

## Coachman

## Santa Claus Land or more precise Cuckoo Land

Once upon a time in far away far away some place a fat man in a red bath robe sat reading the North Pole Times while a floozy elf manicured his toe nails. A blond bombshell of a floozy elf as 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,' and Santa was the typical archetype of a North Pole gentleman for behind him a room with a pool table where elves played a game while girl elves of course lounged about in green stockings and some flashing neon green hold ups just to be different; for green is popular with elves you know.

And outside guests; oilers come to sell screws, nails and super glue to make toys swam in a heated swimming pool.

“Splash,” the oilers.

“Giggle,” the floozy Eskimo girls getting splashed in the eyes so should have lost the cool and put V's some place. But they was on over time so “giggle giggle.”

“Oink,” a seal jumping for a ball thrown by an oiler full of XXX served to him on the back of Rudolf reindeer who knew how to smile or else the knackers yard.

And out the back door a yard and coal shed so lumps of coal was about and card games played by BY BY look-a-like-Bad-Santa's. Smoking for the image counts with look-a-like-Bad-Santa's for this was a rest area where floozy elves rested sore feet stuffed into small green stilettos for the image counts when wearing the green stockings and flashing green neon hold ups.

And a coral where reindeer was making a mess for naughty kids who deserved no presents and these kids was shovelling it onto a wagon and of course a wagon pulled by mules with plastic antlers tied to them. And each had red comic relief plastic noses for the image counts. And in the distance a factory and above a sign, “North Pole Fertiliser Company,” so explains why many oilers were being oiled for lucrative deals in tomato vitamin pills was being thrashed

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out.

And why elves because they are a dime a dozen in the North Pole.

And in dungeons underneath Santa reading his paper dwarves, hundreds of them doing the work that was beneath elves. “Here pointed ears rule and elves are bigger than dwarves and we hold the whips.” These was some elves corrupted by pool and card games and knew a good thing when it was offered, and them dwarves was on offer, manacled of course just in case escape was being discussed. Manacled with manacles smeared in real hot Peri Peri sauce as them elves knew dwarves gnawed at manacles for twenty years did be free.

ANYWAY: Dwarves making latrine seats as stocking fillers and stoking furnaces where plastic was smelted and more dwarves who crafted them into statues of Santa for the festive season when a million tourists did visit the North Pole seeking their idol, Santa.

And many more dwarves hand painting the statues and some went crazy for when they slept they saw Santa, when they ate they saw Santa, when they looked at pictures of floozy dwarves saw Santa, when they went to the outhouse saw Santa so became viscous and foamed at the mouth so had to be let loose amongst the reindeer to roam free amongst the tundra chewing moss till they was better.

And being better meant back to work but as this is a happy story were not put back to painting plastic statues of Santa, that might make them bananas again; so was put to getting up at 5 am to groom the reindeer, to sweep out the pasture of reindeer mess, to comb the reindeer for ticks and creepy thingamajigs, to mass up the reindeer food and feed the reindeer and by midnight was finished.

Yes the elves wanted their dwarves happy and contented.

“Hi ho hi ho off to work we go,” was played to the happy dwarves through loud speakers.

And elves flew Santa Air Line Sledges to take you to the North Pole, pulled by reindeer and

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had elves as stewardesses who made sure you drank heaps for the loo door only opened when you inserted a \$ into the slot.

Of course the dwarves was manacled.

And why dwarves? The elves might be cheaper by the dozen up here but dwarves was cheaper by the score here. And every society needs citizens at the bottom of the ladder to be the joke of them above so here it was dwarf jokes not elf jokes that was heard about Boy Scout camp fires.

And Santa was coughing for he liked strong cigars not to chew the butts but smoke them for it made the hair grow on his chest. White fluffy hair that got Mrs Santa Claus all giggly. Yes the idol of millions was reading the cartoons and his favourite was Itchy and Scratchy so shows something about the mental capabilities needed for the job.

“Ho ho ho,” Santa illustrating what had happened to his mind and besides him empty brown cardboard boxes that once had takeaways and pizzas and explains why he was fat.

“For centuries he has made toys so toys have affected his mind so is dim,” Mrs Santa Claus embarrassed but she had not been affected for she only had fluffy white chest hair on her mind.

And the elves had floozy elves on their minds and the dwarves in the dungeons how to gnaw their way out for dwarves had strong teeth as we know from Useless.

“Are you a woman?” Yes just like Useless.

“See that mule with the red comic nose, well that is a female OK?” A nasty elf task master and giggle and tittered and soon all the elves was laughing.

“Are you a female?” A dwarf asked one of them mules.

“Enaw,” a reply just before the hooves went in.

And the reindeer was thinking how to make more reindeer for they was naughty reindeer.

Yes even the drunken oilers had stuff on their mind, the floozy Eskimo girls but was so drink the girls was save.

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And the floozy Eskimo girls had it on their mind to fleece the rotten drunken bums.

And the floozy elf girls was thinking of striking for a day off each month.

Yes their was a lot of thinking going on in the North Pole.

Bornaslave did be happy here disguised as a dwarf.

And the peace of Santa Land was about to be broken for down the road was far away far away some place land and a DARK WOOD where a coach was emerging. A coach full of grown up kids who never got anything from Santa and who had longed to meet Santa Claus and shred him good for his meanness.

Why the pretty ankle remembered when she was six in a size 8-9 (a Granny hand down) red hood selling pressed flowers in the playgrounds for Granny needed it to treat her lumbago lying on a beach in Cuba. A pretty girl with no white bodkin socks for Granny said, "we can't afford them but wear this." And was red fish net stockings for selling pressed flowers to drunks in dark street corners for Granny had a degree in marketing. So the freckled kid wrote a letter to Santa Claus: "Dear Santa here is a picture of me and bet you can guess what I need for Christmas?"

And Santa never opened the letter for he got millions especially at Xmas so let his hired staff do that. Elves fed up of Santa lounging in his easy chair reading strange magazines that he hid from Mrs. Santa Claus. Elves who had the attitude "Santa don't care so either do we," and started making and selling the strange magazines Santa hid from his wife so pretty soon elves had red sleighs and their personalised graffiti on them, and their reindeer too. Outfitted in gay colours as got dwarves to race them at the races. Sleighs with scythes and catapults on them for these races were not out for kids; or the drivers but FREEDOM for a day had been promised the winner so them dwarves was mean. They shaved their heads, some grew Mozambican red hair styles, some stuck bones in their nose and some filed their teeth so elves sent them to the dentist after. For the dwarves was mean and wanted a day off.

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And to make dwarf blood pressure pump was shown pictures of mules on a beech in bikinis.

“These are women, the winner can have one with his day off,” them cruel elves as them dwarfs being kept underground had forgotten what a dwarf floozy woman looked like.

So the dwarf races was a bad place to be as a driver but not spectator.

They was rich so behaved like rich elves.

And had a good laugh over Cindy's request and knew every six year old girl wants a plastic Tyrannosaurus Rex not thick white Bodkin socks.

“Santa I hate you,” from a little girl in a hand me down red hood and “Bo ho ho” but had the brains to sell the dinosaur to a spotty kid next door but someone else needed the cash so, “Cindy I will take that,” for Granny had sneaked up.

Yes Sir Lancelot remembered with vile and bile the name Santa Claus for Santa was a fink. So was Lancelot who wanted as a nine year old a suit of armour so he could leave home and become a legend. And needed to leave home for his daddy was a pig farmer and guess who had the job of cleaning out the pig sty? It wasn't you or me?

“No girl will come close to me Bo ho sob,” the nine year old future womaniser of legends. So wrote a letter to Santa: “Dear old man please send me a suit of armour.” And being Lancelot didn't sign it as he knew he was to become a legend so was an arrogant swine for he had adopted swine traits for he worked with swine.

“Who does this Burke think he is, Lancelot of the legends?” A drunken elf who had been at Santa's gin for Santa had a collection of all the poisons you wanted to poison yourself with; besides this elf was an alcoholic and needed gin quick to stop the shakes so being nasty sent a plastic sword to Lancelot; one that bent to compliment Lancelot for this elf had been looking at too many of them magazines.

“How can I kill dragons with this? I hate you Santa,” Lancelot and “squeal,” often as he beat

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the living daylights out of the swine he had to wash with the sword.

But the swine was big and numerous and took offence so did Lancelot good. "I must leave home or be a laughing stock and know I will have bacon sandwiches so will get the last laugh on them swine oink," and a strange sound came from his lips as what comes from getting to close to swine as you adopt their habits.

And a kid rode a plastic rocking horse about the block. A plastic rocking horse as this one was made in Shanghai. A kid who wanted six shooters and a sheriff's star.

"Dear Santa send me guns," Clint Sombrero.

"Ha ha does this kid think we was born yesterday, wants guns for his gang and come rob us ha ha," the elves so sent Clint Sombrero water pistols imagining a gang fight with a gang they sent real guns too for these elves had been at Santa's secret plantation in his secret green house camouflaged with snow so the tourists never saw it and been eating purple mushrooms there.

And the kid threw them away and got himself a mouth organ and learned to play **Spaghetti western music**. He also said, "I will fill Santa that old man with lead one day," for he had no respect for his elders as was the youth of the day.

And a small kid oiler was seen selling rock painted red with white stripes to a group of kids but needed a book, "DIY Book Keeping," and the elves recognised a future salesman who did be at the front door ringing the bell annoying them crawling about on their knees with hangovers. Hangovers for they had been at Santa's supply of champagne he opened for special occasions and there were many occasions. Why each reindeer had a birthday as well as them floozy elf girls bringing Santa his mashed potatoes and sausages for Santa liked to be spoon fed; of course when Mrs Santa Claus was visiting relatives.

So sent the primary school oiler one of Santa's strange magazines by mistake.

"Dribble ogle," the kid oiler not happy with his present but rented the magazine out to every

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boy in school a hundred times over with these words, "Bless you Santa." And because he was a son of Adam added, "That bum Santa never gave me Dummies Book Keeping to make me rich," and planned revenge on Santa.

And Ga remembered when he was a little GA maybe in sunny Italy but it was not, just an overcrowded tenement in Italian New York some place. I can speak English like any other immigrant kid but want a N.Y. accent from Santa so wrote, "Kind old man I need an accent," the fool for he was dealing with elves not a kind fat old man.

"Ha ha let's give him an accent so sent Ga a heavy book on how to speak like a gentleman, yes down the chimney it came and flattened Ga who had fallen asleep at the fire side. Yes the book was the size of twenty Britannica encyclopaedias bound together and splashed red hot embers all over Ga who screamed "Yikes, eek, ouch, Ga," and never spoke anything else again except Ga.

So hated Santa something else but could only say "Ga," so no one knew of his secret emotion.

And a kid used to hold a tattered red brief case at dark street corners and he wasn't selling pressed flowers. No sir but silks and postcards for the kid had a love affair with the brief case that was teaching him to gather in money as that was his lost flock of sheep. So "Dear Santa I need a new red brief case to match the stuff I sell."

"Hey come and look at this kid?" The elf reading his letter to Santa and sent the kid red silks, garters and lipstick so when his parents and sisters saw him open his presents thought he was a pervert and never trusted him with nothing, not even a Cindy Doll. And this mistrust did something strange to the kid with the tattered red brief case, he grew into a man holding a tattered red brief case and he wanted your money in taxes for he was the Chancellor these days. Who when he went to sleep saw £ and \$ so was ill for he saw the ghosts of PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE and didn't make any difference for he still wanted your money, all of it. And yes

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he had a name, Ebinizer Brown.

“I hate you Santa all I wanted was a new red brief case and you sent me me Bo ho,” the man holding the red tattered brief case.

And dwarf never got anything from Santa because, “Hey its that blooming dwarf again,” an elf reading his letter and the other dwarves had a good laugh for they hated dwarves that spent long shifts tunnelling for gold under their living quarters. Living quarters where elves rolled about groaning having nightmares for they had been in that secret green house again. So wanted to be left alone, not have noisy dwarves about with their molish cousins.

“A life time of being neglected, do I hate Santa,” Useless the dwarf remembering sleeping in a mole burrow sucking his thumb as, “Bo ho I hate Santa,” and cried to sleep.

“Gee up,” Durno whipping the mules good and remembered his letter to Santa: “Dear Santa I need a whip to practice whipping mules so I can grow up to be a coachman.”

“Ha ha let's have some fun,” a twisted elf and Durno was sent leather gear with his whip.

“What am I supposed to wear with this out fit, my cow boy hat and boots?” Durno looking at his reflection in the mirror, except he hadn't closed the curtains so got a bad name and explains why strange men kept turning up at his front door with sweets.

“That isn't my son,” Durno's daddy denying parentage so: “I hate you Santa for that cheap trick,” Durno and whipped his hatred onto the poor cuddly mules pulling the coach.

“Enaw,” for the mules hated Santa for they was the ones being whipped by that carrot and remembered they had asked Santa to make them reindeer so they could be elevated in life. Why they could fly about the night sky instead of running through muddy roads full of horse and mule manure getting splashed important places where leeches were left behind.

“Enaw,” the mules full of hatred for Santa reading his strange magazine unaware hell was coming.



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And that elf on the coach wanted to suck Santa dry for he remembered as a boy with pointed sharp ears other human kids shouting, "Hear comes that freak ha ha," so wrote to Santa: "Please Santa make me a human and give me a human girl with blond hair looking like Dolly Pat so the human kids will be envious."

But: "Hey gang some elf doesn't like being an elf, let's give him bigger ears so he really stands out in a crowd," and did and kept the other part of the Xmas request for themselves for they was no good elves that watched too much cable TV unsupervised.

"When I meet Santa he will get my pointed ears some place," an elf knowing where Santa would feel his ears. And his ears was so big now he could pull them down to sharpen the points in a pencil sharpener.

"Here Dieaslave Santa is coming to town," Bornaslave thinking so got it wrong for they was going to Santa town and remembered asking Santa for a new birth certificate that said he was Perceival Hot spur the next in line to the throne. And never heard elves have a good laugh so they tumbled about as if they was full of XXX and was; for H.M. hated Perceival his real cousin and dreamed of making him a servant so that's why Bornaslave was made a slave; because of Santa's Grotto. "I will show Santa what I can do with a scouring pad," for slaves carry them in a special wallet ready for scouring dirty pots and pans at a moments notice. And the real Perceival, he became Prince Charming, married a beautiful princess and immigrated to the Antipodes, where with his wealth lived a live of Hedonism.

"I hate Santa for I asked for a floozy Cindy Doll and got Bornaslave as a friend for life," Dieaslave hating Santa and added, "even a hamster called Fred would have made me happy Bo Ho."

"Dracula speaking, I asked Santa for a spare set of teeth and got rubber ones that bend when I bite milkmaids so want to suck Santa good then kick the worthless bum amongst the polar bears

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who know what to do with worthless bums,” and many elves giggled for one of them sent Dracula the Joke Shop Teeth.

“And know what to do with them elves suck suck,” Dracula and turns into a bat with a poof of mist as Hammer Films demand that.

“Squeak,” the Dracula bat with rabies. Bad Dracula deserving a wooden stake through the heart so he turns to dust and only if Egor that BURKE doesn't open the front door to vampire hunters and fathers wanting the bum who played bingo with their milk maid daughters.

“Howl,” a crazy naked man wanting to shred Santa for he believed he was the last were-wolf ever so needed cuddly baby were-puppies and to get them asked Santa for the poodle out of them dog cop films.

But the elves sent him a Japanese battery operated dog and a were-wolf doesn't carry spare batteries on him.

And “Squeal squeak,” them blood sucking rabid bats remembering what they asked that newspaper addicted Santa for?

“Floozy bats,” of course for they was deprived bats who spent all day hanging upside down by their toenails so the blood went to their brains. Bad stuff as too much blood there makes bats go sucking cows. Yes this is a family story so milkmaids can sleep soundly knowing the teddy doesn't wear a garlic necklace.....'suck suck.' and “spit spit cotton wool stuffing” Dracula missing his target for he was blind as a bat in the dark.

“We remember Santa and his broken promises,” the Milkmaid Union and undid their cleavage and there for the world to see little red spots for Dracula had been sent joke shop rubber fangs by elves staggering about full of XXX and looking at strange magazines with pictures of X men and much better X girls in tight leotards.

So most of the elves needed glasses?

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*"Bad elves,"* Aslop wanting to turn all the elves into dwarves so his mining shares would go up.

For Aslop read his business news daily.

"I am broke," Aslop seeing his shares in banks collapse so needed to spice up his fables to sell them to the next generation of spiced up kids. "I need an illustrator as the fox in my fables needs to undergo a body-builder course with steroids and be drawn in white shorts, then all will buy my fables: and the hare can wear a bikini as back up," Aslop dreaming of being rich again as sitting on a street corner had risks shouting, "I am broke and starving," hoping for a drunk to empty his wallet out into his expensive coffee takeaway cup so he could buy another and go home, and on the way pick up a takeaway a drunk dropped. "The gravelly bits help the digestion," Aslop holding his tummy now full of germs.

Never mind the drunk was found frozen the next day as it snowed and the temperature dropped to minus 4C. But this is a happy story so the drunk's wife threw all his clothes onto a bonfire and divorced him.

And he that froze last words was: "A taxi for my wallet."

And he that took the wallet's last words was: "Taxi taxi" and was Aslop.

Let's see what Aslop has to say about this: "It was freezing on the streets."

*"Don't blame me but him that clutches the red brief case,"* and was an Aslop lie.

And what else did this kid holding the tattered red brief case ask Santa for when he grew up?

"Let me think of new ways to tax the ignorant fools," him called The Chancellor and dribbled at the thought and the elves granted his wish for they was bums.

So all throughout far far away some place this was heard, "I will hide the Inland Revenue Tax Returns so pretend it never came," but him who held the red brief case had their numbers. And pretended to be a sales phone caller when it was just him. So became strange at the sight of so

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much TAX stuffed in his red tattered brief case and became different from the rest. HE STOPPED HATING STANTA.

“I love Santa and want to hug and squeeze him,” the lousy jerk.

It wasn't you who asked for a remote controlled plane to go out of control and land on the president of the cricket club your dad was hoping to join.

Nor a dad that took you home and told you horror stories for a bed time story..”

And a certain druid remembered his dad doing just that so explains his love for dried newts and bat wings.

“All I asked Santa for was a chemistry set,” the druid covered in bandages where two big vicious stupid dogs had gnawed good.

“Ha ha and we sent him Hocus Pocus all about DIY witchcraft,” them twisted elves.

And them elves was at The North Pole Casino as all them sticky toffee candy factories ran out of sugar. Hope, faith and love they was gambling and put everything on **BLACK** and it came up **RED**.

So ripped up their green leotards and chewed their gums so needed a dentist with these words, “I invested in BANKS.”

“That means we isn't getting paid?” Them floozy elves so ripped up them elves who for years had been saying, “Relax baby the wife is visiting the cousin,” so lied.

So here a badly needed Aslop fable: *“Husbands and boy friends beware of smells of soap and floor wax about the house for means the wife is about.”*

And Nameless wanted a name from Santa. 'Please give me a surname.' And the name was Nameless.

“Dear Santa make all the villagers love me,” Eagor and them elves sent pictures of Eagor kissing a milk maid, of course it was two pictures glued together but, “No monster dates a milk

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maid,” so hated Egor and hunted him down on 'Hunt the Monster Festival,' when everyone took a day off the 16 hour farm day to set fire to poor Egor, and yes stick pitch forks in him.

So Egor was insane and hated Santa good. “I will take my stress out on him,” For Egor's psychiatrist had told him to lower his blood pressure.

“Grr sniff,” two mean big dogs remembering asking Santa for loving owners.

“Ha ha let's give them to the Las Angles police dog unit,” them elves and the training turned them into powerfully built hulks of mean savage dogs that had been trained to be Navy Seal dogs. So hated Santa and wanted to rip him to shreds and had to make do practising for the big day on the likes of Bornaslave.

“I wanted a pretty grand daughter to wash my feet, change my dentures and cook my twenty course dinners for me and my minions and Santa gave me her,” Granny so hated Santa good.

“Broom vroom,” a broomstick that had asked Santa for a home where it could sweep dirty floors all day but the elves had given the broomstick Granny who made the broomstick do bad things. Things like flying Granny about Far and Away Forgotten land to meet bronze massagers. And worse having to watch them feed Granny raspberry ice cream. So broomstick hated Santa and knew where to broom and vroom him.

“I wanted a queen,” H.M. And got many for he was a dandy rake so the elves made him as fat as they could instead of a handsome body builder haunting gyms. “I will make Santa a royal balloon blower.”

And the milk maid always mentioned always, “I asked to be a big bosomed red head and Santa made me a big bosomed blond,” so hated Santa good.

And what about Mrs. Santa?

“I wished for a divorce but got a packet of soap powder,” so deep down hated the fat man Santa so developed many obsessions, like playing card games with the bad Santas.

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And even Santa hated himself: "I wished for a floozy girl friend and got her the wife."

So that takes care of everyone except the nasty elves sent here to our world to tie green ribbons on presents; they came in green tights and funny hats and wore bright yellow wooden shoes so went nuts and explains why they are bad.

*"Green give me a Yellow Ribbon and a Stagecoach and Appalachia Indians escaped from a reservation?"* A whisper from the clouds and was an elf escaped to elf Heaven.

And why was the elves so nasty and here the truth?

"Blame the hangovers," elfish replies for they had the keys to Santa's Grotto where Santa stored his brandy hidden from the wife, for a secret tippie always tastes better IF SHE doesn't know about it.

"Hick," the elves needing the medicine cabinet and here found no aspirins for Mrs. Santa Claus had a headache so Santa was out of luck.

"He isn't kissing me with that itchy white beard and is so fat and his socks need mending as they got holes in them so can see his uncut toenails curling out," Mrs Santa Claus hating Santa for not granting her want she wanted every Xmas.

And knew the elves had a good laugh over her request for a handsome bronzed Australian surfer; even a South Afrikan one would do, as long as he was slim and handsome.

And Santa loved being Santa for he gave himself presents like the floozy elf girl he kept in the back of Santa's Grotto. And she got a diamond tiara and the wife got the Donald Duck plastic watch for she was the wife who had headaches always.

And also explains why the elves were always in the Grotto.

So many disgruntled people who never found what they wanted under their Xmas tree. Oh yes the reindeer hated Santa too for they had wished to be normal reindeer and have baby reindeer and get chased by hungry wolves and get the opportunity to lead normal reindeer lives.

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But everything here was about to change for a horde of angry fairies was coming. Fairies who never got what they asked for either, “A different name like Macho Macho, even Rover just anything than the name Fairy.

And the road to Santa's Grotto vibrated with the approaching coach, Dracula and his bats and them fairies.

The first to get it was a penguin out for an early evening stroll.

“Cluck cluck gobble gobble,” the penguin as mules went over her.

“Gee up or the glue factory,” as Durno was mean and horny.

“Cluck cluck gobble gobble,” the penguin as Dracula in his bat mobile went over her.

“Suck suck,” as Dracula wasn't fussy where he got a snack.

“Cluck cluck gobble gobble,” the penguin as many angry fairies went over her.

“This is what we will do to them lot ahead for ruining our fairy circle,” the fairy king and plucked the penguin good and as penguins don't have long feathers it was horrid.

“Cluck cluck gobble gobble,” the freezing penguin hating Santa for she had wished to live in the South Pole away from polar bears and crazy fairies.

And ahead Mrs Santa Claus felt the rumbling vibrations so went outside to have a look. A bad mistake for she was the second one to get it.

“Enaw enaw,” them mules who not only had hooves to stamp and stomp but big teeth to nip and bite there.

“Is this his idea of some kind of joke?” Mrs Santa Claus.

Then the wheels ruttet and she knew her husband was behind this.

“Here get off,” Mrs Santa Claus feeling the fangs of Dracula at her neck so put the knee in some place so Dracula moaned and doubled up.

“Here he's mine what have you done to my Horace?” the milk maid picking Dracula up

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fearing he was useless.

“This,” and Mrs Santa Claus threw a hungry polar bear on the vampire milkmaid so “Eeeek,” was heard then “Suck suck,” as Dracula and the milkmaid weren't difficult what they had as a snack.

“I am off,” Mrs Santa Claus going back inside and was floored by a mob of angry fairies.

“What is that noise, can't the wife ever go to bed early and leave me to check the presents in my Grotto?” Santa putting down the share news but never got very far as “Enaw enaw,” he heard behind and asked, “Them reindeer got some sort of cold?” But it was mules with hooves and sharp teeth.

“Oh my god don't bite me there,” Santa as the mules remembered nothing for Xmas.

“Gee up Santa,” Durno using the carrot whip as Durno remembered nothing for Xmas.

And as a pretty young girl in a red hood leaned out the open coach window to let Santa know she remembered nothing for Xmas a sparkle fell out of her cleavage.

“Plunk,” the sound of a sparkle sinking down layers of Santa's big belly.

“I am rich sod this job,” Santa and crawled away but the fairies got him and sprinkled fairy dust so he grew antlers and started to look like the girl in the red hood except he was hopping about croaking for them fairies had a wicked sense of humour just like them elves.

“Croak,” Santa hopping out of a window right into the bat mobile.

“Remember me?” Dracula putting a napkin about his neck for sucking was a messy business and Dracula was wearing his white stiff shirt and dinner jacket full of medals he pinched off his dinners.

For he was a count and needed to look important and loaded to get the milkmaids upstairs to his coffin. Apart from being a vampire bum he was a broke vampire bum. Let's face it milkmaids never have any money.



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“Croak,” Santa and Dracula thought that so funny he couldn't stop laughing.

“Fool,” the floozy vampire milk maid pushing the idiot out of the bat mobile and flipped out her teeth. And she knew her power over Dracula for she was a rustic milk maid.

Here an Aslop fable, *“The sons of Adam think with their eyes.”*

“Membebe mee,” it was hard to ask “Remember me” as her fangs had got stuck in her tongue so added “Ouch.”

“Croak,” Santa taking advantage and hopped away onto Dracula's head and then into a lily pond. Yes a frozen lilly pond as this was the far away frozen place where presents got made.

And a certain druid looking for frozen newts saw a red uniform hopping about.

“I recognise that croak anywhere,” The Druid of The North remembering a chemistry set that spilled stink bomb fluid over him that no soap could wash off so added, “If that dwarf thinks it is tough not knowing what a floozy dwarf looks like I was fourteen when I spilt that stink on me and have just turned seventeen,” and was a lie for he was bent and smelt of tripe, onion and milk for he was a pensioner aged seventy.

“Croak,” a frog not liking the look of a sickle seeking newt thingamabobs

And a migrating crane flying over the Himalayas lost of course landed on the druid.

“Twitter,” the lost crane.

“Creak,” then “crack,” the frozen pond not caring for the weight.

“We will meet again,” The Druid's parting words as he went down.

“Twitter,” the crane flying away not wanting wet feet.

“Croak,” Santa making a hasty gate away.

“Grrr,” a hound not lost for its friend could sniff a dwarf or druid ten miles away. And seeing the druid turning blue wisely trotted off to find the dwarf.

“Croak,” in the distance.

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“Oh my gawd what I have done to deserve them?” A dwarf further along meeting Goldilocks and Bunny.

“You stole a jewel, usually I send bums like you to hell for ever but am trying out punishment on the spot,” Wodan answering from Bunny's mouth.

“What a man you are?” Eostre thinking Wodan a cruel fink.

“Really?” Wodan puffing his chest up.

“This dog can talk perhaps I can sell it to a circus for cash?” Useless with a dangerous idea.

“Grrr sniff snarl” and was shredded so his money making scheme was at an end.

**MEANWHILE:**

A lonely bandaged dwarf out the back off Santa's palatial residence found the remains of Coffin Pie in a bin. And Coffin Pie isn't called Coffin Pie for naught, it has every ingredient that two savage badly trained dogs could want to gnaw.

“My prayers have been answered,” Useless a hungry dwarf eating up.

“Brrr,” he said feeling the cold on his neck.

“Grrrr,” a sound behind him.

“No I said brrr,” he said.

“Sniff,” and looked down at his feet.

“Oh hello nice doggy want a bone to gnaw,” the dwarf who never did a wrong thing in his life then screamed to thumping music, “Oh my gawd halp.” So explains why Useless started being mean for he was always being shredded by them two dogs.

“Lucky I found an icicle for them to fetch and a sled for me to escape in puff pant,” as Useless pushed his sledge in the snow. A sledge that was five times his size. “Judas don't they make these things in my size,” Useless sweating away.

His names was Useless and was a miner and at the moment the crazy dwarf puffing and

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panting and swearing found the pretty girl, and got nasty with her and kept asking, “Where is my jewel?” As he throttled her right knee cap as she was standing.

“Giggle,” the pretty girl liking her knee tickled.

“What you mean yours buddy?” And was the sheriff doing the asking for he regarded the pretty girl in the red hood as his and the sparkle naturally for what was hers was his.

“Here she is my wife,” Lancelot trying to hood wink everyone and so took the pretty girl's left hand and pulled her away and was tough going for that crazy dwarf was still throttling.

And the sheriff was booting the dwarf something so, “I don't feel anything for I am a seasoned toughened grisly dwarf that can chew through manacles,” but added “ouch,” as them cow boy boots was pointed.

“Ga, the handsome whatever who jumped the dwarf for the sheriff was bigger and had six guns.

“Shoot them all and be done with them,” and was the oiler wanting rid of some of the competition.

“Whack,” and was the red brief case used to good effect on oiler for them that walk about with red and not black or brown brief cases know how to swing them and handbags too.

“Here take this,” and was Durno being plain mean with his whip so they moaned and groaned and “Eeeked” some before a dwarf fed up with it all took the whip and it was taken from him before he could say, “See how you like it?” Taken from him by the sheriff and **spaghetti western music** filled the air along with “Yike,” and “eeek,” for he was making that poor defenceless dwarf dance.

And was so preoccupied never saw Lancelot drag the pretty girl away behind a snow hill that was behind a frozen lilly pond.

“Howl,” and was the frozen type for a naked were-wolf had icicles hanging important places.

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“Sniff I smell wet dog,” and Lancelot was right.

“Grrrr rrrr,” which is were-wolf for hand them over buddy; meaning the sparkle.

“Croak,” which is amphibian for “Get out of my way fool,” as Santa hopped by clutching a sparkle, big red and sparkling under the full moon.

“Howl,” which is were-wolf for,” I am going to get you you fat slob of a frog.” Marvellous what one howl can mean isn't it?

“Well go get him husband,” the pretty girl remembering what Granny told her, “Men were born to be used by girls.”

“It has fangs and is hungry,” Lancelot's reply as he had not seen the sparkle with Santa for he could not see in the dark as he hated carrots or seen the hungry were-wolf that would have shredded him.

“We are divorced, OH sheriff?” The pretty girl and pushed Lancelot into the snow hill so “Chatter” was heard as he was wearing chain mail and not woollies in the snow.

“Gee up horsie,” and a dwarf grunted from a sheriff's weight and wanted to complain about the spurs.

And on the bat mobile someone else wanted to complain.

“That is my best friend pulling this bat thingamajig Egor and does all the thinking for me,” Dieaslave chumming up Egor and was sickening for he knew Bornaslave would choke the daylight out of him for using a whip to make him pull faster.

“I will make him go faster or we wont get the sparkle,” Egor having no idea what a sparkle was apart from Dracula gave him one to light and wave as it sparkled on party nights. Just one as Dracula was a cheap stake.

“Thank goodness a rest,” Bornaslave as Egor had picked him up and was carrying him and the bat thingamabob for Egor was big and brainless. Egor should have used a nail studded

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whip to make Bornaslave go faster but Eagor was Eagor.

“Jingle bells jingle bells,” Eagor enjoying life.

“Over there next to the big rabbit,” Dieaslave who never did any thinking seeing the wolf and girl and Santa hopping about. And because he never thought didn't say the rabbit was a hungry were-wolf in case Eagor was afraid of big wolves.

“I must follow Santa and get the sparkle back,” the pretty girl jumping on the dwarf.

“Judas Priest,” the dwarf complained so got more spur.

“After them,” the Chancellor he who made up taxes and liked to give orders so Ga and Oiler looked at him as if he was crazy; there was a big rabbit snarling and foaming at the mouth and what looked like Santa croaking and catching flies with his tongue.

There was magic about and just wasn't safe to be out in a cold night like this.

“Ah the blood lust,” and was a vampire elf remembering all the jokes about his pointed ears so showed them his fangs. Clean and pearly white for this vampire elf brushed his teeth three times a day with the same tooth brush for three years so his gums was all torn and bleeding.

“You who?” The oiler running after the sheriff away from the elf with gum disease.

“Ga,” the handsome stranger and went too.

“Whack,” for a man who carries a red brief case knows how to use one then ran for it.

And a million fairies ran over the elf.

“Hey lads an elf with pointed ears ha ha,” for them fairies knew lots of elf jokes.

“I hate the lot of them,” the elf.

And Nameless sneaked up behind them for he had brains and didn't want trampled by a million fairies.

And behind him H.M. wanting Nameless to carry him for the snow was cold on his feet; as that was what royal servants were born for.

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“Oh Nameless,” H.M. sweetly and Nameless never suspected a thing so H.M. got close.

“I am your king yes?” H.M.

“Majesty,” Nameless grovelling so bowed low and H.M. got on so was a low nasty trick but worked.

“Up lad up and after them, they got my jewel,” H.M.

“Puff pant wheeze get off you fat slob,” Nameless revolting as he was and bucked H.M. off.

“I will chop of your head,” H.M.

“Ya na ya you can't catch me,” for Nameless was childish and ran away but H.M. threw a snow ball and got him square on the back of the head; then followed so dazed Nameless was easily mounted and followed the rest of them lunatics.

\*

And Granny lying on a polar bear fur rug in front of a log fire in a skiing cabin being fed marshmallows dipped in hot chocolate by a handsome ski instructor remembered she had asked for a slave to sell her pressed flower collections so she could live a life of luxury and Santa had given her the girl in a red hood so had no complaints.

What a Granny?

And with these words, “Eureka I am off,” jumped on her broomstick and went after the lot of the asylum inhabitants, “the sparkle is mine,” she added and drooled.

And Wodan above said, “They is all wrong, the sparkle is mine.”

“So he thinks,” Eostre his girl.

“It is mine,” the god Horsa and neighed which was one above an enaw as he had the bottom of a horrse.

“No mine,” his twin Hengest and trotted off after the jewel and left manure behind to annoy Wodan.

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So the gods sneaked away to follow the cast of a cartoon for the sparkle was his or hers who got it first.

And coming up fast up fast two dogs with a DWARF on their mind.

“Grrrrr,” Goldilocks.

“Sniff sniff,” Bunny and what cute names.

Now another character to add to the list for Santa had a kitchen porter, A gnome he meant to give away as a Xmas present to a gardener but kept. A gnome who seeing Santa hopping about said, “I am fed up with this job and boring life and want excitement and a sailor's life,” so bolted.

“Grr sniff,” the excitement he met.

“Er nice dogs?” The gnome trembling at the knees but was shredded good.

“I am in tatters who will save me?” The gnome leaving himself open to be exploited..

“You will light me fires, cook my sixteen course meals and empty my chamber pot and in return will mend all your shredded bits,” a voice coming out of the darkness.

“Anything just make sure they never come back,” the gnome.

And The Druid of The North took from his pocket the magic potion needed for the messy job at his feet, AJAX SUPERGLUE. “By the way what is your name?”

“Ceil,” the gnome getting high on glue fumes so never felt any of his limbs being straightened this way or that as this is a happy story.

“I will call you Servant ha ha,” the druid also high and was cruel and rude.

“Servant how kind ha ha,” the spaced out gnome happy he did never have to wash greasy plates again; and when he was glued together a laughing druid gave him his breakfast menu.

“Ha ha where do I get kippers from in the North Pole?” The laughing dwarf.

“Try looking in here?” The Druid and cast a spell on the refuse bin so it up ended on Servant.

. “I see,” Servant no longer laughing.

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“Brrrr I am freezing,” Granny on her broomstick somewhere over the North Pole and “Cindy will wish she was never born taking me away from sunny Port a Prince and them lads that surf amongst the sharks to get my attention for I am loaded from all the sales of pressed flowers and know boys find I am pretty,” Granny deluding herself and now we know the girl under the red hoods name which we already did.

“Howl,” below as a fury thing sought Santa.

“My a mobile fur coat,” Granny as the snow flakes had splattered her glasses.

“Howl,” a fury naked fury thing just as Granny landed on it and used her broomstick to good effect flattening the fury whatever howling thing and gave it a good dusting. “You never know what creepy crawlies live in it,” Granny being sensible and just in case it was a bear beat more dust out of it before wrapping herself in it.

“MMM nice and warm,” Granny getting back on her broomstick.

“Grrrr howl,” a thousand feet up.

“Bad bear,” Granny and threw the were=thingy away.

“Cindy was her name.

She wore a red cape.

She was the heroine.

So wanted a mobile make up room.

But got a pressed flower collection instead.

For she had this Granny see.

A wicked witch.

Who poisoned dwarves with apples.

So was a serial murderer



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Wanted in every land.

Granny was her name.”

And a thousand feet below an imp appeared looking for Santa who had placed an add for an imp; but was really them mean elves about to play a trick on humanity as they would dress him up in Xmas wrapping paper and send him to the UN.

“Here what is that howling sound above me?” The imp and because he was so small was really flattened good and the weight of the fury were-wolf landing on him sent him right back to where he came from, Australia.

“Sniff grrrr,” from an annoyed kangaroo whose pouch he had landed in.

“Sniff grrr,” from the joey living there.

“Gawd help, oh sorry I mean the other guy oh help me other guy,” the imp as he was boxed good as kangaroos don't shred.