

Coachman

King Neptune again?

“Here nice fishy fishy,” King Neptune throwing bread crumbs at his gold fish. Goldfish in a freshwater pool in his citadel cave at the bottom of the sea.

“Splash grunt puff curse @%^\* gobble wok cluck cluck,” Viking sweaty rowers above having fun.

And above Neptune a jolly big rowing boat full of imbeciles whose knowledge of the sea ended at the corner fish and ship shop.

“Puff sweat pant I have had enough rowing and want motorized,” Dracula illustrating the mind of an imbecile.

“You are right Dracula, I want piped music,” The Chancellor clutching a red brief case for it brought him luck and was a door way to his mind, a strange mind that was full of sums and nothing else so was a true imbecile.

“I want breakfast in bed,” H.M. who was now trim as rowing is a good way to become lean and shows he was a demented imbecile who was used to having breakfast in bed for he who served him it was beside him.

Nameless holding a spoon full of watery Viking gruel full of cod liver oil so was good for you. For Nameless fed him not in bed but at the oar for he was a devoted servant so was an imbecile also.

“Servant is my name and hate my name, why just look at Nameless totally a servant and makes me ill. Not an inkling of rebellion or manhood left just a servant whereas I dream of being a gnome captain of this ship,” Servant holding a spoon of caviar to The Druid of The North's mouth who sat on a cushioned oar bench and was reading the Times for magic did his rowing. So one was an imbecile and the other something else who dreamed of sending Servant in the

## Coachman

middle of the night to ask Granny for the secret of her flying broom for he didn't have one.

“Who does that imbecile think he is?” Granny just before she grabbed Servant and gave him a vile of massage lotion for Granny dreamed she was lying on a Cuban beach. And proved to herself she was a mean imbecile

“What has that old hag made me drink?” Servant who being an imbecile did not think before he spoke.

“What old hag? Me did you mean sweet frail me?” Granny and made him finish the lotion bottle.

**ANYWAY:**

“Promise you never tell that imbecile my Granny where I am?” The girl in the red hood called Cindy hiding underneath the poncho for the sheriff's poncho was on the large side, just as the jolly Viking ship didn't have many places to hide from Granny. And Cindy dreamed of collecting all the chewed cigar butts and unwrapping them and then rolling them into fresh cigars for they did be easier to sell than pressed flowers so was not one of the imbeciles but an entrepreneur.

For pretty girls always have a rainbow above them and swallows and nightingales as friends.

And the sheriff with blue eyes every girl dreamed of dreamed of **spaghetti western music** and nothing else so was one of them, an imbecile whose breath smelt of stale ash and his teeth stained brown so never opened his mouth so explains why he was the silent type imbecile.

But one with nice blue eyes so no one would ever guess.

“I must have hair gel so my pointed ears stick out,” an imbecilic elf who to protect his new vampire teeth from the elements had bitten corks, really hard so was stuck with them; “They make cool dental ornaments,” thus illustrating why elves went extinct.

“I must complain to who ever owns this boat a knight rides donkeys and slays dragons,”

## Coachman

Lancelot rowing away with imbecilic thoughts.

“I shall never forget Lancelot and a ski resort,” Granny sneaking up behind Lancelot and whispered, “Cindy's in the bilge room” to be cruel.

“In the bilge room,” Lancelot shuffling away to that dark room where perhaps creepy crawlies lived and behind him, “Titter giggle,” for Granny remembered being giving the shove by the knight so revenge was in the air, “and since he is an imbecile is easily done.”

“Oh Cindy it is Sir Lancelot,” and shuffled his way in and behind him Granny who threw in a bucket of chum for two creepy things did live in the bilge room.

“Grrr sniff.”

Famous thumping music.

“Have you a sore throat Cindy just come close and let Lancelot rub you there and make you better,” the lying roach for he intended to rob her and not rub her.

“Sniff sniff.”

“Don't cry dearest Lancelot knows how to treat the girls,” and was a lie for the fink after playing bingo left his girl with these words, “Me pay maintenance never.”

“Slurp,” as a long tongue licked him savoring dinner.

“My what tricks you have learned selling fresh flowers,” and stroked the owner so added, “You need a shave,” so proves he was an imbecile for he should have twigged Cindy did not own a beard, perhaps the naked were-Howler? A polar bear? A hundred polar bears. Or Goldilocks and Bunny? A demented foaming dwarf called Useless.

“Snap,” the sound of gummy jaws anticipating a good chew.

“Perhaps you should see a dentist before we kiss,” Lancelot fearful his new bride had rabbit teeth for some of them teeth was for shredding.

And because it was so dark in the bilge roam Lancelot could not tell who owned them teeth.

## Coachman

And outside Granny was in hysterics so much she was rolling about the deck and saw naked ankles so desired the ankle's owner. While behind her screams as Lancelot found out his intended intended to rip him to blazes.

And Granny looked up naked legs just as an oiler thrust in front of some place a catalog in the latest men's leopard private thingamabobs. So Granny foamed and reached for her broom.

"Turn the pages Granny and look at the latest models in brooms," the oiler proving he was selling in far away cuckoo land.

"I want this one," Granny forgetting about naked legs and since they were Oiler's was wise.

"£10000," the foolish Oiler so was broomed so flew through the air and landed in the crow's nest. "I can sell you bird seed at discount," Oiler not trusting the look the sea gulls was giving him. It was his naked legs, they was hairy so looked like wiggly worms inviting to be pecked bare; so would be sore.

"Now what was I staring at?" Granny whose memory was slipping so added, "That naked bum," for the naked man had not gone far for a full moon was rising, So he was making gagging sounds and clutching his face as fur spurted everywhere and flesh tearing teeth grew all the more to tickle Egor with.

"Here that fury bum is horrid," Granny changing her mind.

"Howl," the naked man facing her drooling and slurping like a true imbecile.

"I am in love," Granny showing she was a disturbed imbecile.

And in the crow's nest Bornaslave was making sea gull sounds for the real sea gulls was thick and couldn't tell the difference for the crow's nest is a dark place to be.

"Cluck cluck," Bornaslave forgetting his lines so was pecked too bits. "Tweet tweet," he added desperate to prove he was a sea gull so got a bill in each eye. "Cur I can't see a thing," he complained and the sea gulls went berserk so attacked him every where and everywhere means

## Coachman

everywhere. “Judas why there?” And since he was being pecked never noticed a small ant like thing crawl up rigging to the crow's nest and pass him.

“How can I get this sparkle out of here?” Dieaslave still a tiny speck and was in danger of his life.

For silence had settled in the crow's nest for them sea gulls had noticed him and they numbered a hundred and each had one eye on him. And sea gulls don't share food so was watching each other to see who would make the first move and it was Oiler who did. “Yuck a creepy crawly so will swat it,” but by speaking alerted the birds next to him he was not one of them so added, “Why can't I keep my mouth shut,” just as a gull pecked his tongue and stretched it far.

And Bornaslave made the second move with these words, “For a bug you look mighty familiar, sure we haven't met before?” So proves he was an imbecile.

And then the magic wore off Dieaslave and “POOF” he was big again so Bornaslave dropped him.

“Eagor,” Dieaslave wanting to spoil the fun and grabbed the sparkle; so he thought.

“Here those are my family jewels you pervert,” Bornaslave and grabbed a sparkle.

A sparkle that pecked him in the head, then pecked him in the mouth, then got him on the right ear, then the left eye.

“Here give me my ear back,” Bornaslave but the sea gull was greedy so swallowed it.

“I will murder it, dissect it and beg the druid to use magic to stick the ear back on,” for Bornaslave was a bright imbecile who could think ahead; sometimes.

And since this is a happy story what he thought was his ear in the sea gull turned out to be a Barby Doll he kept there. A Barby Doll for Bornaslave had never been given a games console to play with for he had spent a life time as a slave. Which explains why he had the Barby Doll so

## Coachman

don't ask any more questions for Bornaslave had mental issues or wouldn't be in a crow's nest in the middle of the Atlantic covered in sea gull messy stuff.

And down below Eagor was holding a milk maid in his arms knowing Dieaslave had been wrong, he needn't have to go to far away exotic places to find women with bolts and nuts all over them, he just had to work in a cruise ship's kitchen to find romance.

"Suck suck," the vampire milk maid.

"Howl," a were-whatever leaping about with Granny after it.

"I am in love," Granny.

And "I am after that sparkle," Useless thinking of kidnapping Cindy till someone gave him the sparkle for her freedom. "I also never seen a woman in twenty years," so maybe wasn't in the same class of imbeciles as the others. "I will dangle her from a rope in front of the angry polar bears to get everyone's attention and tell them my demands," so was in the same class after all.

And the angry polar bears dreamed of ice bergs to lounge on while they ate penguin burgers so are not imbeciles just bad tempered bears.

"Come here handsome?" Granny advancing on the naked were-wolf who backed down some stairs and tripped on his tail.

"Grrr," the angry polar bears not liking a flea infested wolf rug on them.

"Love stops here," Granny wisely and went back to her rowing seat and picked a flower, a pressed flower she did not pay for. "He loves me, he got ate, he loves me, he got ate, he loves me, he got ate?" Granny as she picked petals off.

And a shredded were-wolf ran past her and climbed the mast.

"That fury I see still got them important places so I am still in love," Granny and climbed the rigging.

"Eagor," Dieaslave in the crow's nest as Bornaslave throttled him with one hand as he was

## Coachman

using his other hand to fend off beaks.

“I recognize the voice of my best friend Dieaslave ha ha,” Eagor thinking getting his blood sucked all out of him funny.

“Suck suck,” the vampire milkmaid and added, “Cough wheeze,” as she sucked up a bolt so went a shade of blue. Just as well for Eagor for a monster only has sixty pints of red stuff in him.

“Is my friend more important than my new love? Do I leave my girl friend and go and see what Dieaslave wants? Dieaslave doesn't smell nice like Lula Bell my milkmaid does? Nor is Dieaslave nice and soft like Lula Bell but hairy and smells of unwashed unmentionables and I should know what they smell like,” for Eagor was a typical unhygienic monster who was afraid of bath water.

“Lula Bell,” Eagor wanting more tickling so squeezed her good and the bolt shot out and headed for the crow's nest where it hit a sea gull in the beak so it let go of Bornaslave who fell off the crow's nest and took Dieaslave with him and together landed on Wodan and knocked him out.

“Hey what about me?” An Oiler surrounded by sea gulls.

But he was just a catalog salesman so deserved what was coming.

And below a team of mules was on a Viking tred mill that powered forty oars at the back. And a carrot dangled from the end of a whip to make them run so was a team of fury imbeciles with long ears.

“Stupid mules,” and Durno lay down in swim shorts for he knew ships like this had grannies on them wanting an old boyfriend to spend their savings on.

“Gobble wobble,” a Viking noticing Durno so whipped him like he whipped them mules.

Yes they was imbecile on a coach that was now lashed down on a Viking rowing boat.

“Enaw enaw,” the mules having a good laugh.

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Coachman

“The sparkle is in the crow's nest and that sheriff is useless, why hasn't kissed me once,”  
Cindy thinking like a freckled girl for she was one.

“Ouch,” Dieaslave bumping into Cindy's pointed bits that got him in both eyes and added,  
“What are these?” So needed a lot of help from Eostre if she was to win her bet over Wodan.

“Oh Dieaslave was his name.

The stuff born of legends and dumplings.

A wart on two legs.

So hadn't a chance with Cindy.”

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*“I wasn't worried at the time for Dieaslave was pure ugly,”* Granny explaining why she didn't  
use some witch magic to turn Dieaslave into a slimy snail. *“Because he was already one, a no  
good servant doomed to be a shoe cleaner for life so saw no threat in him.”*

\*

And a goddess who wanted worshiped again as a fertility thingamabob where scented  
joysticks would be lit in scared oak groves. Sacred groves full of letters which was petitions to  
her for charms for a better sex life with a husband who preferred minted warm beer.

“Yes worshiped where white horses are slain to me, not black or piebald but white for a  
goddess demands white. Even albino hippos as long as they are washed,” illustrating even the  
Heavens had their imbeciles.

A goddess who wanted Dieaslave a hero to upset Wodan for someone had forgotten her  
birthday.

For at a certain age macho men become senile and suffer dementia and that age is twelve.

And Cindy pulled Dieaslave's nose out of her mouth for it was open. Open for she was



## Coachman

amazed at the length of the thing. A deadly thingamabob for tiny creepy crawlies lived in it and now lived in a pretty mouth.

“Achoo,” Cindy sneezing them out so they lived elsewhere. Waiting on the deck for a victim.

“Isn't that the slave who worked in my kitchen?” Dracula and neared the creepy crawlies.

“Isn't that a wart on legs?” Wodan moving closer in total disbelief he made Dieaslave.

“Isn't that Dieaslave who I want to poison, tie weights too and throw over broad?” An ungrateful Bornaslave who got more beans to eat once upon a time to fill him with wind.

“Isn't that my friend who I have not thought about since meeting Lula Bell the milk maid?”

“Isn't that desert?” Lula Bell thinking of custard to go with Dieaslave to give his eight pints a vanilla flavor.

“Isn't that a rower?” Nameless being an upper class servant could recognize a rower at thirty paces so knew he could blackmail Dieaslave over his ID to tell him where the sparkle was?

“Isn't that a chum of Nameless and therefore an accomplice?” H.M. getting it all wrong.

“Isn't that the squirt who got the sparkle?” Useless fancying his chances since Dieaslave wasn't the sheriff or Lancelot but an emancipated slave.

“I know it's Dieaslave so will hide behind this soft white fur rug and hit him over the head with this broom stick left carelessly about and steal the sparkle, then jump into the little rowing boat always tied to the stern of Viking ships,” an Oiler covered in bandages with mischief intent to do bodily harm to poor Dieaslave who had enough problems of his own, why he knew he was ugly and suffered outbreaks of bad breath and was incontinent too.

What Eostre saw in him only that goddess knows?

“*To annoy Wodan,*” the goddess remembering plastic knives and forks bought her as a Xmas present when they should have had ivory handles and silver.

And because the moon was up and there was cloud cover Oiler did not know what he was

## Coachman

holding? It wasn't the were wolf as it was next to Dieaslave so what was white, cuddly and soft?

“Howl,” the were-wolf recognizing Dieaslave and managed to stop himself ripping Dieaslave there and then logic filtered through the wolf mind, if he shredded Dieaslave then no one would know where the sparkle was?

And all the imbeciles was wrong for someone else had it?

“Squawk,” the something else sitting on the sparkle.

And a red brief case was seen flying through the air and hit Dieaslave on the back of the head so he saw pots and pans spinning about his head just before he toppled over the side of the Viking ship.

“Splash,” was heard and also these words, “Here isn't there supposed to be a rowing boat at the back of Viking ships for kidnapping folk and for their kidnappers to escape in?” The owner of the red brief case glad he had not jumped after Dieaslave.

But was happier when he pulled the string attached to his red brief case for a chancellor never leaves his red brief case alone for long; it gets lonely for your taxes.

“I will save him, he has the sparkle,” Cindy under the red hood and dived over board.

So a dainty splash was heard as she had pretty ankles.

“SPLASH,” and was a big splash as tell me what chancellor will leave a sparkle alone.

“SPALSH,” as the oiler after being ripped here and there by the angry white soft rug and beaten places by a carelessly left about broom stick in its owner's hands who said, “Dearie this is my broom stick.” And was lucky Granny did not sell him an apple meant for a dwarf, any dwarf as long as it sang melodies while off too work.

And Granny also said, “Here what am I doing sweeping that oily muck over the side, he will get the sparkle,” so jumped in after him expecting the little rowing boat for she knew oilers don't like getting their feet wet and found no boat.

## Coachman

“Jump in Servant and tell me if the water is cold or just right to bathe in?” The Druid of The North so a splash was heard as Servant was a plastic gnome and was thankful the druid hadn't asked him to jump down a volcano and that there was no sharks about.

“Here what sort of sheriff am I letting that pretty gal swim in killer whale shark infested custard?” Pretending he was a lonesome hero for he imagined her swimming away with the sparkle without him. He also thought he had a sense of humor but Servant heard the joke and went berserk with FEAR.

“Splash splash,” Servant trying to frighten the sharks away but made the killer whales curious.

“Eagor like custard,” for Eagor was worse than an imbecile and was leaning over the side for a taste when a were-wolf jumped him to rip his ears off.

“Ha ha,” Eagor splashing about in the sea.

“Whimper,” the bad were-wolf that couldn't swim; never mind some Vikings threw the sheriff overboard for they hated custard shark infested jokes.

And the were-wolf hung onto him and every time the sheriff looked somewhere for Cindy the wolf took a small nimble so one was the nimble and the other the nimbler.

“Grrr,” and “sniff,” as two demented guard dogs followed an elf to the railings. What railings this is a Viking ship so the elf fell in the sea and bobbed about on his corks.

Just as well as he couldn't swim so shouted, “Gurgle gurgle,” so was ignored.

“Think they can get away from Durno?” And the fool whipped his mules over board with him on them.

“Fantastic, bravo,” Dracula enjoying the western but slipped on sea gull stuff dropped from a crow's nest so was splashing about in the sea.

And down below King Neptune began to see shoes and unmentionables float down to

## Coachman

interrupt him reading strange magazines found in Santa's trash cans. Magazines Lancelot would like to sneak away with to examine the pottery pictures in them?

“Here who is this?” Neptune holding up Dieaslave and saw the potential in the ugly servant straight away. “My drains are blocked, unblocked them chum.”

“Bornaslave is needed,” Dieaslave who never did any thinking and added, “also Egor with the big biceps.”

“Here I am and where is the sparkle?” A foolish Bornaslave fearing if he did not jump into the freezing choppy waters of the North Atlantic his chance of getting the sparkle to spend on a lavish lifestyle did vanish. Not to mention his chances of not living much longer but Bornaslave always thought things through.

“Here you the first thingamajig here is a helper to unblock the drains, attach him to the end of the broom and push him in,” King Neptune showing favoritism for Bornaslave had not fallen to his knees and kissed his fish tail like Dieaslave had for he had plenty practice groveling about Egor and Dracula.

“Here mind my delectable parts,” Bornaslave **complaining** as mermaids tied him to the end of the broom so was a true imbecile for we all saw the film MERMAID and what a mermaid?

For Bornaslave did lots of thinking but was full of foul smelly gas for his thinking ended at how many beans he could steal off Dieaslave. And explains his extended tummy so didn't know when to shut up and lie back and let the beautiful mermaids who according to the pictures in mermaid books never wore clothes; but Bornaslave always thought things out. He just dreamed of beans on toast all day long and ways to get them extra beans full of nitrogen. Besides he had never seen the film SPLASH with Tom Hanks so did not know what to do to a mermaid apart from batter her, deep fry her and sprinkle vinegar and salt and chips on her for he was an imbecile.

## Coachman

Poor Bornaslave.

Then Cindy swam past and King Neptune was struck by her pretty ankles and knees and thighs for swimming shows a lot, so King Neptune was a lucky king too see so much and for free. But luck always runs out with every day John Do gamblers for Granny was lurking nearby. For Granny had never bothered to learn too swim and sunk to the bottom. And Granny had always told Cindy in the red hood, *“Men are bums so never give them anything free. You sit on a fortune and if I ever catch you giving a freebie GAWD halp the macho bum previewing your naked ankle.”*

And the bum was King Neptune who drooled something bad as mermaids don't have ankles just fishy tails. And Granny knew what to do with her broom when bums were concerned.

**ANYWAY:**

“Here come away with me,” Cindy to Dieaslave and did not add aloud, “He is so ugly I must imagine fields of red tulips when I look at him, and his breath smells like rotten eggs so suck on one of the Oiler's minty hum bugs.” And Cindy kept repeating, “He has the sparkle,” to make things better but she was wrong. But Eostre the goddess let her think this or she did never come an inch of Dieaslave and his breath essences.

“Squawk,” from the crow's nest where a flock of sea gulls roosted and knew how to peck real good with savage precision had the sparkle.

“Give me my broom back,” and was Granny speaking to a screaming Neptune so saved Bornaslave to complain another day and plot revenge against Dieaslave who got all the easy jobs; for he was Eager's pet.

For Neptune running a mock from Granny left Bornaslave stuck in a drain where he shouted, “Judas it stinks down here Halp Halp.” And he who had stuffed him down the drain asked, “Should I pull him out? He will only annoy me and plan to eat my beans?” Dieaslave.

## Coachman

“And Dieaslave knew how to grovel.

Whereas Bornaslave thought of beans.

And one was Eager's pet.

And the other Eager's bolt polisher.

One a life of ease, one a life of booting.”

“Cur where have you been sonny, you need to buy Coal Soap at discount price?” Oiler seeing Neptune needing one of his expensive products.

“Enaw enaw,” as them mules went right over Neptune who had corns so felt their hooves some.

“Gee up,” Durno trying to aim his whip on Dieaslave so he could yank him in and escape on the mules with the sparkle.

Escape? None of the imbeciles had noticed they was under the sea.

“I have had enough of them,” King Neptune wanting rid of them all except the pretty girl whose left shoe dropped off and fell to the sand; where a giant hermit crab ran away with it.

“I am Cindy of the stories and know when a handsome prince finds my shoe will marry me and I can become a tyrannical queen.”

“Where are my sea horse guards?” King Neptune and above Vikings threw two horrid dogs over board for they had let Dog School down by poohing in corners; corners where Vikings kept their secret hoard of plundered Dutch Edam cheese. Full of calcium for strong teeth.

Poor King Neptune who had never seen a dog in his life but had heard of them from sea men falling overboard in storms, “A dog is man's best friend.” Obviously who ever said this never owned one?

So when Neptune was “sniffing” for Eager was watching Dieaslave barbecue sea horses he was distracted so never saw the two brutes drift nonchalantly down to him. But did hear “Grrr,”

## Coachman

and “sniff,” just before he was savaged something bad.

Then he met the naked were-wolf who was wanting a good old fashioned gnaw for the full moon gives naked men strange urges; like diarrhea for canines like to drink from toilet bowls.

“I will never buy a dog,” King Neptune telling the truth pulling teeth from his sitting department so added “Ouch” often and gritted his teeth.

Now “Suck bubble gurgle suck” was heard as a vampire got stuck in so: “Have I fleas?” King Neptune asked and rolled his magazines up into a thick roll and swatted the flea.

“My teeth?” Dracula complained and drifted away.

Never mind a crab was tossing a shoe from claw to claw thinking it was a fantastic game.

“That shoe I must have as who it fits will marry me and give me the sparkle,” Dracula getting the Cindy story back to front. “Here crab give me the shoe,” Dracula trying to be nice so screamed when a claw nipped him some place.

“I will give it a Tortilla chip and swim to the surface with the shoe, marry Cindy, get the sparkle and and and?” Bornaslave unable to think past BEANS.

“Kick Bornaslave somewhere and get Egor to swim away to a far away tropical Island, of course with me on Egor's back, with the sparkle and Cindy” Dieaslave unable to think.

“That's what he thinks, I want my Lula Bell,” Egor wanting back to the kitchens.

“If I am doomed to be a servant till the end of this time I want a perk so will eat what The Druid eats, crab and garlic the very best of Gallic cuisine,” Servant grabbing the crab and stuffed it in his front skin hide trouser pocket, left or right it didn't make a difference to the crab, it knew what to do. “Ooooh,” Servant added in a squeaky voice and The Druid of The North using potions read his mind so knew Servant must be taught a lesson as Aslop said, “*Some are born bosses and some workers.*” So Servant was infested in magical angry crabs, yes that type as this story needs a bit of horror.

## Coachman

That was some mean druid.

“He offered no excuses.

Was a mean baby.

A baby who turned other babies into frogs.

A meanie if ever was one.

A meanie who had a job going.

For an imp to ride shot gun.

On a shoulder and stop

Him, being good.

Yes he was a meanie alright.”

“Blame the chancellor he took my taxes,” the druid and what a lame excuse for he was an Indian giver.

“Talking about me I have the shoe so where is that girl?” The Chancellor stuffing the shoe, into his red brief case so red lace floated out. “I never seen this stuff before,” he added and blamed King Neptune.

“Yucky,” the mermaids and knew a son of Adam was about.

“I will use my trident and turn that chancellor into a shrimp for all to stir fry with egg fried rice,” King Neptune but mules ran over him then Durno who whipped him good.

“I am off,” King Neptune swimming to the Viking ship above which seemed a reasonably good idea till he took hold of the ship in an effort to pull himself aboard.

“&\*^%\$))(\*^%,” the Vikings looking for a rowing seat his size as Neptune went into a dark room to sulk about life under the waves.

“Mmmm nice warm rugs, so soft, I wonder what soap powder they use?” King Neptune wrapping white soft fluffy rugs about himself then added, “Good grief,” as the bad tempered



## Coachman

rugs shredded him.

“&\*^%\$^\*(\*)&\*^,” the Vikings thinking it funny for Vikings were a blood thirsty lot.

“Who mentioned blood?” A vampire milk maid in the kitchen.

“I am off,” Neptune running for it with thirty angry polar bears after him for this was a big Viking ship. But on Viking ships you could run up or down and that was it. “I will climb the mast for I heard polar bears can't climb trees.” And Neptune was right for they had never seen a tree apart from Santa's plastic Xmas tree. A tree thrown into the back of his bicycle shed and then had lots of boxes of strange magazines dumped on it so it was missing lots of branches and plastic green leaves. It had also caught fire from its lights for a mouse had hitched a ride on his sleigh had gnawed the wires.

*“Rodents are the plague of human kind,”* Aslop with his boring wisdom. And as is a happy story the mouse is in mouse heaven surrounded by girl mice OK?

So as King Neptune shifted his weight up the mast polar bears had a good laugh below him.

“Why aren't they clawing my lower regions, I demand to be clawed and shredded as I climb,” for King Neptune was also an imbecile.

For the polar bears knew who lived in the crow's nest, one hundred unfriendly sea gulls sitting on a real sparkle; “Squawk,” the unfriendly birds eying Neptune nearing them so pooped him good.

“Yucky,” Neptune not liking any of this so let go of the mast to wipe his eyes so fell all the way down to angry polar bears that were really annoyed now since he landed on them.

And just then two dogs climbed back on the ship fed up of being wet and finding no trees under the sea.

“Grrrr,” one of them and “sniff,” the other and sat patiently to wait their turn at savaging Neptune which they knew would come soon, for the bears needed their sleep.

## Coachman

“Fetch,” Neptune throwing a stick into the sea for he knew dogs loved that game and was just stupid so did never be seen again; but the stupid dogs just glared at him with malicious intent. Plus they definitely wasn't stupid and without warning savaged King Neptune so he clawed up the mast again.

“Squawk,” the waiting sea gulls.

“Grr,” and “sniff,” below.

Never mind help was on the way as a broom stick was flying about. On it Granny fancying her chances with Neptune for Granny was a granny nymphomaniac.

Nor was she choosy, especially with her wrinkles.

“Cur she has black teeth and a wart on the end of her nose,” Neptune so was left to take his chances.

And below, “The sparkle must be where Dieaslave was last?” A pretty ankle called Cindy no longer in a wet red hood for she had taken it off to dry.

“£&^%\$)(\*&^\*&%^,” Vikings all in love.

“Oh Dieaslave,” Cindy as sweetly as she could.

“I am here,” Dieaslave drifting over to her on each sweetly vowel and constant.

“Blam blast,” the sound of a six shooter filling Dieaslave with holes so he dropped with a thud but never mind this is a happy story so the holes was in his breeches for sea gull stuff had hit the jealous sheriff in the eyes so had missed. Just as well for Dieaslave for Eostre wanted him to marry Princess Cindy and have lots of wailing babies with nappies to be emptied. And Dieaslave had lots of training in the kitchens so was ideal for the job. “I will tell Bornaslave he can change the nappies for a share of the sparkle, which of course he will never get, but will feed him heaps of beans, baked, refried, potchato beans, chili beans any beans will do and he will be content and think of beans all day.”

## Coachman

Another evolutionary jump for super Bornaslave.

“Men,” Cindy knowing if you wanted something done ankle was needed so with these words, “Fetch,” threw a dainty shoe overboard and many splashes followed.

“\*&^&^%\$&\$f”<” was heard amongst the waves so the ship did be a safer place.

“Ha ha, I isn't that in love,” the sheriff and went to find a lasso to hang Dieaslave from the mast as a warning to all.

“Fetch,” she said to Dieaslave after waving a shoe under his nose for men needed a scent to follow she threw it to the crow's nest and went straight in first shot.

“What is good for him is good for me,” and Bornaslave went after the shoe too for he did all the thinking and had not thought about angry sea gulls.

“What cute bears?” Cindy letting the sea breeze carry her essences of pomegranates and tangerines and roses to the angry polar bears that immediately calmed down and lay down about her feet, yes all six hundred of them for bored polar bears start multiplying like rats.

“Even that sheriff wont say he owns me any more and realizes his place is under a pretty girls bare feet,” Cindy scratching the belly of a polar bear for she had learned to grovel watching Dieaslave about Egor.

“I will wear one of them rugs,” Wodan forgetting his girl friend Eostre which was a very manly thing to do.

“Cindy is promised to Dieaslave,” Eostre whispers to Wodan to annoy him for she knows he thinks with his toes and finger always and wants Cindy and not her; for a girl always knows.

So summoned Oiler to her side with these words: “I want a giant mouse trap to catch Wodan. And for bait a pretty red shoe, preferably with the pretty ankle attached.”

So Oiler frothed at the mouth at the prospect of such a lucrative sale, for it would lead to the sale of extras the divine needed to play games on the clouds.

## Coachman

So Oiler drooled as well as frothed at the mouth for he saw Eostre in a nurse uniform for he was a bum of salesman. “Hum ma hum mama,” Oiler swooning right across the deck in front of Goldilocks and her best friend Bunny.

*“Serves the dirty old man right,”* Aslop.

And as he trembled under canine bad breath he said, “Worm tablets needed but who is the owner to buy them?” So never noticed a red brief case open and headache pills fall out that a goddess needed to teach a god a lesson that women rule the nest or no extra beans tonight.

Yes a red brief case for them that carry them have strange minds for they is always thinking of upgrading the rack to get more taxes out of you. Also the interesting somethings that went with a tax collector's rack such as, polar bears so knew how to get on the good side of these ones. He opened a tin of penguin essence and threw it all over Dracula. Well he had to throw it some where?

“Why me?” Dracula stinking of penguin.

“You have not paid me your taxes in a thousand years bum,” The Chancellor for the devil looks after his own.

“Eagor save me,” Dracula just before seven hundred polar bears covered him so don't worry they did keep him warm.

“Stay here with me handsome,” a vampire milkmaid Lula Bell for Eagor was missing Dieaslave groveling under his feet so Eagor did feel smart. So Lula Bell shut the kitchen door so Eagor did not hear the moans and screams from Oiler and Dracula and get upset.

“Here why are you showing me Santa's forbidden magazines?” For Eagor was thick as toast and needed help in everything he did so soon forgot all about Dieaslave who had reached the sea gulls.

“Who is Dieaslave?” Eagor getting lots of help to peel an exotic fruit.

## Coachman

“Suck suck,” the exotic fruit wanting lots of tomato ketchup.

“Ha ha ho ho,” Eagor being tickled.

“I need more teeth,” Lula Bell pulling out her bent fangs.

“Eagor I need you,” Dieaslave face to face with a beak in the crow's nest and added, “The ugly Burke is never here when I need him these days,” and used the word ugly for Eagor wasn't here.

“No but I am,” Bornaslave behind him and kicked Dieaslave into the nest with these words, “Give me the sparkle and I will save you,” but did not tell Dieaslave how he would save him for he did not think ahead. “Yes how am I too save myself?” He added as with Dieaslave roosting a sparkle the sea gulls needed something to out stare, then peck to shreds for they was bored.

And below Lancelot seeing Granny was not about for she was flying so he should have looked sky wards, but some don't for Heaven makes them think of all the bad things they done a Granny in a ski resort so was off guard, vulnerable and just a lonely little boy.

Shame and double shame.

“Cindy is more beautiful without the red hood and those ankles I must add them to my conquests,” for Lancelot was obviously thinking with his toes never mind the other places. So wearing his chain mail pantaloons climbed the rigging and his spurs cut the rope ladder as he climbed so said, “Cur what have I done,” for he was empty above the neck of important stuff. “She was worth every lump,” he added too below upside down and being upside down wondered what heads was attached to these fury paws.

And knew they were not Goldilocks or Bunny them horrid dogs but Useless the dwarf for all dwarf miners he was told had fury legs and feet.

But he was wrong for he was Lancelot. These was horrid girl dogs that hated anything male for they knew what happened when girl gods got careless with handsome K9 dogs, litters of

## Coachman

sixteen babies and a bloated feeling too match. Yes Goldilocks and Bunny were man haters as well as man eaters.

So Lancelot uprighted himself and threw back his head so his black curls caught the wind as he ran his dirty finger nails through them locks. "Yucky," Lancelot noticing creepy crawlies left on his fingers and flicked his hands to be rid of them.

And because Lancelot was a knight and above serfs that the rest of the world was comprised of flicked his hands towards them emancipated girl dogs. Girl dogs who had burned their bras but being dogs never wore them any way.

"Grrr," and "grrr," for being angry and mean wasn't the time for a "sniff." So set upon the conceited one and ripped him out of his chain mail.

"I am naked," Lancelot and added, "torn too bits too." just before he ran for it and because the Vikings was giggling over him hurt Lancelot's feelings. "Bo ho," Lancelot running into the darkened rigging room where a dark door led to the bilge room. A room that smelt of bad breath for polar bears are full of worms that wriggle and turn and bite the living day lights out of a polar bear tummy, so explains why they hate anything on two legs because humans melted the icebergs angry polar bears used to shred penguins and get rid of their stress and bad moods. And Lancelot was a nice tender chew being without his chain mail that caused colic and broke teeth.

"Halp halp," Lancelot but the Vikings couldn't understand a word he screamed.

"£^%\$%&\*^&," the Vikings standing about under the mast for Dieaslave had been up in the crow's nest a long time so Cindy was thinking he had sneaked away with the sparkle.

"He is a thief," so climbed the mast forgetting Granny's advice: "With so many men about they can climb, it just takes a flash of ankle." But SPARKLE was all Cindy could think about.

"This time I will forgive her as long as she gets me the sparkle," Granny on her broom stick and because she was watching Cindy never saw the wolf man she flew into.

## Coachman

“Cur what a hairy chest, just what every Granny wants,” Granny seeing the potential in the wolf man. “What strong hairy arms too rub sun tan lotion into me without ever tiring.”

“Here just you wait till the moon is full,” the naked wolf man in human form as the sun was up. And a sun that was sucking the dust out of Dracula who was fed up of the sparkle.

“Blood I need blood and my coffin, Egor where art thou?” Dracula stumbling about all wet for he had been at Neptune's court. So in a daze followed the crunching shredding sounds coming out of a bilge room for he thought it was Egor carrying his coffin for Egor made strange sounds for he wasn't fed anything apart from what he caught under the carpets or found in the dust; poor Egor and Egor was happy Dracula allowed him the extra with these words, “He can fend for himself,” for Egor cleaned Dracula's chamber pots till they shined like the moon till he met Lula Bell who always tickled him and fed him forty rashers of bacon and a whole lamb with these words, “Egor must be strong and lean.” So Egor preferred Lula Bell to Dracula so these days pretended not to hear Dracula “Egor where art thou,” for Egor had been educated.

“Ah I smell shredded kebabs,” Dracula licking his lips for he smelt shredded Lancelot. Then met Goldilocks and Bunny before all them polar bears who liked steaks well tenderized so Lancelot said, “I want out of this story that makes me look a fool,” but was stuck in the story for a knight that rescued fare damsels from dragons was needed. .

“Egor,” Dracula needing Egor.

“I isn't daft,” Egor who had been educated by Lula Bell.

And above Dieaslave stuffed the sparkle into his underwear for he knew it was the safest place to hide the jewel with the other jewels; and he was right for slaves couldn't afford underwear and no one in their right mind did look where he hid it.

And a red brief case moved so there was one who did look.

## Coachman

“They come in disguises.

As plumbers so will look.

As air conditioning men.

So will look.

As postmen so will look.

Of course as driving teachers.

And not forgetting coal men.

So will look.

So Dieaslave was not safe.

For a red brief case man was about.”

“There isn't a safe place to hide a silver piece from me,” the Chancellor

But a pretty girl got to Dieaslave and grimaced with these words:”I saw him hide the sparkle and must pucker my lips for Granny taught me well,” and Cindy dazzled the sea gulls by smiling for they was ninety nine macho seagulls and one girl sea gull who was required to sit on the sparkle and hatch it.

For when the first thingamajigs was created man couldn't think with his head or he did never have eaten the apple so must have thought with his toes for Eve was a woman.

*“Hiss,” the bad snake slithering away in a bikini.*

“Squawk,” the ninety nine macho sea gulls.

“Gasp,” Dieaslave in love.

But with Cindy or the one girl seagull for this is Dieaslave remember?

“That's my boy,” the goddess Eostre and sprinkled dried bat eye balls and lizard livers about the two and ninety nine macho sea gulls. For Eostre wanted to win her bet with Wodan.

So ninety nine dazzled sea gulls flocked about Dieaslave for they was covered in love potion.



## Coachman

“Halp,” Dieaslave for Eostre in her eagerness had mixed up her potions so there!

“I will wait over here,” Cindy showing even freckle girls could think and was ill for what she had seen was horrid.

“Hey watch it,” H.M. below.

And Bornaslave saw his chance to steal the sparkle for he did not wear under garments either but dirt that acted like under garments.

“I am rich,” Bornaslave holding something that looked tasty to the ninety nine macho sea gulls.

“Squawk,” the dazzled sea gulls.

“Give me that back,” Dieaslave fearing he was useless on his wedding night.

\*

And below Useless the dwarf was useless for he was running this way and that ready to catch the sparkle when it fell.

And behind him Servant with a shovel.

For a shovel is a handy thing for Servant will show you how.

“I am rich,” Useless catching the sparkle for Dieaslave had dropped it for he had another sparkle to worry about.

So Useless was hit on the back of the head with the shovel so dropped the sparkle. And holding a shovel can be the wrong thing to hold when hands are needed to pick up a sparkle.

“Mine?” H.M. and stood on the sparkle for he could not bend down and pick it up from years of over eating stuffed wild boars stuffed with swans stuffed with a thousand egg a thousand years old. No he was trim these days but needed Nameless to do that sort of work.

“Mine mine mine,” Oiler who was round just like a friendly bank manager so was able to pick up the sparkle. But was drooling over it so his hands became wet and oily so dropped it.

## Coachman

And Servant picked it up but said, "Ooops," for was all drool.

"I will turn him into a frog covered in garlic," The Druid meaning Servant for dropping the sparkle for Oiler had a Herbal Garden Brochure every druid needed to make potions. Potions to turn you into a frog covered in garlic for Lula Bell was educating Eagor so dinner hadn't been cooked.

"Mmmmm," a starving Viking crew.

"Croak," Servant hopping away but this is a happy story so the Druid fearing he did be without a servant meant to poof him back, but poofed back forks and knives for Vikings contrary to popular belief did not eat with unwashed fingers.

And was about to pick up the sparkle when Nameless dived under his feet and slid away to the latrine, a hole at the back of the ship.

"Ga," explaining to Nameless what he wanted in exchange for pulling Nameless back aboard ship.

"Out of the way idiot," Wodan seeing a holiday on a beach on Trinidad and Tobago without any nagging girl friend who wanted to change his habits for his own sake. A beach full of new nagging girl friends to change his habits for he made Adam after himself.

For he had seen holiday brochures of an Oiler's. Beaches full of bronzed tanned girls on the beaches sipping XXX. But an elf with a problem was near by; yes a problem for the story needs a serial maniac now to liven it up. An elf sick of humans making jokes about his pointed ears, like, "What joke shop did you buy the teeth from?" For he was a vampire elf remember with sharpened pointed ears and long fangs that reached his chest. Yes something had gone wrong when he became a vampire. Perhaps when Lula Bell was sucking him dry she had noticed Diaslave whisper to Eagor instructions how to make Bornaslave do all the dirty jobs Dracula made Eagor do. So was distracted so the elf ended up with vampire fangs fitted for an extinct

## Coachman

Saber Tooth Tiger, something to match his ears.

“I need a suck of anything for I am starving,” the elf about to go the way of the Saber Tooth for he could not bite and suck anything. Yes anything for below decks lay screwed Vikings he had bitten. Yes pierced more likely for his fangs was so long they went straight through and sucked airs on the other side. See this is a friendly story so no need to have nightmares about the useless vampire elf.

And Wodan had such a big place for a big important god to sit. Big enough for the serial maniac of an elf to stick them fangs in and drink.

“Suck suck,” the demented serial maniac of an elf and was truly demented to bite where he bit.

“Judas what have I on my bum, a flea?” Wodan and scratched away so added, “Here an elf is on my bum,” so screamed in terror for he had heard of strange going ons in elf boarding schools so was afraid.

“Suck suck,” the demented elf no longer starving but full of germs for only a starving demented serial maniac of a vampire elf sucks a bottom.

And the sparkle remained with Nameless who slid under the waves never to be seen again.

WHAT?

And slid under the waves but was seen again for Granny had a broom so could reach places other brooms didn't.

“Hello sweet heart I am Nameless what's your pleasure?” Nameless and grinned a toothy smile full of missing teeth for he was H.M.'s food taster so chewed all the mercury filled sausages and mercury rots the teeth and other places so Granny would be disappointed.

“I fill ill,” Granny not seeing herself in that toothless smile and at her feet a manacled wolf man chained to her broom for he saw Granny in that smile for she smiled at him often. For

## Coachman

Granny was waiting for the night too just like the wolf man to change into something more alluring like sexy granny stuff.

“Howl,” the wolf man trying too desperately change into a were-wolf without a full moon and shred Granny before that could happen.

And while Nameless went to find a wash room to smear his hair in hair gel and spray his teeth with deodorant he was followed by a red brief case.

“Mine by divine right,” The Chancellor and in the darkened wash room that was the bilge room doubling as a wash room Nameless met his end. Foully down in by whom?

By a red brief case for red private stuff had been found at the crime scene.

So had a tooth, a long incisor used by some savage beast to shred poor characters in this story.

So was strands of white fur?

So who did Nameless in?

“\$&^^%^^,” the Viking crew acting innocent peeling onions.

And a clue, a single red shoe was found next to a shovel.

“Here I isn't really dead am I?” Nameless coming too.

“Useless servant, I warned you to come back with my sparkle or else,” H.M. and put the spiked boot in. Spiked to be different for H.M. was a meanie.