dust added to water as a fine gruel? Full of the goodness of creepy crawlies to add extra years to a keen cyclist

And never charged him a thing for the gruel. Twenty years of free gruel, what an ungrateful monster he is.

It must be because his hormones are acting up? Surely a case of puberty and we all know teenagers LIE for that dwarf has never been out so never grew up. Chained to that exercise machine he was and should be grateful he isn't corrupted by floozy dwarf women and bingo halls.”

So the thoughts of NAMELESS and why he remains nameless and a dwarf chewing away at manacles for twenty years jives about listening to MOWTOWN music on his Blue Berry; for dwarf has the HOT TERMINATOR wiggle that girls love to ogle; but being chained for twenty years wouldn't know that. So dwarf never saw a girl for twenty years remember and stole the jewels and was fleeced by a girl in a red hood, “Groovy baby,” the dwarf's words as he was fleeced. But this is a clean story so fleeced means playing monopoly OK. And a ship was

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moored at a termite ridden dock with bats flying about.

Perhaps cousins of Dracula wanting something to go with the sage and stuffing and gravy mmmm. Perhaps Nameless biting his nails for he was a worried lunatic.

“Here these bats are leaving droppings in my hair,” a dock labourer complaining foolishly for he drew attention to himself so a hundred bats had a go on him.

And the bats here about fed on cows so their droppings was big and smelt of milk so “Phew,” was added by the dock labourers then not sucked dry by the sage and onion bats.

And above a count was looking in a mirror, a posh one for the bum used to be loaded so explains the cobwebs.

“I have many serfs doing the work I detest which means everything as I sleep all day and fly at night acting like a teenage manacled dwarf with pimples. Here mirror show me my dinner tonight and who is the fairest in the land?” Expecting mirror to grovel and hero worship the blood sucking leech for mirror was bandaged up for the leech had a bad temper.

HE WAS A VAMPIRE AND A NO GOOD who never passed out of primary 5.

“I rely on my good looks,” and was a lie for he relied on hair gel and 'I love you' to woo his girlfriends onto his goose feathered mattress for girls think of one thing only; a gold lined duvet cover filled with solid goose eggs.

And explains why a healthy country girl was lying on his bed for vampire films are full of girl extras waiting bitten.

“Did you take the pill?” Dracula also asked always fearing costly divorce proceeding where all the loot of centuries did be taken away from him because he could not keep his pants on or them teeth in. And had no loot anyway for the dead don't work and no work means no pay.

“Of course dear,” the beautiful extra milk maid replied and stuck up her machines so Dracula went temporarily blind with these words, “Ouch.” And was lies for the milk maid doubling as a

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2penny an hour cleaner with six kids to feed knew the miser Dracula had money; somewhere, all aristocrats did and all it took was garter shown to get the old decrepit to name her as heiress: so suck away Dracula but he couldn't for his teeth were false and soaking in denture cleaner in the bathroom.

“Titter giggle,” the milk maid as Dracula tried sucking her blood with gummy gums.

But the mirror showed Dracula an image of the fairest? Of a pretty girl in a red hood selling pressed flowers with these words, “Hey my H.M. want some pressed pansies?”

“Pressed panties sure,” the bad H.M. thinking of giving sweets for a game of double dare behind the swings and not cash Granny wanted.

And dirty minded H.M. pressed a ½ penny between flourishing melons with these words, “I know a dandy rake who can get you onto the stage.” And was lies as the stage was a dungeon needing swept as Nameless had gone north.

“He was H.M.

A dandy rake.

Who wore rakish clothes.

And ate dandy food.

So had diabetes.

And loathed girls.

For he was a dandy rake.”

“*Pretty girls beware the rake H.H.*” an Aslop fable but Aslop needn't worry for the pretty girl spat, “2penny, what are you a penniless bum?” For Granny had told her, “2penny will get a man nowhere; hold out for £2 or more for a flash of ankle,” for this Granny got around.

And Granny's broomstick reared up and roared, “Swish swish swish howl” then swoshed into the horizon and Granny screamed, “Weeeeeeeeeee ge up.”

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**ANYWAY:** “Gasp, she is more pretty than me wheeze pant gasp,” Dracula seeing the pretty girl in the red hood in a coach heading his way because that idiot Durno was watching his side mirrors and a pretty girl.

“Enaw,” the fed up whipped mules wanting to watch too.

“Here take some more carrot,” Durno fed up of his mules interrupting him looking in his side mirrors and was a lie for the carrot remember was tied to the end of a whip.

And if the mules was not pulling the coach but ogling too who was doing the pulling?

Not wicked Durno the Coachman teasing poor innocent mules.

No he was too skinny to pull a heavy coach.

It was the gradient of a steep hill of course.

And because he was ogling his side mirrors never saw the bats come for him; about a million of them and all vampire stock.

“Ah,” Durno's last words as he was covered in bats; sage and onion ones of course.

“Here those are bats,” the oiler worried his chips were to be cashed so opened his suitcase and there a flash of light. Blinding it was the bat repellent, a polished cross studded with gems and beside it a packet of moth balls guaranteed to kill any number of bats.

£200 was attached to the packet and the strong smell of ingredients soon had all choking except the sheriff who just chewed his cigar butt as **spaghetti western music** filled the coach.

“Eek,” the pretty girl as the coach filled with bats, bats who seeing a strange man lying on the coach floor covered him for they knew he was easy pickings for he kept saying “Ga,” so must be gormless.

And Lancelot bought the plastic cross with beads studded in as gems and was a mistake for being plastic was made in some back street factory using underpaid single mothers who could only speak “Ga” like him under them rabid bats.

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“For single mums get the blame.

For they need disposables.

That cost too much

And block drains.

Bad single nuns.”

So Lancelot was covered in bats too and they crawled up his chain mail so he screamed louder than he whose favourite word was “Ga.”

And the elf had had enough of being covered in bats so crawled in the coach window.

“Eeek a were-thingamajig” the girl who could not read mistaking the elf as something furry.

And the real were-thingamajig was fed up too, fed up every rut in the road finding him places. And this naked man wanted fluffy wolf cubs to cuddle so crawled in through the window also. And was no longer naked as he was covered in bats.

“Howl,” escaped him as important places were covered too.

And the dwarf went nuts on his chain so bits of tooth went here and there as bats got him.

“Ah,” was his last words.

And not a bat touched the sheriff for the smell of cigar clung to him; he was also handsome and had pretty blue eyes that squinted before he filled you with bullets.

“They better work?” The pretty girl buying the mothballs and the oiler made a mistake for the pretty girl had leaned forward and what the oiler saw completely disorientated him so he handed her the goods before his oiler fingers could fold about money.

And she had none to give and as the bats covered oiler he shouted, “Arrest this woman,” then added, “wheeze gasp my heart.”

“Here you have a cheek after paying you £200 for Blackpool Rock shaped as mothballs, and isn't my fault you can't see what you did with the money,” the pretty girl for bats covered his

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eyes and since she had the moth balls was not touched by a single bat but remembered where he put the money so helped herself.

And to make sure he was distracted again wiggled some lumps in front of his eyes.

“Wiggle” the blinding tempting bloated stuff but oiler had eaten too many puff pastries cooked with lard and not vegetable gee, eaten too many fish and chips fried in lard and not vegetable oil, eaten too many potato crisps fried in lard and not vegetable juices so had high blood pressure that all pressed flower sellers knew to exploit.

And a sombrero moved as blue eyes chiselled into her.

“What he saw two pretty ankles that was worth more than moth balls,” and the pretty girl leaned forward and not a muscle twitched on the sheriff as he a sparkle for free what cost oiler his blood as the bats were vampire bats. All with names for they was Dracula's pets like some people keep rats as pets and others hamsters.

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A memoir from Useless. I am that dwarf and isn't going back to no exercise machine and these bats have given me an idea,” so Useless the dwarf held up his chains for the bats to chew and explains why he is useless but: “They isn't biting, this chewed chewing gum smeared on the chain will encourage them.”

So the inside the coach was pretty crowded and above as well because Durno was trying to pull bats of him so wasn't driving and the coach thundered to a stop at the termite infested jetty where Nameless was and bats too, for there was enough to go about for everyone and mules included.

“Fried bats and onion,” an oiler trying to cash in on a new fad.

“Suck suck,” the bats in reply.

“Suck burp gurgle,” a baby bat in on the act.

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“Give me back the moth balls,” oiler.

“Get lost pervert,” a pretty girl clutching a handful of sell by date Blackpool Rock.

Then not spaghetti music but a heavy organ for haunting atmospheric music is needed and some big Caribbean drum music so the bats do a tango and disappear out of the script.

“Squeak,” the departing bats.

“Squeak burp,” a departing baby bat.

“Thank the daylight,” the coach dwellers glad the furry little cuddly things had buggered off.

“Moo moo,” a herd of cows nearby not glad at all at all the vampire bats had flocked about them.

“Moo moo,” the cows which means “my udders will be dry,” and blame the translator, “moo.”

“Suck suck,” the bats and there did be no milk with the Cornflakes either.

“Suck burp gurgle,” that greedy baby bat.

And out of the pineapple and mango juice a really big thing with bat wings but no cape did appear with a POOF of sulphur; so was a natural stinker.

“I am Dracula,” this ugly thing shouts but the pretty girl under the red hood has the jitters for Count Dracula is the most handsome monster she has ever seen; and them teeth sparkle too.

And just like the films leans her neck back for some blood transfusion one way.

“I am going blind,” Count Dracula and so **lands on the dwarf** for the mirror did not lie and her beauty has made him swoon plus the fact them pointed thingamabobs got him in the eyes; serves the ugly vampire right.

“Why me,” Useless as we better start calling the useless dwarf who was a useless jewel thief.

“I must suck her blood,” the pervert Dracula hoping.

“Mothballs,” Oiler hoping for a sale and “Arg,” Oiler getting an answer in an unexpected place for Granny had taught her girl well about oiler salesmen selling insurance and

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broomsticks at the front door..

“Mmmmm,” Oiler added going blue but not to worry this is a happy fairy story and the pretty girl stuffed one of his mothballs in his mouth too suck as as we all know a Gob Sucker of a Moth Ball will cure all ills.

“Gasp,” Oiler about to aspire, never mind he had a Gob Sucker of a Moth Ball to cure all ills in his big mouth so will be OK.

“Gad mothballs, what a stink,” Dracula flying out the coach window as a bat.

And then across the moon he circled with a cape trailing from his neck; a silk cape for the bat was supposed to be a loaded count. And not any old bat for this one was groomed, manicured and covered in hair gel and deodorants as flying about is sweaty work.

“Squeak,” the well oiled bat squeaked knowing the fairest pretty girl ever was in that coach and he must add her to his pressed girl collection.

And **spaghetti western music** filled the air along with lead bullets that filled the bat with holes. “Squeak,” the deflated gelled bat and “thud” when it hit Nameless on the wooden jetty, bounced off and “splash” as it landed in the sea and “gobble,” as a great big cat fish gobbled the bat up. Now they never show that type of ending for Dracula in the films do they?

“Cough” and other disgusting noises as the great big cat fish spat the bat out right amongst the mules.

“Enaw,” the sound of frightened mules covered in fury little rabid bats and stomped real good all over Dracula who needed to concentrate hard to poof back into a human count. But with a hoof some place important and another where wind escapes and one in each eye how could he concentrate so changed back into a vampire rat which wasn't much better.

“Hey look vermin,” Nameless watching the rat get hoofed.

“Squeak,” the rat getting his chips as mule hooves are sharp and then was kicked away and



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**spaghetti western music** filled the air with these words, “Rats I hate them,” and the words was followed by bullets so the rat was blasted into oblivion.

“My hero,” the pretty girl under the red hood and swooned onto a sombrero.

And for once the sheriff with the glazed blue eyes took it off and and and and and and puckered his lips and she puckered hers but a chewed cigar butt got in the way.

So did a were-wolf who seeing the moon was up “Howl,” and stood up between them salivating and drooling like dogs do and stunk the place up too for dogs eat out of trash cans.

And a dwarf stood up with these words, “Mumble,” as his teeth was flakes falling like snow but he was chewed free, he had succeeded in gnawing his way out of them stainless steel manacles made in Sheffield.

And shook off the bats onto the cowboy and pretty girl.

And an elf stood up and went bananas for he was fed up of life, why he had endured stuck on the wrong side of the door so had big lumps all over him, especially the head that had connected with the door. And his waving hands slapped the handsome sheriff and pretty girl.

And an oiler spat out a giant moth ball and it hit the handsome sheriff right on the fore head so he swooned.

And a man from perhaps Italy stood up off the coach floor and stretched for lying on a coach floor being used as a door mat sure as heck gives one cramp. So his hands hit the back of the sheriff and slapped the girl places he shouldn't.

And a jealous knight saw his chance to be rid of the competition and opened the coach door so more bats flew in and hit the sheriff many times on the head so he began to see spinning bats amongst the stars and never knew who pushed him out with a savage kick some place.

Never mind he landed on Nameless so was fine.

“She is mine by divine right,” the owner of the chain mailed boot that did it.

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And the girl felt steel gloves creak about her with these words, "The king is my brother," and was a lie and meant to impress for Lancelot knew everyone was like him; a schemer.

And the girl remembered what Granny said, "*With looks like that you will go all the way to the top and be queen.*" So the foolish girl allowed a vision of herself in a white wedding dress to hinder her judgement.

"I will fleece her of her savings for such a pretty girl must have important clients," Lancelot the bounder and remembered what Granny had told him; she has the sparkle. "Once I ravish her for with my looks she can not resist me, I will drop her for the fsea is full of pretty ankles wanting me," for Lancelot was Lancelot..

And outside a servant called Nameless dressed in royal leather jerkins carried his over night bag as H.M .didn't pay him enough to hire servants of his own neared the coach.

And walked all over the sheriff who should not have been lying where he was in the first place.

"Ha ha he ho," the small figure of Useless the dwarf as he ran by and as he went kicked Nameless some place so Nameless doubled up with these words, "Moan."

And Nameless had a vision just like the pretty girl had, but his wasn't of a wedding but of Execution Square and a big axe.

And above a balloon with fifty blowers was nearing.

"Puff pant," went the forty nine blowers for number fifty was busy thinking.

"That useless servant of mine better have my jewels or else?" H.M. thinking of nasty things to do to Nameless to make his vision come true.

And in front of H.M. a chest full of gold the perks of the job and a table laid out with roasted goose and boars and dandies and floozy courtiers to complete the picture.

"I am Bornaslave and puff pant all day and night for a living and eat the swill from that

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dandy's table so am fermented all up with revolution,” Bornaslave thinking of nasty ways to drop the dandy H.M. over the side of the balloon so he could raise the Jolly Roger and head for Cuba where pirates roam the Caribbean and be a famous film star for he read too many comics.

Yes Bornaslave was the best friend anyone could have and regret having.

“I am Dieaslave and wish Bornaslave did hurry up thinking and wish for more swill from H.M.'s table for I eat anything and can sleep anywhere,” and why Dieaslave should die a slave.

And the catalyst to start the revolution was coming, a million bats fed up of being shot at and swatted with fly swatters sold to swatters by an oiler who was now rich, and of having moth balls thrown at them was heading there way.

Swill was on the air and the bats was hungry.

“What the heck?” Bornaslave becoming all fur as bats covered him.

“He he that tickles,” Dieaslave who had thick skin and let Bornaslave do all the thinking.

“Help I am royal so go away you horrid thingamajigs,” H.M. ordering the bats to suck away on his courtiers.

So many courtiers jumped into the sea below to get away from the annoying rabid vampire bats that were covered in fleas. And all were saved by passing fishing boats so be happy for the fishermen who put them to work. “This be working boats not luxury liners aarh,” the fishermen smoking clay pipes and all had a parrot on their shoulder. “Poly wants a cracker aarh,” all the parrots could say.

And in the balloon above: “Bo Ho I am all alone who will save me?” H.M. and Bornaslave heard and knew this was his time to be important and be rewarded with a knighthood for he read a lot of comics.

“I will,” Bornaslave picking bats off him but never mind there was lots more to replace them he picked off.

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“Who are you?” H.M. objecting to the torn smelly bits of cotton Bornaslave wore as clothes and “*beggars can't be choosers*” an Aslop fable so Bornaslave was stuck for words so didn't save H.M.

It was Dieaslave that did who giggling away being tickled by bats bumped into H.M. and knocked him off the balloon so he fell a thousand feet and landed on top of Nameless so got a soft landing.

“Judas I am dead,” Nameless not liking the fat blob falling on him from Heaven.

“Here I was to save H.M. and get promoted to Chamberlain,” Bornaslave doing some thinking.

“Giggle,” Dieaslave as he fell laughing onto a lever that let all the hot air out of the balloon so it hissed away.

“Yaaaaaaaaa,” a terrified scream from Bornaslave as the balloon whizzed and hissed this way and that.

“Giggle,” from an idiot.

“Hiss,” from the balloon.

And below Dracula had changed himself into Count Dracula with these words, “Curse the day them lot was born,” and “what is that hissing, a rattlesnake?” And laughed over his joke for he knew rattlers lived in America not over here.

Then the balloon landed on him and was a big balloon as there were seats for fifty blowers so Dracula was messed up real good. Ugly it was but never mind he was about to be blessed for Heaven above had given him two loyal servants and a chest full of cash.

“Here Dieaslave pick up that royal tonne chest of gold and let's be off to some place where wine, floozy women and swill are served up,” Bornaslave trying to think what he would do with HIS cash.

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“OK good friend who will let me buy a mansion and title and eat roast duck and wild bison,” Dieaslave who never thought as he was thick. But that was as far as he got for there was a poof and Dracula stood in front of them.

“Mine I believe?” Dracula his teeth sparkling.

“Away you go, this belongs to my good friend Bornaslave so clear off,” and Dieaslave threw the tonne chest onto Dracula for he had nothing else to throw. With these words, “Bornaslave will be proud of me.”

And Bornaslave saw fangs, the type that vampire's use to suck all the blood out of you so trembled and squeaked and fell to his knees with these words, “Master don't hurt me beat Dieaslave instead.”

“I will do anything for my good friend,” Dieaslave who never thought for himself so was beaten black and blue; the stupid twerp.

Now the floozy girl who had stolen the jewel from Useless had worn a red cape and was so pretty she had only winked and blown a kiss at the useless servant who had not seen a girl in twenty years for he had been manacled to an exercise bike. Whereas Nameless knew what a girl looked like for he wasn't chained but free to cover his bedroom wall in posters of anything girl. Why there was Mrs. Rat doing her washing, Mrs. Squirrel taking her young too school, and lots more for Nameless was just a nameless entity to all the girls in the city market who did not whisper behind his back, but spat in his face, “Look it's the ugly duckling again,” and “Hello fatty,” for he was H.M.'s food taster.

And the pretty girl had got off a coach with the others and together now rang the doorbell to Dracula's castle for they wanted food and entertainment for the night as weary travellers always want. So a big fire was lit in the castle by an ugly servant that spread to the village and burnt the place down: but two new servants now ran about helping this ugly Eagor, Dracula's faithful old

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servant. The two also doubled as a comedy act so Dracula got a bargain.

Yes Eagor is the same Eagor from the story Womba so we let's party for **the monster has returned.**

"Eagor happy Dracula loves me," yes its Eagor.

"At least he didn't suck the blood out of me," Bornaslave doing a ventriloquist act for the passenegers.

"Nor me," Dieaslave the dummy replied just before the weary travellers fed up of jokes about shark infested custard showered them with left overs.

"This is better than swill," Dieaslave stuffing his mouth.

"Something not quite right in what they are throwing, it should be shiny like like like?"

Bornaslave trying to remember what an audience threw at actors.

"Cash?" Dieaslave who was thick as toast so let Bornaslave do all the thinking.

And as the actors were kicked back to the kitchens by Eagor, Dracula went to work to charm the juices out of the pretty red hooded girl; there could only be one most handsome person in the land, and it was him.

And **spaghetti western music** filled the castle and six guns twirled on the end of fingers and a chewed cigar but was spat.

"Ouch, Dracula holding his eye that began to smoulder.

"The lady is taken," the cigar smoker.

"Cough gasp wheeze," Dracula getting a face full of horrid nasty smoke that would stunt his growth.

And the pretty girl was annoyed for here was a count; a step up over a sheriff and knight for she remembered what Granny said, "*the richer they are the more you fleece them in the divorce.*" And wedding music filled her ears so was not affected by the charm of western music.

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And in her red cape that was always up sticky tape that held a scented hanky and in it a jewel that she had stolen from a useless dwarf because he was smaller than her.

“I will follow them and pretend I came off the coach and get inn service too,” Nameless hoping for freebies for he never got any pay from H.M.

“He got no pay

Yes no pay.

For his name wasn't on the pay list.

For his name was Nameless.

So he had no name.

Besides H.M. Never had no pay list.

For H.M. was a dandy rake.

And Nameless an ugly fat duckling who ate too much.

And girls spat, “Look here come ugly again.”

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And dwarf was so excited at being free he jumped and kicked his heels and didn't look where he was running, straight over a draw bridge and into the kitchens of Dracula's castle.

“Here look a dwarf,” Bornaslave trying to think what a dwarf could do in a kitchen; perhaps get down on all fours and bark as a new act for the passenegers.

“Life is getting easy at last,” Dieaslave throwing Useless into a pile of soapy bubbles in a sink for he let Bornaslave do all the thinking.

“What can I call the act?” Bornaslave and Dieaslave added, “Lassie.”

“You will need these,” Dieaslave throwing rubber gloves at Useless.

“Slap,” the rubber gloves connecting across Useless so never saw Eagor manacle him to the kitchen sink for Eagor liked the dwarf for he had never owned a Lassie and was so lonely

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needed and dreamed of a pet that went on all fours and barked.

“Here I isn't no dish washer,” Useless throwing the gloves off his face and looked up at Egor who was a giant of a monster and pure ugly. So added, “Beats that exercise machine,” and, “hope I am using Mr. Sparkle Fairy Liquid for I my hands are delicate things.”

So the dwarf was amongst good company who like him had not finished primary school so could not think ahead.

“Scrub a dub dub,” Useless and blew bubbles.

“Squeak,” Egor all excited his new pet could do tricks.

“I know I will tell them chicken crossing road jokes,” Bornaslave liking his idea.

And at a kitchen table near a kitchen hearth Dieaslave was stuffing raw neap into his mouth for it beat swill so was happy and after the neap was gone he was going to stuff uncooked sausage all the way from Transylvania. Yes eating he knew came first and that's why he let Bornaslave do the thinking.

“After the dishes I will escape and find that girl who stole my jewel I stole from H.M.” Useless the dwarf but Egor had other ideas, the outhouse needed emptied and after that all the bat droppings swept up, then the crocodiles in the moat needed fed and Dracula's coffin swept out and better hope Dracula was out and not hungry. Besides Useless had no teeth left didn't he?

Yes Egor like Dieaslave knew life had got easier; he did never part with his new pet ever. And remembered the chimney needed swept too and someone to visit the angry villagers and tell them Egor did not burn the village down. Villagers armed with pitch forks, garlic and crosses and burning torches.

“Why is that ugly monster looking at me?” Useless the dwarf.

And in the castle Nameless lurked with these words, “I will stuff my face first with these Transylvanian cooked sausages and caviare then look for Useless for H.M. taught me how too



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eat.“

So would always be called “fatty” by the girls. And “ugly” remember for he was.

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And a milk maid looked down at the guests and was jealous Dracula was drooling and ogling from a rafter above the girl in the red hood.

“Here there is a hole in the roof,” the girl in the red hood thinking it was raining as drool fell upon her.

“That girl has a sparkle and that sparkle beats sheriff pay especially with that useless dwarf gone and the reward money,” the sheriff showing law men had perks in their job.

“That girl has a sparkle I could use to buy a warehouse and fill it with rubbish to sell at discount for customers buy any rubbish as long as it is at discount prices,” Oiler intending to get in the way of the sheriff's perks.

“That girl has a sparkle that needs taxed and temptation says keep it for yourself,” the Chancellor thinking his job needed a perk

“Here Chancellor it is H.M. so let's look in the brief case,” H.M. not knowing about any sparkle the girl had and that the brief case was his perk for being H.M. the dandy twerp owned the lot of them.

“That sparkle is mine so I can get back to far away Elf Land and set my self up as a king, eat roast boars and ravish serving maids nightly and have a hangover in the morning,” the elf wanting the sparkle for being an elf with pointed ears in human society had no perks but heaps of elf jokes.

“I can buy stallions and sell these mules to the glue factory,” Durno having seen the sparkle in his side mirror.

“Howl,” a naked man hiding behind a heavy curtain which translated means, “Howl,” for the

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were-thingy saw that sparkle did buy him clothes to shred for many a year and perhaps a kennel all centrally heated and maybe a French poodle thrown in it as a perk for a lonely were-thingy.

“I just want her blood so she can be The Bride of Dracula,” Dracula as that dirty bat ogling and drooling and dropping bat droppings onto those below for Dracula was not house trained.

“Ga,” the handsome Italian who knew with that sparkle he did have all the confidence in the world to woo girls with these words, “Ga,” as he flashed pictures of his yacht and mansion.

“Enaw enaw,” the mules and knew with the sparkle did retire to a Retirement Farm for over worked mules and eat fresh vegetables instead of wind.

“She is mine by Divine Right,” Lancelot knowing the sparkle was his so he could buy a castle and call himself Lord of the Manor and be a debauched bum.

And in the kitchen a dwarf knew it was his but didn't know if she was the same girl who had fleeced him so said, “Bull,” and got back to stuffing fresh straw into Egor's mattress.

And Egor didn't know anything about a sparkle or did “Throttle the girl till she told me where the sparkle was so I could be a rich monster and quit Dracula's service as I am fed up carrying his coffin about and getting milk maids for him. Yes I want a milk maid too so I can have fresh milk for my gruel,” for Egor didn't know what milk maids was for?

“That blood sucking leech has our chest of gold that fell out of the balloon and I want it back so will think of ways for Dieaslave to steal it back,” Bornaslave thinking for once for he bruised easy.

“I will never see Bornaslave again if I steal that chest of gold for I let Bornaslave do all the thinking,” Dieaslave knowing many floozy women were just waiting for a rich ugly thingamabob like him and showed he could think too.

“Enaw,” them mules just wanting Durno to get drunk and fall off the jetty so they could gnaw away at the reins and escape to find carrots in fields instead of trying to eat one at the end of a

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whip. A whip that tickled you places mules needed to impress the girl donkeys at the beach.

And a druid didn't know about a sparkle but if he did did hide it under his bed like old people do just waiting for buglers to rob them.

And The Chancellor did drool and stare at it all day for he loved the smell of brass.

And that milk maid who wanted Dracula all for herself was the spanner in the works for she knew nothing about a sparkle hidden places in that red hood; just that red hood needed cement blocks tied to her and thrown off the termite ridden jetty.

Dracula's castle and wealth was hers by Divine teeth marks on her neck; and Dracula was about to get his for he was broke and only let the milk maids think he was rich so he could bite them and drain them of their much needed red stuff. Never mind this is a happy story and Dracula has many wives for a vampire victim never dies but becomes one of them floozy vampire milk maid extras that crawl out of the cupboards in films; to embarrass Dracula by wanting his victims before he got the first suck, get staked by Van Heisling and in a poof big mammary glands poof into dust.

Bad vampire milk maids for their bad acting.

“And we all know why I need that sparkle,” Nameless wanting to keep his head. “Hey wait a moment, if I get that sparkle I can clear off and never see H.M. again? Wine women and song,” Nameless thinking at last. “I will get a name too, something imposing like Prince Charming,” and would still be fat and ugly.

\*

*“Beware of dreamers after your sparkle,”* Granny's words to a little freckled girl years earlier, *“for boys think they own you so get each one to think he owns you so they will shred each other and the sparkle will be yours for ever.”*

For Granny knew all about boys or she wouldn't be a granny so was mean for not letting the

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pretty red hood girl get close to freckled boys.

“How was I born Granny?” The pretty girl for lots of boys had asked her behind the outhouse and mule shed to play doctors and she was the sick patient needing examined for boys knew all the tricks so had bags of sweets handy.

“The stork leaves you at the bottom of the chimney after Santa has swept it clean the night before,” Granny lying through her false teeth and sighed, that “bum of a no good husband of mine was only good for one thing, cutting onions” she remembered so if she kept these lies up would never have any grandchildren.

So the grown up pretty girl in the red hood was not afraid to go upstairs with Dracula for babies didn't come out of girls.

\*

And no one noticed the Druid of The North as fed up crossing his legs had gone off to a bush; a bush were a fury were-wolf lurked for the were-wolf had strange deprived habits that made it lurk near smelly outhouses.

“Here stop gnawing my feet,” the Druid of The North not amused as he never laughed at anything.

“Grrr,” the fury thing annoyed at being interrupted at feeding time so leaped up and gnawed some place else.

“Arg,” the owner of some place else so fainted and when he came round the were-wolf was gnawing higher up.

“This idiot is for it as I remember the spell to make it a were -roach,” the druid and did exactly that.

“Poof.” and there was a snarling were-roach in front of the druid.

“Think it funny eating me places do we?” The druid with a one track mind and the

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were-roach reading that mind crawled here and there for its life as the druid stamped here and there and missed each time.

“Drats,” the druid as the were-roach disappeared into Dracula's castle.

“Mmmmm, I smell French Onion soup,” the druid and went in too just as everyone else was coming out.

“Trample,” the sound of them going over him.

And Nameless being last stopped and with these words, “A dirty roach,” and kicked the dirty roach so it flew through the air to land on the druid.

“Rrr,” the dirty roach and gnawed places.

\*

“What's all that noise, can't a god nap on a pink cloud?” Wodan wakening to the sound of flapping.

“Just as well I fleeced his purse,” Eostre smoothing her hair knowing if she was caught she did put on the tears and, “I didn't want to wake you,” which was true and when he found out and asked her she did reply, “Look what I bought?” And show him some floozy unmentionables that an oiler sold at discount as was last years stock, but did not show the government bonds as, “Even a goddess gets old and forgotten so need a grub stake.”

And Wodan opened a door in the sky to look down upon Earth to check the noise out and a million rabid vampire bats flew in.

“Eek,” from his floozy girlfriend Eostre as bats covered her but not them that flew onto infest paradise.

“What idiot created these,” Wodan not wanting to blame himself. Never mind when the bats were through with Eostre she did have a private word with him, a very private word and as this is a happy story time for an Aslop fable: *“Never have private words with the angry other half,*

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*much better to run."*

\*

"Sniff sniff," Goldilocks sniffing and pining for that dwarf and showing some leanness for a certain Inn Keeper wasn't about to feed the dog.

"Grrr snarl," Bunny knowing what it would do with that dwarf.

And a watching crow knew this was a happy story so the Inn Keeper was up in Valhalla boozing away and being fed grapes by Valkyries with red hoods off as this is a happy fairy story.

"I always wanted to be a count and knew when daddy went would be a count," Dracula with perfect logic. "For counts have all the milk maids and jugglers and get into the circus free. But daddy was a vampire and bit me so to get rid of him told the angry villagers were his coffin was. Now I am a famous film star and have many milk maids and a monster as a servant.

A monster to carry my coffin here and there so the angry villagers wont send me after daddy."

And I am the monster remember me from the film Womba. No don't worry you can get to know me in this story and love and feed me too. Tra la la how happy I will be if you do that and adopt me tra la la," the happy monster with bad breath.

"And have no idea whose feet I have or brain but must have been a scientist for I can count to ten," Eagor and added, "Tra la la."

And outside a were-thingy, "howl howl howl grrrr," for a were-wolf was about. A were whatever wanting a home, a pet corner and a pet bed with 'FIDO' on it.

And the angry villagers shivered and said, "Our houses are ash for that monster burnt us out, where can we go for a were-thingy is about," so all crowded into the last outhouse.

"Do you mind?" The Druid of the North there first.

"Tra la la howl," drifted through the night from the castle, "I have a pet at last how happy I am."

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And an imp come for a job poofed right into existence in front of the angry villagers.

“Hey look a devil,” just takes one angry villager holding a pitch fork.

“Yeh a tiny devil,” another angry villager holding a flaming torch.

So the whole lot of angry villagers ran all over him practising what they did do to the evil ugly monster with bad breath and hairy arm pit.

“What happened?” The remains that was the imp.

But remember this is a happy bed time story so the imp came together just like that.

“Grrr sniff,” Goldilocks and Bunny who wanted to introduce themselves to the imp and be happy friends for live.

So shredded the imp to pieces and the imp wanted to sue who ever wrote him into this story.