

Coachman

A Slippery Slope

“Croak,” Santa knowing one last hop did get him over the hill onto the slippery slope that would take him to his private jet he kept just in case; along with a suit case of \$ just in case and a black book full of addresses of floozy names he had met going down chimneys just in case Mrs. Santa Claus was out too fleece and divorce him.

“Does he think his little elf helpers come out of cabbage leaves?” Mrs Santa Claus being sarcastic. And now we know where elf’s come from, Mrs. Santa plants them in a lettuce patch and in the spring the Easter bunnies harvest them.

So with a “croak” Santa was off and those following knew where he was in the dark for there was many a “croak” as many trees had grown up on the slippery slope not mentioning stones, rocks and boulders in order of size and severity of damage they done Santa good; as a frog doesn't have good night vision, why I never seen a frog eat a carrot like that Icelfander Spartapus whatever that flies about Toy Town whatever in a blip?

“Croak,” Santa managing feeble hops till he collapsed at the jet and managed to shoot out his pink froggy tongue about the door handle.

Where it froze so was stuck good.

“Croak,” Santa not liking this.

“There's the fink,” he could hear behind and the earth trembled under poor Santa.

“Croak,” and “twang,” Santa pulling his tongue free, well almost all of it as the top was still frozen to the door handle so, “CROAK” real loud was heard. Never mind this is a happy story so Santa was happy knowing he was free, and better still he could search for the keys to start the jet and escape except his hands was frog flippers so dropped the keys.

“Croak,” Santa cursing the day he was a tadpole.

“Forward bats of hell suck suck,” he could hear Dracula encouraging his bats on as he was

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delayed as there were many elves running about and as elves was small like dwarves so was OK to have a nibble at them and still manage to suck away on a main course later.

And there were many main courses here, why there was that crazy sheriff clutching that red hooded pretty thing riding a dwarf who was shouting “Yelp,” when the spurs was used.

“As a pretty thing I must have pity for the dwarf but because he can identify me as a sparkle thief have none except malicious intent so encourage the sheriff to make the dwarf go faster, and because I am a pretty thing am immediately forgiven by all,” the pretty red hooded thing.

“Except by me,” Useless and added “puff pant.”

“Puff I recognise that voice wheeze,” Nameless carrying H.M. who wasn't using spurs so Nameless wasn't as fast and besides all them years eating pheasants and goose liver had made H.M. really heavy.

“Hurry up Nameless,” H.M. and since he didn't have spurs pulled hair to make poor Nameless speed up and guided Nameless left and right with the ears.

“Judas Priest,” Nameless cursing the day he was born as clutches of his hair blew away. And he was real near a cardiac arrest because tasting all them pheasants and geese livers had made him fat. While Useless the dwarf had a muscular figure from riding that exercise bike.

And a monster tripped on an elf so dropped what he was carrying; everything including: a hateful Bornaslave who had carried the bat mobile too long and wasn't used to sweaty work as he spent his time thinking; *“One bean to you Dieaslave and six to me.”*

“Now it is time for revenge,” Bornaslave remembering the easy life his friend Dieaslave was having at his expense and sneaked off into the darkness so he could plan a sneak attack for he was good at thinking. “I will jump out of the darkness and shout “Boooo” then then poke him some place and then then but I don't know as I have forgotten something important for Bornaslave had a degree in thinking.

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And the darkness was the dark woods full of yellow eyes so Bornaslave said, "This place gives me the shivers," and shivered. "I was better off with the monster and that swine Dieaslave." So Bornaslave stepped out of the dark forest so was no longer hidden.

"Oh dear I have spilled my humbugs," Eagor who had earlier grovelled too Dracula for them as he balanced a table on the head and ate flaming candles at the same time to make Dracula happy. Eagor just loved Humbugs.

"Let me help you find them friend," Dieaslave worming his way into the monster's good side.

"How kind, you can have as many as you find kind and caring friend," Eagor and was sickening and since Bornaslave didn't offer to help can have this," and booted Bornaslave to encourage him to be sympathetic too Eagor's needs.

"Howl slurp howl," a were-wolf sucking on a humbug.

And as Santa with a "Croak," looked for the keys.

Then "Where do you think you are going?" And was Mrs Santa Claus?

NO it was one of them floozy elf's Santa had promised the starring role in HUMBUGS the musical.

"Here take your humbugs," the peeved off floozy elf and stuck a whole bag full of the hottest humbugs made some place.

"Croak," Santa jumping something and dropped the sparkle.

"There is the fink," the pretty thing under a red hood and the North Pole breeze blew off her hood just as the green Aureoles Borealis showed so all, "Ohhhh a goddess," and was fools and loonies but she remembered Granny, "Show something and them idiots will follow you to the ATM cash machine."

And Useless the dwarf who was up front with out stretched fingers closing on a sparkle with these words, "Mmmmm I know those sounds," and a pity he didn't remember them faster.

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“Grrrrr,” and “Sniff sniff,” he heard just as big jaws full of bone crushing teeth closed on him.

“Oh my gods,” Useless the dwarf feeling them bone crushing teeth so left the sparkle with Santa. Never mind they only chewed him seventy times instead of a hundred, lucky Useless.

And since this is a happy story Useless never felt a thing, pain is all in the mind.

“My sparkle,” Lancelot knowing it was his as his chain mailed fingers closed upon the sparkle a million bats who wanted that sparkle to fly to Disney Land, Florida and be treated with respect by Micky Mouse closed upon him with this sound, “Squeak,” amplified a million times.

“Eek,” amplified once from Lancelot who hated bats.

And the bats crawled through his chain mail knitting and tickled him places bats never should go.

“He titter ha ho,” Lancelot unable to control himself and was incontinent if you know what mean?

“This Tin Man is sardine can,” the sheriff and kicked the chain mail out of his way so it rolled down a hill and stopped in front of a frozen Viking ship full of frozen Vikings frozen a thousand years earlier on their way to Vine Land.

“Brrr what the gods have I got myself into?” Lancelot eyeing the frozen axes.

And there was many unfrozen polar bears lounging about who didn't like Lancelot breaking into their dreams of sunny beaches in Cuba.

“Snarl,” the angry polar bears and since this is a friendly story Lancelot is allowed to run for it followed by them angry mentally disturbed polar bears dreaming of Cuban beaches.

“That sparkle is definitely mine and I might take the pretty girl along to cut my cigars,” the sheriff knowing he was the most handsome sheriff ever with the most desirable blue eyes a girl under a red hood would like to gaze into and dream of far away romantic stupid places.

“Dream on baby,” the sheriff tucking the sparkle behind his tin star.

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And never felt a dribble behind the neck as Dracula drooled over him with these words, “Wrong chum the sparkle is mine,” and bent down to suck suck but felt a red brief case instead of juicy western rump steak.

“Believe me I isn't saving the cowboy but them teeth are sharp,” and the Chancellor swung his red brief case this way and that so: “Ouch,” a vampire milk maid complained as Dracula connected with her like skittles so all fell backwards.

“Hey get off me,” an elf wanting to bite anything as was starving.

“Get off me pointed ears,” and was Durno and let the whip fall.

“Enaw enaw,” the mules quick minded seeing a GREAT ESCAPE happening so reared up and “Enaw enaw,” like stallions and made a break for their dream, that beach where they did operate donkey rides and retire and eat strawberries instead of carrots.

“Enaw gasp,” the mules as was still tethered to the coach so never got any where.

And an oiler seeing his chance to get rich did not slide under the hooves and feet and teeth for “Oilers live off the fat of the land,” so went and hid behind a tree.

“Howl,” a were furry thingamajig not wanting want the others got so went and hid behind a tree.

“Howl,” a furry thing not wanting cuddled so tore the clothes off an oiler.

“Mummy,” the oiler and since this is a happy story acorns fell of the tree and knocked the cuddly were what ever out.

“Escape is on my mind,” the oiler making a break for it and ran into the arms of Eagor.

“Here Dieaslave my new best friend who gets me out of trouble what has Santa given us?” Eagor happy Santa had remembered him after forty years so no longer wanted to tear the limbs off Santa.

“A friend for Bornaslave,” Dieaslave who was dim for Bornaslave always did the thinking.

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But fate had decided the oiler get oiled by a thousand elves running with laddered green leotards from angry fairies so ran all over everyone fleecing as they went.

“Hey who stole my whip,” Durno.

“And mine too,” Eagor.

“My catalogues,” Mr. Oiler but never mind he had a million spare copies in a suitcase on the coach.

And in the confusion and whipping and shouts of pleasure for the dwarves had escaped from the tomato vitamin factory a sparkle was stolen from thieves by many thieves in green leotards.

“Ga,” an idiot stumbling about seeing something sparkle in the mule stuff left behind by careless mules as there was always someone like Useless on a chain to sweep up their mess.

“Ga I am rich,” and Ga saw the Adriatic and heaps of girls not hiding under a red hood so bolted for it.

“Grr,” “sniff,” right behind Ga as two dogs wanting desperately to be accepted by society arrived.

“Fantastic I still got all my fingers and toes,” Bornaslave for he needed them to count with so was a relieved asylum inhabitant.

“Those are two bad dogs,” the pretty thing in the red hood remembering Granny's advice, “*A girl needs dogs like these,*” and showed Cindy **her guard dogs**. Dogs whom she trained to be viscous thugs by feeding them chilli peppers. “A dogs best friend is a bone and a man,” Cindy the pretty girl under the red hood so gave them ideas. So started to think so escaped to find that dream so on the way down the Yellow Brick Road met an Inn Keeper.

“Look at them unwanted guests, just full of tasty bones,” an Inn Keeper who had a dream of two nasty dogs to fleece guests in his termite ridden inn.

“Woof woof,” the dogs jumping for joy. and ended up the guard dogs of an Inn Keeper.

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ANYWAY: “Please sheriff let's climb a tree,” Useless not liking the odds.

“What trees?” The sheriff replied correctly for this was the North Pole.

And Useless trembled as Goldilocks and Bunny bounded towards him. Their wet gummy gums open showing shredding teeth.

And **spaghetti western music** filled the air as six guns left the holster and span and all the bullets fell out of the guns.

“Bullocks,” Useless.

Just as well for Goldilocks and Bunny and Useless mumbled many prayers and closed his eyes and when he opened them the two brutes were no were to be seen; but did hear “Oh my Gawd,” behind him and daring a peek saw Ga or what looked like Ga with two monsters on top of him.

Monsters who knew a sparkle could take them to a Parisian dog home where many poodles waited for them, chic French poodles.

“Howl,” and was a howler all naked and fury and fed up chewing old catalogues an oiler threw at him. A were-wolf who wanted the sparkle for himself so he could buy clothes and make a film, “A were-wolf in your cupboard.”

“Grrr,” “sniff,” two stupid dogs thinking they could beat up a were-wolf.

“Howl,” a were-wolf getting beat up. Wow these dogs had been trained to be mean by Granny so was mean.

“They are getting away with the sparkle?” Dracula standing behind his milkmaid.

“Stop them,” The Druid of The North to his gnome called Servant who shook like a leaf for he was standing in the two horrid dogs path. “or else I will turn you into a possum. One in a ballerina dress, one that has black teeth from the ten cigars she smokes at once, one whose tights are ladderred,” for The Druid was a mean one.

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Poor Servant the servant about to be turned into a lazy possum or chewed steak if he tried to stop them in a ballerina dress.

Never mind this is a happy fairy story and Egor wanted to make his new friend happy so wanted the jewel. Yes Dieaslave who never thought had whispered “In far away lands are girls who look like you but you need a sparkle to get there.”

“Look like me?” Egor interested for he was a male monster who used his toes to think.

“Yes all we need is the sparkle,” Dieaslave making sure Bornaslave wasn't listening.

“Nice doggy,” Egor being nice before the nice dogs set upon him and Dieaslave made sure he was sitting on Egor's shoulders with a broom to beat the dogs back when they got too high.

“Grrrr,” “sniff,” the bad horrid canines.

“Ha ha ho ho,” Egor being tickled to death.

“Hey what are you doing to my poor dogs?” A voice in the silvery clouds.

“Hide me sheriff oh please hide me,” and to make sure the sheriff with the bluest eyes ever took Cindy behind a tree to hide, pulled up her red dress and million petticoats and nothing happened honest.

And a chewed cigar but was spat and a gust of wind carried it high where it ignited a broom stick.

“Eeeek,” Granny falling to earth and “thud,” Granny landing and “howl,” from what she landed on.

“I am sure I saw Cindy a moment ago trying to hold out on my sparkle,” Granny and in the moon light one could see she had a wart on the end of her crooked nose. She also had a witches black hat to make it easier for you to realise Granny was a mean witch.

And the sheriff knew how to treat a girl that any saloon was full of in any cheap western town; for he was related to boys who are related to mules.

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“Ohhhh,” the pretty girl under the red hood as the sheriff checked to see if her teeth was big and white and her feet big spread and flat for Western girls needed to be tough.

“I hear Cindy, oh dearest where art thou?” Granny in a sweet voice full of nightingales.

“Rumble,” the angry polar bears came and a pity Granny was listening out for Cindy or would have heard them.

“Rumble,” right over her they went shredding as they went.

And rumble right over Goldilocks and Bunny too and went off with the sparkle right back to their home, the frozen Viking ship full of frozen Vikings. They also carried away a laughing monster with his best friend on his shoulder.

“Grrr rrrr grrrr,” the angry polar bears who had heard about the good life in a New York Zoo from penguins escaped from Madagascar. A sparkle could buy them many steaks in the zoo and sun glasses to sun bath under the New York clouds.

“My sparkle,” Useless tethered to the tree by the sheriff and being a smart dwarf used his gums and was soon free running after them big six hundred pound polar bears for Useless was an idiot and about to be useless at something important too?

“I bet on that dwarf to win,” Wodan above not liking the odds so woke up the frozen Vikings.

“More dwarves,” Useless mistaking the Vikings as axe swinging happy dwarf miners so ran amongst them with these words, “A gold mine behind that tree,” for he did not want to share the sparkle with no other.

“Berzerka banzai,” the angry woken up Vikings who had been sleeping it off for a thousand years so strung up Useless by this thumbs and lit a fire under him just to be mean.

“Ah heat at last,” Useless feeling the frost bite leave places.

“I must get Dieaslave to get the sparkle too impress the girl in the red hood if he is too marry her,” Eostre revealing who the hero is in this story.

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“Ha ha ho ho,” Egor as all the polar bears remembered what they asked for Santa. A ticket to New York and never got so went crazy over Egor and because Egor was rolling about being eaten Dieaslave fell off him.

“Ouch my head,” Dieaslave on the wooden deck of the Viking ship.

“Here a kitchen porter?” A Viking recognising Dieaslave's abilities.

And just then Bornaslave sneaked onto the ship and Eostre saw him for gods and goddesses can so whispered to a Viking, “Look a latrine attendant,” and was enough for the Vikings to momentarily let go of Dieaslave and because he never did any thinking ran for it.

Snatched the sparkle and climbed the crows nest; the safest place to be for below: “snarl rrr grrr ha hoo he ho,” and “halp,” from a latrine attendant.

“How do I get aboard that ship?” A worried sheriff not wanting to spin his guns and blast away a whole ship of Vikings and angry polar bears that might shred him. A sheriff who sympathised with his victims as he filled them with lead because they did be dead; so angelic music replaced the **spaghetti western music** for an instant.

“If he isn't sneaking aboard I am,” the Chancellor seeing many unpaid Viking taxes and walked right up to the Vikings and even the angry polar bears left Egor all alone and stared at him.

“Gobblewok gobble,” the Vikings speaking Viking.

“Grrr snarl,” the polar bears amazed.

“Ho ha ho ho,” the Vikings and polar bears and then was hit places by a red brief case.

“A woman can be captain these days,” and Granny ran and somersaulted aboard ship kicking here and punching there.

“Gobble chick gobble,” the Vikings complaining about life.

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“Servant carry me aboard,” The Druid of The North and the gnome did and came face to face with amazed dazed polar bears.

Never mind just before the polar bears came round and ate Servant the druid cast spells with these words, “we need a crew to row the ship and me and the sparkle away to paradise, and oh yes, Servant can be the servant.”

“Howl,” a loonie were-wolf seeing polar bears to rob of their fur coats as it was freezing the brass monkeys off some place all this snow and ice.

“I might be a loser knight but do know when a summer cruise is on the make,” Lancelot and jumped aboard with these words, “Here I am to save the day,” for he had been watching too many Mighty Mouse films so was needing help.

“Ghrr snarl,” the unimpressed polar bears.

“Perhaps I was too hasty,” Lancelot hiding behind Granny and was a mistake.

“Hello sunshine, remember me?” Granny remembering him from a ski resort.

“Of course not mam,” Lancelot lying through his back teeth.

“Perhaps this will help you,” Granny and stuffed her burnt broom stick some where.

“Madam I am not amused,” Lancelot waddling away for a broom stuck places makes one waddle.

And Granny was so mean she went after Lancelot swinging her handbag that was full of files, crowbars and welding equipment so Lancelot was done real good.

And covering his ears never noticed where he sat and worse never noticed Vikings manacle his legs to a rowing seat, number 76 to be exact..

“Gobble cluck gobble,” the Vikings excited Lancelot had agreed to row their ship for them for Vikings know a good thing when Manna falls from Heaven.

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And because he was manacled couldn't escape Granny who was so preoccupied beating Lancelot up never noticed she was manacled too.

Foolish suicidal Vikings.

And as Servant sagged under the druid he was chained to seat 44 and given an oar.

"Gasp pant," Servant unable to complain.

"I will sneak into the bilge room and store away to freedom," Useless having escaped his roasting and sneaked down a dark doorway for this Viking ship was the biggest ever built. "Here it is dark down here and stinks," Useless and then heard a flush and got soaked. But worse was to come, four yellow eyes was looking at him out of the darkness.

And because Useless was all wet couldn't light his flint matchbox.

And a pity he had spent an hour hanging by his thumbs over a Viking fire or he did have seen others sneak into the bilge room to store away hoping to get to France and poodles.

"Grrr snarl," Useless heard just before he knew who was in the bilge room with him.

And Nameless seeing Useless sneak into the bilge room sneaked after him of course after putting H.M. down on seat 55.

"Oh Useless are you in and guess who?" Nameless trying to be funny.

"Grrr snarl," as Goldilocks and Bunny introduced themselves.

And above a naked were-wolf ran between the rowing seats biting and scratching so spread fleas and was not a popular wolf.

"Gobble gobble cluck," which was Viking for throw it in the bilge room.

"Gee up lazy mules," and was Durno sitting on his speeding coach as it came aboard.

"Oh my Gawd," from someone not quick enough to get out of the way and couldn't anyway as Lancelot was chained to his seat.

And the coach door opened and a sheriff got out and span his six guns.

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“What has he done with my Cindy?” Granny tugging at her manacles.

And **spaghetti western music** filled the air so made Granny fall to her knees and “What a racket.”

“Now is my chance to sneak aboard,” a girl in a red hood called Cindy and sneaked into the bilge room but nothing bad happened to her for she was pretty.

“Come with me who ever you are?” Dracula forgetting the milkmaids name for they was a dozen a penny in horror films.

“Whack,” the sound of a milk churn connecting and Dracula tumbled into a seat 23.

“Gobble he ho gobble cluck,” the Vikings liking the spirit of this rustic heavily chested farm girl and took her to the kitchens and of course never told her where she was going.

“It beats pulling udders,” the milkmaid showing stoicism.

“Mmmm bacon rashers and eggs and now remember why I invented women,” Wodan feeling hungry so changed into a Viking and Esotre hiding behind curtains for women like to sneak secretly about their men or wouldn't be women added: “Seat 99 a Viking will sit,” For she had a sense of humour and knew women had not been invented too slave in a kitchen but do wicked things to their men to show who was BOSS.

“Gee up,” Durno cracking his whip across the rowers.

“Judas priest I am Wodan let me out of here,” Wodan in seat 99 but couldn't for Eostre was eyeing up a handsome god so didn't want Wodan back for a while for here an Aslop fable, “*What is good for the goose is good for the gander*,” for Eostre had found blond hair on Wodan's spare chain mail suit when she was a red head.

And Ga had slipped on bilge water getting splashed up from the depths of the bilge room onto the deck. And Ga slid underneath the polar bears who although tried to claw and rip him to shreds missed. And the Vikings tried to pin him to the deck with axes and missed. And all them

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seated at oars tried to grab Ga to make him row for them missed him.

“Start peeling,” the milk maid holding out a sac of onions to Ga. Big Spanish red onions for Vikings got about.

“Ga,” Ga spell bound and in love for the milk maid was the most handsome milk maid he had ever seen and had never seen one before. So happily peeled the onions and every minute said, “Ga.”

“Croak,” a frog slowly turning back into Santa so was easily identified by angry fairies and a wife.

“I am immigrating,” Santa showing wisdom and ran for it.

Now the Viking ship was just leaving the jetty as a few oars dipped the frozen waters.

“Ge up,” Durno could be heard.

“Enaw,” from extra rowers.

“Here wait for me,” Santa running onto the jetty and slid on a penguin who was giving orders to other penguins how to build an aeroplane and fill it with animals like a lion, a zebra, a giraffe and a hippo and of course, smart chimps.

Away went Santa into the air and came down right at the feet of Mrs. Santa Claus.

“Hello,” Mrs. Santa Claus smiling as women do just before they whack the brains out of you.

And the sun did not set for it was the summer up here and so daylight all day long, which meant no sleep break for the rowers so the Viking ship sped away at a good speed as dolphins raced it.

“Splash,” the playful dolphins.

“Puff pant,” the rowers.

“Howl.”

“Grrr sniff” and “Oh my Gawd,” yes a happy Viking ship it was.