

The Coachman

The Spanner in the Works

Yes this spanner had all the right curves a spanner needs to be held correctly. And she watched Dracula escort the pretty girl in the red hood up the stairs to his private quarters for he had said, "I collect pressed flowers."

And was all lies for he collected milk maids.

"Here my heart is sad for she did smite my heart," the sheriff taking out his guns.

"My heart is heavy for I am in love," the old oiler forgetting his age so went blue.

"With her at my side no one will laugh about my ears," the elf waxing them to a sharp point.

"Ga," and knew he had to hold her in his arms to loose his Ga.

"I am a knight so who does that count think he is?" Lancelot drawing his sword. MADE BY OILER PLASTICS was stamped on the blade.

"That girl and me can ride away into the sunset on my mules," Durno thinking of cold nights when she could rub smelly mule grease into his arthritic joints.

"Enaw," the mules not wanting to be grease. "Enaw," the mules wanting her to lie about the beach in little to attract tourists for their donkey rides so they could get rich and retire.

"She is pretty and can warm my bed, change my bed pot and cut my toe nails," H.M. thinking of ways to impress the girl in the red hood for he didn't know she had his sparkle yet.

"Eureka a new tax, The Sparkle Tax so is mine no matter who claims it chuckle le la ho me so," that chancellor showing chancellors thought it funny taxing you; so you know what to do when you meet one on a lonely road?

"I am sure she is the red hooded girl that fleeced me," Useless the dwarf placing a pile of neatly cut paper squares in the outhouse for Eager had many chores for him. And nearby a scare crow modelled on Eager watched the dwarf chew his chains; 'GRANNY'S' was stamped on a crow's bottom.

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“With her riches I will buy the biggest oak tree to live in and always have dazzling white robes to wear, starched whites and perfectly made porridge for breakfast and a bed time story,”
The Druid of The North who should not be trusted about bed time for under his pillow a teddy bear in a dress.

“He was a druid.

A pensioner.

Who stalked oak grooves.

And carried a dirty big sickle.

And bagful of dried newts as sweets.

So never got any pretty ankles.

So just had teddy.

For alone in were-wolf woods

for decades had made him bonkers.

He was a druid.

A dirty old man

Needing locked up. “

“I will have her and a name and many names to buy so will have a name,” Nameless and did soon be broke and a nameless vagrant for keeping pretty ankles costs lots of cash.

“I will buy every comic in the world,” Bornaslave and got that from thinking.

“I will buy Far Away Forgotten Land and make orphanages for unwanted story characters,”
Dieaslave and a heavenly glow appeared over his head.

And in heaven Wodan was ill over his goodness Eostre for Wodan had made the sons of Adam like him; the sons of sea snakes, rotten cucumbers and manure except Dieaslave who he had for a joke sprinkled dried crushed angel fish on him as a baby to see what happned.

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“Blooming nothing,” Wodan and went away for a party with them other no good gods that throw lightening at you for jokes and Vikings to loot your secret places.

But he was wrong for Esotre blue kisses upon the ugly baby for she knew he looked like his daddy the wart Wodan.

“I will call him Dieaslave for with looks like that he will never be a prince,” so the kisses of Eostre helped Dieaslave for he met Bornaslave who did the hard thinking for them and at all the beans; for Bornaslave was a greedy bum.

“Compared to this slave Wodan is selfish, cruel and despotic but I love the creep so much, I must change him to be like Dieaslave,” Eostre thinking just like a girl.

ANYWAY:

“If Egor gets rich Egor will find Dr. Frankenstein and get him to make me a girl monster ha ha Tra la la he he,” the lonely monster.

“And if I find the brat she wont be able to sit for a month,” Granny who had a spying crow. *“And only Lancelot's good looks will save him,”* thus indicating a fate worse than death for the knight. Lucky for Dieaslave and the monster they were pure ugly.

“I will run away from them all for I am sick selling pressed flowers to the sons of Adam and in my garden pressed flowers growing,” the pretty girl for Granny had not only told her stalks gave you babies but pressed flowers grew in a garden. For the girl would have nightmares seeing flowers was once happily growing away under the sun in a meadow then picked by Granny's minions and then pressed. Why the thought of carrying dead flowers about would disturb the girl further. “I just love flowers,” the girl sniffing a pressed lilac.

“Stupid girl,” Granny coming on a broomstick, *“flowers are only the important places and if belonged to a bullock ha ha would my niece still press and smell them?”* For Granny should be put down.

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And above in heaven Eostre was proud she had got Wodan to make flower important places smell nice for she had threatened him, “No hot milk and pole dancing at bedtime if you don't!”

“When I make her a vampire the sparkle will be mine and can pay off the bank and hold vampire balls and invite many milk maids,” Dracula ogling a pretty neck.

And a milk maid locked his door so he had to stand frothing at the teeth trying to open it for he just remembered words from a Vampires Guide to the Universe, “*Never let the milkmaid see you ogle the next victim.*” And Dracula was exactly where the milkmaid wanted him.

Bunged up for them rats he sucked are sinewy and full of pile causing bacteria.

So Dracula asked his mirror for help, “Help,” and the mirror replied, “Ha ha ha,” for Dracula had no reflection so explains the shaving cuts. So Dracula threw a stool at the mirror adding another hundred fragments too the floor. “Ha ha ha,” the mirror for it was made of a stiff upper lip.

“Why where is your reflection?” The pretty girl looking in the mirror, “Why there is only pretty me,” rubbing it in who was the fairest in far away whatever place.

“A one way mirror,” the lying suck Dracula turning his back to sharpen his teeth on a pencil sharpener and: “How did you get in?”

“I climbed up the vines to escape them below,” for the girl had breeding.

Then the milk maid threw some garlic at him of course from a hidden place so she was not detected.

“What a stink?” Dracula going green and threatening to smoulder, “Is that spilt milk?”.

“I love fresh garlic,” the pretty girl in the red hood remembering Granny's words, “*A pretty girl needs fresh breath for the boys,*” Granny who used tooth paste instead.

“What have I chosen as my bride but the sparkle will make up for strange habits,” Dracula swirling his clock about them both and out came the teeth.

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“What big teeth you have?” The girl and could not remember any of Granny's advice for he used Mr. Sparkle tooth whitener so dazzled her good.

“All the better to suck suck with,” Dracula being disgusting so was slapped hard.

“Is that milk maid I smell,” Dracula for the milk smell was so strong so more garlic was thrown at him so the jealous milk maid would not be smelt out.

“For me,” the pretty girl and chewed away and since Granny wasn't here ate with her mouth open.

“I must undo the cape and escape,” Dracula enjoying the garlic freshness.

“What fluffy furry ears you have?” The girl noticing things since Dracula was up close as Dracula hadn't changed back from a bat properly as he had pretty girl on his mind.

“All the better to hear your sweet voice,” Dracula lying as he was only after one thing so would say anything and had forgotten about escape for she was close and men stop thinking then so never noticed his victim fleece his pockets for credit cards for Granny had said: *“They deserve what they get.”*

“What oily hands you have?” As the girl had noticed his oily hands were holding her close and them oily hands was on her bottom so he better have a bank account and buy lots of pressed flowers.

“That's my girl,” Granny hearing about it later.

“All the better too squeeze and tickle you,” Dracula lying through his fangs as he was making sure her neck was close too his teeth but was so close breathed in all the garlic so went green and puked every where.

“Yucky,” the pretty girl pushing the smelly vampire away then remembered Granny so as Dracula was green went through every pocket and only found bills and a spare set of teeth; teeth with diamond fillings, teeth kept for sucking royalty

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"Here I come Las Vegas," Granny and threw some bird seed at a crow for Granny valued the bird more than her niece for the crow got around.

"For Granny zoomed a broomstick.

She was street racer.

And manaholic addict.

And her crow had a name.

Polly.

For Granny zoomed a broomstick."

And spaghetti western music filled the air and, "Fiend," as the hero sheriff shot Dracula up good for the door had never been locked for the milk maid had used mental suggestion on Dracula for milk maids where more than film extras found about hay stacks for film stars to read too.

"Why sheriff you care?" The pretty girl and fluttered her long eyelashes at the man in the sombrero as Dracula moaned and squirted red dust everywhere.

"Look a vampire," the oiler seeing no reflection in the mirror and sprinkled Dracula with cheap aftershave that no one bought even at discount for it had what mules left behind for colouring after eating wild garlic. So Dracula withered in agony and shouted, "My kingdom for bat wings," for he was to fly away to a better film script.

"No vampire is eating my girl," Lancelot and ran Dracula through the heart with his sword and the sword had printed on it, OILER PLASTIC WORKS so was full of bacteria to eat a vampire and you up. For Mr. Oiler did not have signs up in his factories, 'WASH YOUR HANDS AFTER? For that cost money, so did out houses.

"A vampire, I need his important part pickled for a vitality spell on myself," The Druid and approached Dracula with his golden sickle.

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"I will take his red cape," The Chancellor for he had an obsession with red for mummy to spare money made him wear her handed down red stuff; all washed of course. But when he went to school was beat up black and blue so hated all mummies from then on. And explains VAT on mummies for revenge was at work.

ANYWAY:

"A real vampire bite me bite bite me," the elf knowing as a vampire his social status did go up for humans did say, "Look here comes the vampire with pointed ears," then bite them.

"Ga," and fled so was useless as a hero.

"Someone call me," Dieaslave with heaven's glow about him.

"He is making me sick," Dracula and because he didn't have a cape to shield himself grabbed a dwarf who had been innocently dreaming of what he did do with the sparkle. Buy abandoned Cornish tin mines and paint the walls gold, then charge American tourists a fee to find real gold.

"Here bite bite please bite right here on spot X," Useless holding his chain up for he knew as a vampire dwarf he did never be called Useless the Dwarf but called well Useless the Vampire Dwarf and live in his tin mines; staring at the gold painted walls all day.

"Take this," and Bornaslave kicked Dracula in the shin for he read comics so knew how to deal with a vampire. So Dracula kicked him back.

"Here you may kiss my ring," H.M. and held out a finger.

And the ring was gone for Dracula needed cash.

"A were-thingamabob," Durno and wrapped his whip about Dracula who said, "That man is dangerous."

"Howl," from the real were-wolf waiting for Dracula to escape so he could eat dinner in peace; behind a tree again for that is a were-thingamabobs favourite hiding place.

"Can I have your name please?" Nameless tugging Dracula hoping he could sue for an

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inheritance and live in this castle with a name; DRACULA and be loved by all.

For Nameless was his name and was related to Dodo birds that was extinct for they was related to him.

“Eagor,” Dracula needing away from the loonies and threw Useless out the window.

“Grrr sniff,” a were-thingamabob who liked dwarf raw.

“Bad doggy fetch,” and Useless threw a stick so escaped.

“I have been looking for you every where, bad slothful dwarf,” Eagor and Eagor made Useless carry buckets, soap, mops, spade and disinfectants and totalled 2 tonne in all.

“My back is going to snap,” Useless.

“Now wash out the 40 castle latrine holes for they smell down there,” Eagor too busy shouting orders at Useless so didn't hear Dracula.

And in the confusion he who smelt of heaven took the pretty girl in his arms so Dracula managed to stand away from the idiots right in the path of HE who holds a red brief case so felt it as was full of heavy tax returns.

“Hey slave she is my girl,” the sheriff and threw the ugly slave Dieaslave away all the way down the grand stair case they had come up, a million steps would you believe and Dieaslave played 'So Ra Me Ga' on each step to 'Singing In the Rain.'

And Eostre was not happy so cursed the handsome sheriff with bad breath for a month. For Eostre had taken a shine to Dieaslave. She after all mummy but would never admit it for Dieaslave looked like the wart Wodan who she only hung out with to get everything from the wife.

“Ha ha ha great let's have a repeat,” Wodan and blessed the sheriff and took away his bad breath for a month. And behind him sneaking up on a cloud the wife, Nerthus goddess of soiled nappies and in her hand red shoes Eostre had stolen from The Chancellor.

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“A floozy girlfriend I can understand but someone in red shoes is something else so both were dead.

“Here my pointed ears are as good as a stake,” the elf and threw himself at Dracula for the vampire thought the ear act funny.

“Eagor,” Dracula holding his chest where an elf dangled.

“Now go and put fresh sawdust in Dracula's coffin upstairs in his room,” Eagor telling Useless so why the dwarf was now standing next to Dracula and Dracula was ignored.

“That sparkle is mine all mine mine mine,” and Useless the dwarf did a mental on Dracula who wished he was never born a bat and said, “These dwarves are nasty.”

“Here taste this carrot?” Durno getting in on the act as he sent his whip to tickle Dracula places, important vampire places so there did be no good vampires kissing idiotic girls wanting to be a vampires to get into films.

“Can't have that as I need them special places,” the milkmaid and jumped out from behind a curtain and terrified Dracula so he made strange sounds from places so stank. And Granny on an approaching broomstick said, “Phew must be a farm about.”

“Hiss,” the milk maid added as she was a recent collection to Dracula's floozy vampire collection and her fangs was bigger than Dracula's so sparkled twice as much.

And because the mules wanted in on the act appeared from nowhere, “ENAW,” they giggled as they stampeded on Dracula and then was gone.

“Here a real vampire, I am off,” H.M. running for the coach and “Gee up,” was soon heard for H.M. only thought about himself. Gee up in posh nasal tone it was noted.

“Here my mules,” Durno running down the stairs but tripped so was sliding down them and added “Oh heck who never hammered down that nail?” So proved an alcoholic coach driver doesn't need binoculars to see what Dracula has never mended in over 200 years.

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Big tetanus covered nails sticking out at funny angles so if you missed them on that step you wouldn't miss them the next.

“Here they shouldn't be there,” and added “Eeek,” as Durno got close as this is a happy story so gulped, “a recent carpet layer hammered them down, how lucky I am,” and was a lie so screamed, “Oh by the Gawds halp,” as them nails was rusty and sharp.

“Dracula was his name.

A lazy bum if ever.

Lived in a house needing repaired.

So had spiders,

Ear wigs,

And guests.

Screaming ones.

But not a broomstick to be seen.

For Dracula was a lazy bum.”

“Come on baby,” the handsome sheriff as loud **spaghetti western music** deafened all and carried the pretty girl down the stairs to a departing coach. And just as Durno was pulling himself off them rusty nails ran over him; with spurs on.

“Gawd am I a door mat?” Durno asked for was his right.

“Here my wife,” Lancelot thinking too far ahead and that's what boys do and why Granny had warned, “*Boys when they say want to go for a mule ride have a thought about renting a motel room.*”

“Clank clank clank,” he went over Durno.

“Wait for me,” the elf who was stuck in Dracula but no one did and here an Aslop fable, “*It is said one must die for many.*” So never joined in the panic over Durno the Coachman.

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"I am off," the oiler showing common sense and because his pockets was full of catalogues weighed 16 stone so flattened Durno good.

"I will never buy from his catalogue again," Durno being a spoil sport.

"So am I," Useless the dwarf making a break for freedom and his loose chain wrapped about Durno so the coachman went blue and fainted. But had good fortune for the chain pulled him behind Useless down all them stairs full of nasty sharp nails. And here more good news, because he had fainted never knew about it? Isn't this a happy tale?

"Ga I am not Italian," Ga who had managed to hold the pretty girl but now she was gone so added, "Ga." **And no one noticed Ga had said a sentence.** And was his fault Durno got free for Ga was so nice he smelt of soap just had to unwrap the chains from Durno.

"Ga," was his explanation.

"This far away far land needs new taxes," the Chancellor fleeing as vampires was nasty blood suckers who were not known too clean their teeth after feeding. They was also said to be able to penetrate thick skin. And to smear mustard on a neck before the bite. And to make gurgling baby sounds as they sucked happily away and was all tripe.

And emptied Durno's pockets as he passed for Chancellors do that to people. They sleak amongst shoppers in malls gliding over shoes fleecing as they float.

And as the druid went by Durno grew mushrooms all over his body for the druid had soup on his mind.

"My love," the milkmaid getting Dracula all to herself with the elf.

"Can I go?" The elf spoiling her plans so she bit him good.

"Oh that means he's one of them now," Bornaslave coming up the stairs with a broom to sweep up centuries old dust that had leaked out of Dracula.

"I wouldn't do that if I was you," Dieaslave who let Bornaslave do all the thinking.

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“And why not?” Bornaslave peeved Dieaslave was trying to copy him and think.

“Because I need it back,” Dracula and stuck the broom some where so “Eeek,” was heard real loud.

“Told you so,” Dieaslave knowing how to be facetious. In other words a bum that woman hate.

“Suck,” Dracula turning the elf into a vampire.

“Suck,” the milk maid knowing when to throw down the towel and suck in.

“Tuscany roasted tomato and garlic,” Dracula swooning over the rich Italian farmyard taste.

“I better have a silk cape thrown in,” the elf.

ANYWAY: “Where is that dwarf?” Egor arriving late for no one bothered to give him a watch so never learned the time; besides Egor couldn't count.

“Egor,” and was Dracula mighty peeved off his faithful servant wasn't faithful enough and hard of hearing.

“What a kind master to gave me a dwarf to clean the shoes with a toothbrush,” for Egor had a sense of humour.

But not Dracula who forgot himself and bit Egor for Dracula was a bully.

“Suck,” Dracula not realising who he was sucking.

A monster who would need a big coffin.

And what a size of bat and all that bat droppings; yes Useless would be there with a shovel.

“Suck,” the milk maid kicking Egor some place.

“Ha ha master that tickles,” Egor and added Mistress,” Egor likes you.”

“Ha ha,” Dracula thinking no one could love the monster but the milkmaid was touched.

“She was rustic.

Big hiped and melon shaped.

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Big biceps too.

Milk churns you know.

So liked the big boys.

And the monster was big.

Tra la la lee.”

“Then tell Eagor to sweep all the mule stuff off the front patio,” Bornaslave thinking he was smart for he did the thinking.

“Master who will carry your coffin in the day?” Dieaslave who never did any thinking but was a crawler slurper in hiding just waiting for whoever was above him to kick the bucket so he could step into those SHOES.

And Dracula stopped biting Eagor and slapped the milkmaid away for she would for ever down the centuries just be a milkmaid. Unlike she who had escaped, she under a red hood and he must have her; yes Eagor was needed to run about the countryside with his coffin on his shoulder till he found her again; and the sparkle.

For Dracula was a lazy bum and a broke one.

“Bornaslave go sweep the mule stuff up,” Dracula added and patted Dieaslave and gave him a candy rock from Blackpool to nibble at.

And Dieaslave gave Eagor a few licks.

“Friend,” the happy monster.

“Jealousy ends friendships,” Aslop as Bornaslave muttereth away like so: “Calls himself my friend and leaves me to sweep the mule stuff up,” Bornaslave fuming as Dracula fed Dieaslave sweet and sour bats while he got what was left on the dinner plates; the gravy to lick.

ANYWAY: “That lousy servant has out placed me,” a jealous milk maid.

“Jealousy makes strange alliances,” Aslop wanting noted as a stoic thinker.

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“I am growing teeth while that ugly thingamajig gets jellied eels to eat from Dracula,” an elf thinking of turning into a bat and flying after a pretty girl in a red hood, “then the sparkle will be mine, and that milkmaid can help me,” an elf away with the faeries.

“That elf has cute pointed ears and can help me get rid of Dieaslave and that pretty girl in a red hood so Dracula will be mine mine mine mine,” the milkmaid and bit the elf again with these words, “just making sure you are one of us,” and was a lie for she was still hungry and dreamed of telling a vampire hunter were the elf was to be rid of the pointed eared twerp and competition so explains why the films always have a vampire hunter called Van Helsing whatever.

“Get off,” the elf showing his new fangs now full of confidence and the milk maid kicked him there.

“Hey baby I was a sexy elf before you did that?”

“What?” And the milk maid did a mental on the elf so he knew his new position in life, to always change the denture mixtures so the vampires did have minty breath.

“And so proves a saying, *'When thieves fall out?'*” Aslpop meaning these two schemer dreamers who would still be stuck with Dracula and the red hooded girl who would not give them the sparkle. No she wanted it all for herself to be a rich pretty ankle.

And Eagor was ever so happy, he was getting all this help for he did not like cleaning the vampire dentures for they had rat bits stuck to them and Eagor was afraid of hamsters.

“Bo Ho, rats are just big hamsters that eat your watery gruel when you are busy cleaning.” For Eagor saw anything that scuffled about on all fours as hamsters that ate his yummy so went berserk when he saw the elf scuttling in the shadows for the elf was sulking.

A milkmaid had kicked him places.

And a furious monster kicked everywhere. Stamped on him too and beat him with a broom stick and shouted, “Bad hamster, go tell your rat friends Eagor has a broom to beat you with,”

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and used his broom to good effect on the elf.

“Gawd someone get the monster away from me,” the elf but no one did for if the monster was busy with him, then they were safe from a monster beating. Besides no one liked the elf, elf’s had pointed ears and weren’t human so deserved what they got.

“Tra la la,” a happy monster who knew stress was dangerous so was ridding himself of it.

“Watch my ears,” the elf as they got knotted together as they were really quite long.

“Ouch,” the happy monster as them ears was pointed.

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“Gee up,” H.M. not sparing the whip on them cuddly mules as he escaped.

“Enaw,” the mules not liking the royal whipping for they had got used to Durno tickling them places where as this whip went up nostrils and ears.

“ENAW,” and translated means, “We want rid of this royal.”.

“Here what the royal blazes?” H.M. finding the mules had stopped dead and unharnessed and climbed up beside him. “This is crazy, mules can’t do this?” But he was in far away far land where mules could do what they wanted and where.

“They did not belong to a union,” Aslop.

“Enaw,” a mule enawing some place.

“My sparkles,” H.M.

“That’s my girl,” Durno for he taught his mules well for he owned a circus once.

“Go away nasty beasts,” H.M. trying to whip them mules but them mules had learned from Durno how to whip a mule good so, “Ouch,” was heard from H.M.

And while H.M was shrieking as if he was being whipped instead of tickled the passengers got in the coach and ignored him being ENAWED.

“Here I am your king,” H.M shouted down at them.

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“Yeh yeh and I am Napoleon,” the sarcastic sheriff and spat a chewed cigar butt at his king.

“Ouch,” H.M as the cigar butt still glowed ember so “Eeek,” was heard too as the dandy clothes went up in a poof of smoke.

“Darn tarnation now we got two naked men on my coach,” Durno and took the whip from his intelligent animals and whipped H.M real good.

“I am H.M and I will chop you into bits,” H.M dancing about the coach roof as a whip snaked between legs so, “Yikes,” and was a high pitched “yike” as Durno had twenty years practice whipping them poor mules so didn't miss.

“Yeh yeh I am Neil Armstrong,” Durno added and spat chewing tobaccy at H.M so it smouldered on places so a higher “Yikes” was heard.

“Ga,” the handsome stranger glad he was not the subject of everyone's humiliating humour so “Ga,” which translated meant “ha ha.”

“That will be the last Ga he ever makes the idiot Ga whatever he is?” H.M and slipped so fell in front of Ga whatever so was used as stepping stones by Ga to get into the coach.

“Here his face seems familiar,” Lancelot who had never met H.M as he was not a socialite just a wooer of royal kitchen maids that he hoped did let him sneak into a royal party and get noticed. And since Lancelot was broke never recognised H.M on the coins that should have been in his pocket.

He was a loser aspirer dreamer schemer.

So as he stood on H.M so his pointed chain-mailed shoes poked H.M in the eyes.

“Judas Priest,” H.M going blind.

“I know that face,” the oiler for he had many coins in his deep pockets and sporran so used the other door for he had heard rumours H.M was a sadistic piggy wiggy of dandy twerp that boiled people alive of course.

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And because he who invents taxes up out of a magicians hat was hiding under his black hood never saw H.M clearly so trod all over someone's fingers as he clutched his red brief case.

"Perhaps he did recognise and saw a chance to sit on a vacant thrown?" Not an Aslop fable but a question.

So made sure he kicked here and put the brief case in and used his bovine bum to wiggle here and there knocking H.M here and there.

"Cuckoo," H.M seeing stars.

And a gold nugget slipped out of H.M.'s pocket and twinkled.

"Here I am Useless," who had never seen gold but knew gold was black so this wasn't gold so threw away the silly coin and because he was tiny was full of resentment; like Napoleon and hated tall people. "This fag in front of me is tall, fat and a dandy rake," Useless as H.M grovelled about the road. "Here this is no hour of the day to get drunk," Useless looking for an excuse to be mean and seeing he could beat the living daylights out of the drunk and get away with it did so. For Useless was of the new generation that had grown up that cared about nothing but sparkles. Sparkles to make a dwarf rich and find a rabbit borrow to wall paper and rent out to fellow dwarf miners.

For Useless was indeed useless.

"Oh Useless," Eagor in a sweet tone as not to frighten his help away.

So the stupid dwarf had just one thing on his mind, escape by using the coach to get far far away from Dracula's kitchens and especially Eagor.

"At last," Useless in side the coach enjoying the padded seating and added, "Here what's this?" As **spaghetti western music** split the air as a sheriff in a sombrero manacled him with these exact words, "Welcome home sonny."

"Eek," a pretty girl in a red hood seeing H.M and wondered if all males looked like him naked

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but Granny's words cheered her up; "Get a fat boyfriend for he is fat because he has money and can't chase you dear." Granny and never told her grand daughter all her boyfriends were slim and had caught her or there did never be any grand children. Just what sort of Granny is this?

And "Gee up," was heard and the coach wheels ruttet someone so "Judas Priest," was heard by H.M as them wheels was big.

"Bo Ho I cannot find that dwarf," Eagor not happy.

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"Quick Eagor my bat mobile," Dracula looking good giving orders.

"Coming master," the reply and soon Bornaslave was seen dragging a thingamajig on wheels out of the garden shed; a big garden shed.

ANYWAY: "Gee up," Dieaslave encouraged in the coachman's seat for he was Dracula's pet and who was he encouraging?

"I must think of ways to impress Dracula so Dieaslave gets my job and to think he was my best friend who I fed beans," Bornaslave sweating a little as the bat mobile was big and Dieaslave was extra weight too.

"Creak," the bat mobile as it needed oiled.

And Dieaslave waved at Dracula and blew him kisses for he knew how to grovel.

"Quick harness Bornaslave," Dracula encouraging grovelling.

"Hey watch the vest," Bornaslave being harnessed and not liking it.

"Gee up," and was Eagor and whipped Bornaslave into a frenzy of stamping feet wanting to be off when the brake was released.

"Come my dear," Dracula to his milkmaid for a pint and a half of milk goes into every bite of country goodness.

"I saw the way he ogled that red hooded girl," the milkmaid and "here this picnic basket

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squeaks,” and opened a wicker basket for us readers to see it was full of rats, “thinks he is getting a nibble of my neck by giving me rodent, well he can suck on them; full of bubonic plague so see how he likes them?” For she was a jealous milkmaid who like woman kind never forgave or forget and would explain why she would wait twenty years for Dracula to ask her to shut the sunshine out by drawing the curtains and closing his coffin.

And she would do the opposite for according to Aslop, *“She was a vengeful woman.”*

And an elf was given the job of pushing the bat mobile from behind.

“Who does Dracula think he is giving me orders,” the foolish elf for Dracula is the Boss of vampires that's who.

“Eagor that elf needs a new set of clothes,” Dracula from inside the bat mobile that was now on its way after the red hooded girl and her sparkle and added, “ha he ha ho,” for he was having a joke.

“What set of new clothes?” Eagor who was thick and didn't know master wanted him to whip the elf and shred his clothes in the process for no lousy miserable elf who just joined the vampire club gave cheek to the Boss.

“Here let me show you what Boss means,” Dieaslave who never did any thinking and took the whip from Eagor and whipped Bornaslave shreds for he remembered how he let Bornaslave do the counting, “One baked bean to you and six to me, one to you Dieaslave and ten to me and that means I have shared them equal.” Yes Dieaslave knew Bornaslave could count.

“Like this?” and Eagor whipped Bornaslave again so smoke came from his heels as he sped the bat mobile on deep into , “We are lost in far away far away land some place?”

“But the Boss means the little one behind with the pointed ears and pointed teeth,” and Eagor was thankful the little servant Dieaslave helped him for master could get annoyed with Eagor who did things wrong. Like when master asked Eagor to bury the coffin out of the sunshine poor

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Eagor took three months to remember where he had buried it. Or the time Master told Eagor to pull down heaps of garlic strings about a milkmaid's window. Yes Eagor pulled them down and chucked them behind him without looking onto Dracula who was allergic to garlic.

So Eagor shredded the elf's clothes so there were now three naked men on the loose and the moon wasn't full yet.

And only one could howl and do you remember him?

And here comes the naked fury thing now bounding and leaping like a naked man does running on all fours imitating something out of Jungle Book. And must leap for under each leap nettles.

"Get off greedy beast," the vampire elf getting bitten for the howler was disturbed from running about naked howling every full moon and was not in the were-wolf fury dress at the moment. Just as well or the elf did become a were-elf!

"Help help master forgive me help help," the naked elf lying.

"Go and see what he wants," Dracula to the milkmaid who had a look.

"He needs his shoe laces tied up," the lying vampire milkmaid who knew a good thing when she saw one so disappeared from the coach for a closer look at a wolf man.

ANYWAY:

"Hello handsome," the milkmaid floating next to the naked man and behind the clouds a full moon began to appear.

"What about me?" The elf feeling left out but he was just an elf.

"I like pointed ears too," the milkmaid but really liked the way the naked man beside her was changing into a powerful were-wolf so was really polite and proved Aslop correct: *"Men like girls not mules."*

"Help master master help help," the elf feeling the fangs of hunger bite him.

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“What a fury tight bum,” the milkmaid with bad taste in men but good taste in were-wolves.

“Eagor,” Dracula not wanting disturbed as he looked through a telescope at the coach ahead,
 “More whip, we are gaining.”

“Judas Priest and to think we were best friends,” Bornaslave running faster as a whip got him places.

“Howl,” from a were-wolf no longer trying to eat a vampire elf for a vampire milkmaid had distracted him by throwing a stick behind some bushes. Bushes the vampire milkmaid flew behind and the were-wolf found out all about vampire milkmaids, that they collected Breakfast cereal cards and what time they got up to milk the cows, what they had for breakfast, when they went to bed and when was their day off. Yes he was now an educated were-wolf.

And the milk maid gave him a cigarette after his lesson so taught him bad habits after all.

“Howl,” from a gnawed vampire elf who was now something else too?

A VAMPIRE WERE-ELF.

And in front of the bat mobile a naked H.M wondering about looking for a large leaf to cover a royal bottom but because it was dark could not see a blooming thing but felt Bornaslave bash into him.

“Ouch,” Bornaslave.

“Moan,” from H.M.

“Why have we stopped? Eagor,” for Dracula never thought things out for himself, he had servants to do that like Eagor.

“What do I do friend?” Eagor fawning over Dieaslave who didn't know how to think remember.

“Harness him and we will go faster,” Dieaslave and added, “see I am your friend Bornaslave as I have given you help.”

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And Bornaslave looked at the help and recognised H.M and kept numb for he had been a balloon blower for twenty years. And a slave too with uncut toe nails for twenty years knew where to claw.

“Who says vengeance isn't sweet?” Aslop never been a balloon blower.

“Have a cigar?” Dieaslave offering one to Eagor as they both relaxed as Bornaslave was clawing H.M so H.M sweated furiously pulling the bat mobile at the speed of sound.

And behind a furry elf had crawled up behind Eagor and his new friend Dieaslave and was intent on driving a wooden stake through Dracula's heart; if he had one but didn't.

Then a passing tree branch swatted the elf away just like that for he isn't needed again in this chapter.

“Eeeek,” not his last words in this chapter.

And landed behind a bush and got shredded by a were-wolf annoyed his farm lessons had been interrupted so, “Shriek,” was not his last words in this chapter.

“Grrr,” the were-wolf.

“Don't tell Dracula and I will be your friend?” The milkmaid who as an extra never found love for she doubled as the stunt woman too so had no time as she was thrown out of sky scrapers in films. Now she was in love with a fury were-wolf.

“Puff puff,” the were-thingy on his cigarette.

“I will never give him up. My what big ears he has and big teeth and them claws and them padded feet,” the milk maid for she was mad, insane and needed help.

“Grrr,” the wolf thingy thinking of shredding her and eating her all up for he was a big bad wolf; and just a dog after all and would make her life hell always needing walkies in the rain, ripping the carpets, chewing her best stilettos, drinking from the toilet and getting excited on her guest legs and not her.

Coachman

*

“The handsome sheriff carried me to safety, I must throw myself into his arms and forget every thing Granny ever taught me,” the pretty girl under the red hood and for once was doing some thing smart.

And she did and pulled the sombrero over them both for it was a big sombrero.

And a cigar butt was spat out and hit Ga in the mouth so he swallowed it and gagged and went blue and no one took any notice as couldn't understand what he was saying.

“Am not putting up with this,” Lancelot trying to think but rage stopped him for he was Lancelot and his chain mail was rusty so the love birds heard him before he ever got to raise a sombrero.

And found himself looking down the barrels of six guns.

“The sparkle is mine,” Lancelot.

“No it isn't, its a salesman given by Heaven,” the oiler overcome by FEAR that his share of the sparkle was vanishing.

“A sparkle needs taxed so to afford the tax it is mine,” the man holding a brief case but was ignored for everyone diddled their tax returns.

“Don't forget an old coachman needs a sparkle to afford a retirement home,” and was Durno sticking his head through the coach window and because he never brushed his teeth with Advertised toothpaste stunk the place up.

“What sparkle?” The pretty girl and tittered as girls do when caught and blushed and fluttered the eye lashes as a sign of innocence.

“My sparkle,” Useless the dwarf and added, “gasp pant,” as the mean nasty sheriff pulled the manacle about his neck tight.

“Dwarves should be seen and not heard as they mine for gold under the floor boards,” Aslop

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who had many doing just that or he could not afford to live in a palace.

“Ga,” the handsome stranger and was pushed back down beside Useless because no one understood him but knew how to use him for cleaning their shoes.

“Here best friend who does my thinking what is this sparkle?” Dieaslave not wanting riches for himself but for Bornaslave who because he fooled about with many opposite sex balloon blowers had a lot of maintenance to doll out, and being a slave that was something impossible so got lots of demands from smart Alec lawyers wanting their share of the alimony.

And a halo glowed over Dieaslave and was blinding and sickening too for the rest of us mortals is doomed.

“And I created him Bo Ho,” Wodan blaming himself for the likes of Dieaslave.

And in the shadows Eostre a goddess blowing blessings upon Dieaslave for she was fed up of lying about clouds eating grapes and looking glamorous for Wodan.

“A bored woman is dangerous,” Aslop.

And Bornaslave knew if he got the sparkle Dieaslave would not get a share for he was infected by GREED.

And Nameless knew he did have to let Useless do the dangerous stealing bit and then mug him for he was only a small miner, used to taking orders from him so would stand still as ordered while being mugged; yes Nameless was his name.

But Useless had tasted freedom and liked it but not the chains. He had also watched BRAVEHEART so was infected with film addiction so was a dangerous dwarf and never take any more orders.

But this is a happy story and Eagor did cure him so he did take more orders like, “The out house if full of roaches so go catch your dinner,” and because he was hungry would. See Eagor was a monster who knew how to train his servants.

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And a druid wondered if the sheriff could draw his shooters quicker than he could say a spell,
A spell to get the girl to marry him and give him the sparkle.

And Dracula wanted the girl for she was prettier than the milkmaid and rich too.

ANYWAY TIME AGAIN:

“Hey who's driving this coach,” and they all asked at the same time.

“Not me,” Durno at the window and explains why the coach went into a forest, the dark type
for a sign said, “DO NOT ENTER THE DARK WOOD.”

And ahead a clearing and a circle of toadstools and in the middle a big toadstool and sitting on
it the king of the fairies for this was a faerie ring. A faerie king who was reading, 'Adventures of
Noddy in Toy Town' and picking his teeth at the same time; so was too preoccupied with life too
hear sounds coming his way.

And he wasn't sitting there for long as a coach full of sparkle hunters went right over him.

“What the blazes,” his words as the first mule kicked him and “moan,” his last word as the
last wheel rutted him.

“Enaw enaw” the viscous mules disappearing with clumps of his chest hair in their mouths
and it tasted like hay so they was happy mules for once.

Then just as heaps of other faerie subjects gathered about him to see if a vacancy for kingship
existed a bat mobile rutted them.

“Gee up,” Egor enjoying the rush of wind in his green hair for Egor was a monster put
together with bolts and nuts.

“Puff pant,” H.M. standing on many faeries so they were real annoyed with him so clawed the
hairs off his legs.

And Bornaslave without thinking stole the faerie king's crown.

And because Dieaslave wore a heavenly halo used a whip and let the whip bring the crown

back to him.

“Where that go?” Bornaslave looking at the stars and then at Egor and Dieaslave who didn't flinch even when Egor's fleas bit them both for fleas get hungry.

And Egor knew his new friend Dieaslave would cut him in for a share so kept numb.

And inside the bat mobile a scream of terror as Dracula on the peckish side had opened the basket and been covered in rats. Rats that didn't want their plague infested blood sucked out of them. Why they had been busy in that basket and needed to build nests so weren't putting up with Dracula.

“Help,” Dracula getting bit and clawed by rats who only wanted to escape into the DARK WOOD and be ratty like nature intended. And in a year the DARK WOOD did be over run with them. Then the towns then the cities and then the world for rats wanted to rule OK?

Now them faeries was real angry. Why here was their king who without his crown they could see was bald. And them feet marks and wheel ruts all over him; no wonder he shouted, “After them,” and explains why the whole faerie army was chasing Dracula who didn't know it for he was busy with rodents.

“Here what's that behind us, bees?” Dieaslave hearing the buzz of faerie wings as the faery army of sixty faeries was after them.

“Faeries, ha ha I don't believe in them,” Egor thinking his joke was good and now there was only fifty nine faeries after them.

“Puff pant,” from H.M.

“Faster,” from Bornaslave getting an adrenalin rush sitting on H.M. encouraging speed with uncut toe nails.

*

And the faery king had sat on his squashed toadstool trying to look regal and knew those who

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gave orders stayed behind and reaped the rewards so met a milkmaid, an elf and a were-wolf.

“Not again,” the faery king.

“Grrr howl,” the were-wolf.

“Dinner,” the vampire elf.

“Suck suck,” the milkmaid.

“Howl,” from a were-elf who was part elf, vampire and furry thing.

*

“Wait till I get that no good girl for ignoring what Granny said,” Granny who had an attitude problem. “Men are bad for girls,” Granny and let the sun tanned massager rub sun tan lotion onto her back on a tropical beech.

And dreamed of how may private beeches a sparkle could buy, how many bronzed massage lotion rubbers she could own for money “Makes the world go round go round,” so wanted that sparkle.

“Out of my way boy,” Granny knowing how to speak to bronzed sun tan lotion rubbers and went and jumped on her broom for Granny was the cankerous Granny type. Them that never had warm ginger bread men for you too eat when you came in from the rain.

“Vroom broom,” the broomstick.

*

“Why are those hoodlums chasing the passengers?” The biggest hoodlum of them all Wodan asked.

“For a sparkle dear, want to place a bet Dieaslave gets the sparkle and the girl?” Eostre using psychology.

“Ha ha that ugly Neanderthal,” Wodan and was rich as he had broad hairy shoulders where as Dieaslave was an undernourished slave so never grew any fuzz places so never had to shave.

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“Like a shaven poodle and must make sure when he comes over he learns to bark and fetch,” Eostre with perhaps a screw loose top side.

“My kingdom for his soul, belch,” as Wodan was doing what the gods do best, drink gallons of XXX and then annoy the serving girls.

“Done,” Eostre following a granny's advice, “*Fill the boys up with XXX and you will be the richest woman ever.*” For Granny had it in for the sons of Adam.

Then Wodan was accidentally tripped from behind by dainty feet so he fell all the way down to earth with a thud.

“That should keep him quite for a while,” Eostre looking down from above and sprinkled brain power dust onto Dieaslave and rose petals to compensate the ugliness.

And below Dieaslave who never thought began to have ideas, “Eureka, I must rent Eagor out as a wine presser and invest the cash made in a bank and perhaps not a bank but a pub where all will come and drink Eagor's pressed grapes. And made sure that dwarf is rent out as an out house cleaner and invest the cash in rolled up paper squares and make a fortune as sure it will catch on with loo users.”

Yes the brain dust worked and for the rose stuff, well Dieaslave hadn't seen a bath in his life so they was needed if Eostre was to make sure he won the pretty girl under the red hood.

And Eagor looked at his eyes and asked, “Why friend your eyes glow ha ha are you a monster too?” For Eagor had monster on his brain.

*

And a crow ate a cracker as a reward fore telling tales and didn't choke for the cracker wasn't dry. Granny took care of her minions, a thick spread of lard made the cracker go down smooth.

“No Cindy of mine is marrying that ugly loony,” Granny hearing about the bet and placed a bet on the sheriff as she allowed emotion and heart flutter to influence her. “His eyes are so

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blue.” And Granny dreamed of training him as a bronzed massager.

And the lard went right through the crow who had the runs.

“Dirty bird,” Granny and broomed it for six for Granny took care of her minions. I must cast a spell to look beautiful and make a poisoned apple for that dwarf.

Yes Granny hated all dwarves for she was the witch from Snow White.

*

“I bet the chancellor will win as he knows how to steal money,” Thunor the Thunder god and pretty soon every god in Heaven was betting.

“The dwarf will win, he hasn't seen a pretty ankle in twenty years so will do anything to see one,” Ingui thinking about one thing as he was too blame for boys smelling for he invented the word macho.

“Sir Lancelot better win as I made his chain mail and he hasn't paid,” the smith god Welund thinking of feeding Lancelot too demons. Of course Lancelot didn't know that but would find out when he passed over.

“The sheriff must win as he is like me, handsome and a dancer and smoker and charmer and true companion,” and was all lies by Seaxneat the sword god for he was covered in plasters from sword dancing.

Yes the gods had gotten into the chase for the sparkle, and what was left of the faerie king was about to be trampled all over again because the king was in the wrong place at the right time. It was horrid, an army of bad stuff out of the Lord of The Rings, all spells from above to help their betted favourites in the coach.

“Not again,” the obvious words from the faerie king who turned into a newt, then an ogre, then a pretty girl selling poisoned apples and changed colours sixty times. “Ah all gone,” the faerie king getting up and about to sprinkle faerie dust on himself to make everything better

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when he heard, “Sniff sniff,” and froze for his granny had said, *“When a dogs about freeze and the silly mutt will leave you alone,”* and his granny had kept cats not dogs.

“Grrr,” Goldilocks and set upon the faerie king.

“Sniff sniff,” then “grrr,” Bunny wanting to sniff what she was about to shred first just in case it was some thing that missed the doggy disposable bins for dog walkers. Bunny was a careful savage viscous psychopathic guard dog see and hated faeries even though she had never seen a faerie; and now she had a faerie to share with Goldilocks and shred and rip and do horrid things too.

But never mind this is a happy faerie story and there is plenty of spilled faerie dust about to make the faerie king all better , if he can reach it?

And a crow watched this time for it had watched so much violence lately was addicted to it; Granny did have to wait for the latest news.

“Please not there,” the king but was speaking too big dumb dogs who only knew how to “Woof” and “grrrrrrrr,” for that Inn keeper had never bothered to teach them tricks. Just beat them with sticks too make them nasty for evicting unpaid guests.

“Fetch,” the faerie king but the trick did not work for them dogs was smart.

*

And an old man was wondering about watching sickles spinning around his head. A man rejected by a pretty ankle and kicked out of a passenger group by a sheriff who could draw his shooters faster than he could say a spell.

“A potion of dried newt and a dogs unmentionables,” The Druid of The North was saying dreaming of a potion to make him young and wartless for he had seen the vampire milk maid and fancied his chances; the decrepit old fool.

“For he was an old man.

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The type who didn't stay at home.

Eating tripe.

But stalked Wimbledon

Where big girls played tennis.

And got away with it for he was

The Druid.”

“I want blood full of vitamins. Minerals and vitality not arthritis,” the vampire milk maid sneaking away into the shadows were a defenceless druid lay chewed and mangled and gnawed and covered in slimy dogs drool.

And in a coach a dwarf had escaped and put his manacles about a pretty ankle for revenge was sweet. “At least I know where she is and can get her any time I want,” Useless full of bravo and jumped out the coach with these words, “What am I doing?” As he knew he did have to walk now and landed amongst nettles, thorny bushes and a sac of discarded kitchen knives, sharp ones of course.

“Halp me mistress,” Useless hoping for free attention from the bosom wielding milk maid who was with the were-wolf her new boyfriend.

“He is covered in tomato ketchup I just can't resist a dwarf in that,” the horrid milkmaid and added, “suck suck.”

“Here I am first,” the out of his mind druid and was unfortunate he had spoken allowed the ingredients he needed for two big dogs had overheard and didn't want to volunteer ingredients.

“Halp halp,” Useless not wanting to lose his fluids and become a vampire.

And the druid kicked the milkmaid in the bottom and she took offence and was so peeved never noticed the glowing eyes behind the druid. Perhaps she thought they was friendly neighbourhood were-wolves.

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And old age overcame the druid as it was past 5 pm so he sat down on Useless, anything would do as long as it was soft and warm..

“Grr snarl,” went over his head.

“Sniff sniff,” also went.

“Bad doggy,” the vampire milkmaid but these dogs was the nasty type so gnawed here and shredded here and lifted their legs other places.

“Dracula,” the milkmaid as was always the man's fault.

“I am off,” Useless crawling away and since the druid was sitting on him took him too.

And no one noticed Ga had said a sentence, can you remember were he said it?

*

And Eostre knew she could get anything she wanted out of a son of Adam for she was a pretty ankle. A pretty ankle without a granny to tell her a stork gave you babies. Yes with the types like Wodan about she didn't need that type of granny but this book, “The Dummies Guide for pretty ankles on Dummies.”

*

“Grr sniff grrr.”

All them two mean dogs ever wanted was a home and human master, even an elf would do and out of desperation Useless. So unwanted and fed up retrieving sticks for that cruel Inn Keeper to beat them up good for unwanted guests, they started dreaming; not of chasing white rabbits but of unwanted guests.

Unwanted guests like Useless and Bornaslave for no decent person ever invited the likes of them into their homes.

And now their dreams had come true, Christmas had been kind to them for all their birthdays had come at once; Useless and Bornaslave was here, “Grrr sniff grrrr.”