

Spanish Slug Samuel aims to slime the El Camino to Santiago. He battles rocky paths, weather and careless boots. Operatives try to stop Samuel and uncovering a conspiracy. He needs Miracles: hospitality, friendship, wine and an MI10 agent.

The Way of Samuel: His El Camino

By Chris Shinnners

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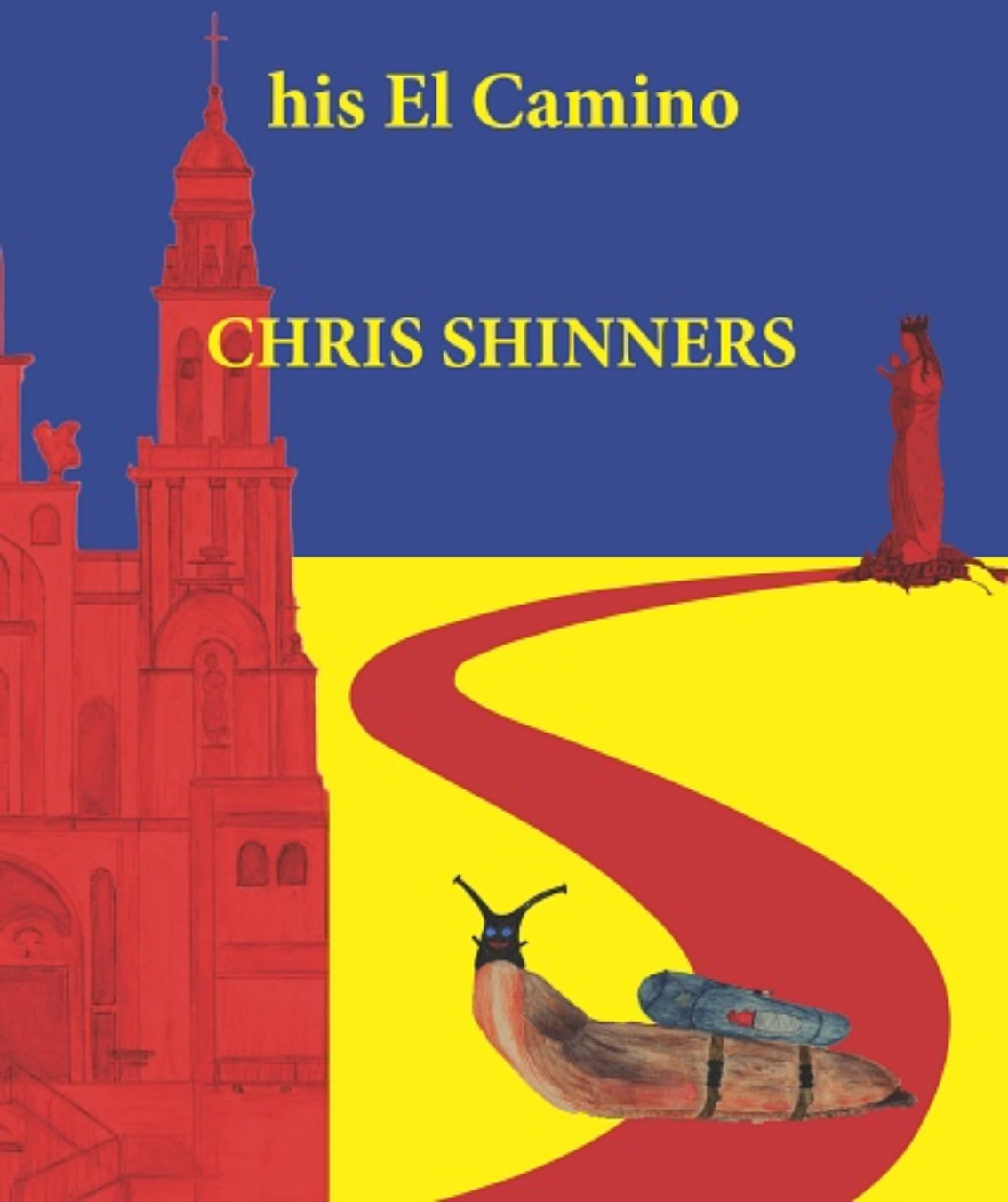
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The Way of Samuel

his El Camino

CHRIS SHINNERS



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First Edition

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1. *Reminiscing*

*Elder slug Samuel reminisces with his grandsluglets.
Samuel keeps the less savoury experiences to himself.*

Samuel dipped his glasses down
A battered face that bore no frown
Sluginos¹ gathered round to hear his story
He was the hero of the time
The undoubted king of slime
Sam from El Camino bathed in glory

“I slithered up enormous hills
I weathered frosty autumn chills
My suckers bruised and blistered, how I cared
Then when heavy rains came down
I felt that surely I would drown
And the lightning had me often sliming² scared

“I endured a stony Roman road
Whilst on my back a heavy load
A scorching sun exhausting all my muscles
Then the rocks as sharp as glass
Where I crossed the highest pass
Further strained my fragile mental tussles

1 As: **Slugino** n. Very young slug.

2 As: **Slimging** v.i. Slither quickly to escape a predator or other threat.

The Way of Samuel

“There were sleepless nights a plenty
‘I was only snoring gently!’
If she were then I would hate to hear her loud
But that was nothing to the pain
To be told in driving rain:
‘Sorry, rooms are gone, we have a crowd.’

“There were folk along The Way
Which I wished would go away
Though those were few and very far between
No, for most of those I met
I do hope to ne’er forget
For the colour that they gave were hues of green

“So do let me tell my tale
Often tough but ne’er a fail
And at the end I’m sure you’ll dream to slith there
Though here’s a warning to you all
Avoid too friendly men not tall
And never hitch a ride on legs with hair!”

Excited sluglets slipped in close
When oft the story got morose
“Would you do it all again?” Sam heard one ask
“Of course I would!” he roared
“Twas for me a time adored
There was ne’er a day I’d say it was a task!”

What brave Samuel failed to mention
Was the sluglet jail detention
Or the other side of niceness on The Way
These were thoughts he put aside
For the sluglets would have cried
Should their thinking be that evil held the day.

2. *Departure*

Samuel dreams of the El Camino. Sally points to slug related complications. Samuel nonetheless sets out.

‘Y

ou are dreaming I think dear
And it fills me full of fear
But I’m guessing that you really want to do it
I will let you have your Way
But there’s something I must say
There are many slugs before you who just blew it

“For the pace at which you slither
Barely passes for a dither
And years will fly before you see Fistere
Go at it like a morning run
To keep the years at thirty none
This I’ve checked with Chris and there’s no error

“Let me help you fill your pack
Which you’ll carry on your back
And on it we will paint that ‘This is Sam’s’
The weight I am advised
Is one tenth that of your size
Which means you’re not allowed too many grams

“Wet weather gear is now inside
With my hat or I’ll get fried
And a sleeping bag to hide my private bits
For in albergues I’ll stay
So there’ll be much less to pay
Though I’m told most bunks are chocka full of nits

“I really don’t need many clothes
And surely not a pair of those!”
As he pointed to some fluffy woollen slippers
“For my suckers don’t have people feet
Though I guess it would be kinda neat
For something in the night to warm my flippers!”

As he strapped his backpack on
Samuel’s voice broke into song
Conceived while he was in the planning stage:
“Here I slime to Santiago
Singing words from Song of Sammo
I hope that I will make it through the rage.”

Samuel shloshed¹ his Sal goodbye
Eyes on stalks no longer dry
An Uber out the front was full blast horn
“I will miss you so my pretty dove
My one and only oozy love.”
Then a flash like welder’s arc and Sam was gorn²!

“To the airport quickly driver
Please excuse this green saliva
For excitement here is well beyond control
El Camino’s calling loud
And back home a slau³ so proud
Of this Spanish slug to firstly slime the whole!”

1 As: **Shlosh** v.t. Kiss passionately.

2 **Gorn** sl. Gone.

3 As: **Slau** n. A married female slug. From the Germanic Frau.

3. *Paris*

Samuel travels to Paris, dining at Sacre Fleur whilst watched from the street. He dreams hallucinogenically.

J

acques M. in Paris held such fame
Good driving was his second name
He squished on board our Samuel with his gear
“You’re really going to do that walk?”
The driver asked in Ariontalk.
“You’ll gross them out in albergues I fear!”

“So very true,” our Samuel thought
“Better still to not get caught
Leaving silver trails Vulgari’ does.”
So he sealed his open back-end ports
And tightened up his walking shorts
And evermore left only pleasant fluzz¹

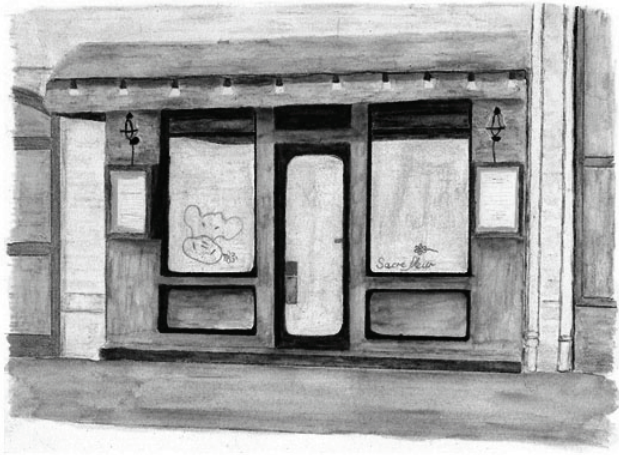
A treat for Sam the Paris trip,
You should have seen his flippers flip
“I must have the bestest slau around!”
“Just watch out you gullible slug
Or all your coin will pass the plug
Pretty slauline² tricksters scam the town.”

1 As: **Fluzz** n. Perfume secreted to avoid detection and snail pellets.

2 As: **Slauline** n. An unmarried female slug.

The Way of Samuel

“Pick-up in the morning Jacques
Catch TGV while it’s still dark!”
Then off for bless-ed food near Sacré Cœur
“If it pleases Sam, les escargots
With garlic sauce are just the go!”
“But would I be a bit of a cannibal sir?”



Sam chose the deep fried froggy legs
Washed down with gold from finest kegs
Then one of Fleur’s beef entrecotes to follow
Crème brûlée then rounded off
A meal to make a pilgrim scoff
And tapping cognac barrels sounded hollow

Outside in Rue de Clignancourt
A swarthy Aussie, not too short
Was observing every move that Samuel made
Then melting back into the crowd
After nodding to a woman’s shroud
He took his leave from the swarming night parade

The Way of Samuel

Sam left quite late his head not clear
All messed up with wine and biere
The metro rattled back to Rue Tournelles
“That is strange,” our Samuel mused
“Or is my Eiffel tower confused?
I thought I heard it ringing little bells.”

The souvenir thought departed quick
Poor young Sam a wisgul³ sick
And dreams of mountain trails soon took their hold
Where Pyrenees air was extra sweet
With thick red carpet for the feet
Adventures on a doorstep for the bold



Orange trees laden towered above
Gnarly roots gripped tight as a glove
Harbouring creatures glowing red fluorescence
Flowers as big as the MCG⁴
Stamen pollinating an azure sea
Created a dazzling pool of effervescence

3 As: **Wisgul** adj. To a small extent.

4 MCG: Melbourne Cricket Ground

The Way of Samuel

And out of the pool leapt a flying eel
With teeth as strong as Valyrian steel
Snarling and gnashing towards a terrified Arion
But a car horn blast from down below
Brought a sweating slug so quick to know
He'd slept right past the time to pack his carry-on

As they sped down Rennes to TGV
Jacques M observed, "If you ask me
I'd say that someone spiked your dinner drink
Do take full care on your Camino
Always watching for old el niño
That ocean current of folk that think slugs stink."

"Thank you Jacques, you are my friend
I'll take that on from now to end."
And for that advice Sam slipped an extra Euro
But the Bayonne train was getting antsy
So he slinginged on (OK, not fancy)
Grabbing a cycling mag. about the Giro.

4. Odesa

A clandestine meeting is held at SPECTRE¹ regarding Samuel. Key operatives commence mobilisation.

Bigney's eyebrows scanned the room
Ciggy smoke enhancing gloom
Though nothing there to dampen JB's spirit
"All of us have a huge assignment
For which is needed close alignment
At SPECTRE we are always known to deliver it."

Sam then appeared bright on a screen
Face, pack and shell so clearly seen
"He is the pest, so lock away that face.
Sam's travelling now to walk in Spain
The full Camino his ultimate aim
To spread his breed, it's such a huge disgrace.

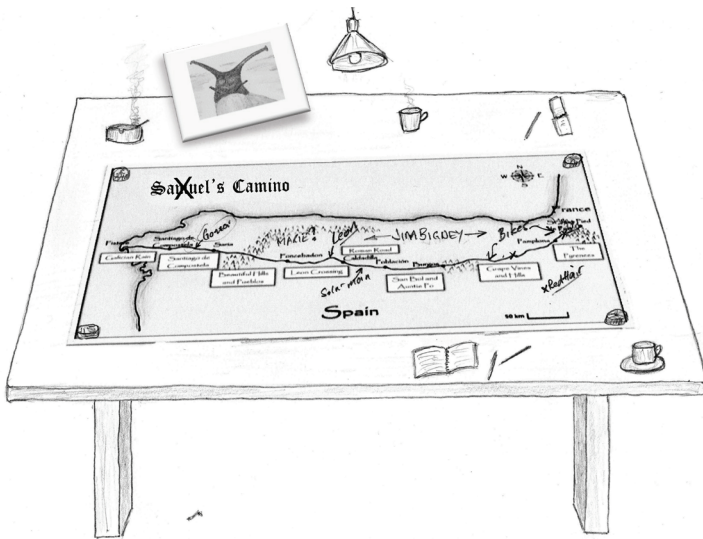
"Now just outside Gare de Bayonne
I'll guide that slug before he's gone
To ensure he takes a train to Pied de Port
When he starts the walk it's over to you
All of you have the skills that'll do
To curb this Sam and if needed, getting him caught."

1 Slug Population Elimination Centre.

The Way of Samuel

By then Sobranie smoke had cleared
To reveal a team that Europe feared
A multi-national group of handpicked thugs
Red Hair with Green Pants first to speak
A temptress Jim would always seek
“My tight green pants’ll seduce the toughest slug.”

“Failing that our tyres will score
On the downhill slopes that we adore
That slug will never know that we were there.”
Two nasty weapons parked outside
With monsters ready for the ride
That even Jimmy Bond would never dare



“Ok team just make your plans
To have him soon firm in our hands.”
And with that he caught a jet to Montparnasse
Heads went down, the maps came out
Ex-army Stewart the tactics scout
He'd led the Canadian army with panache

There was one quiet among the team
Listening carefully but little seen
Her qualifications were origins in the north
Only speaking if she was asked
Nodding slowly if she was tasked
But not of her own volition coming forth

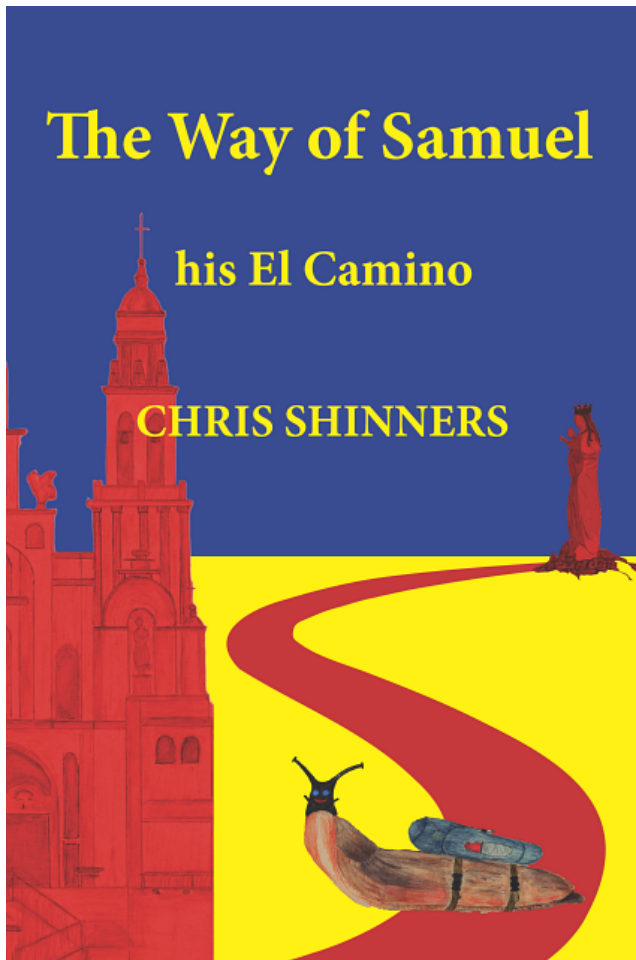
Unlike a typical SPECTRE op'tive
Jay's brain was not a pasta pot sieve
So full of holes that let all knowledge through
She soaked up plans as they evolved
Protecting Sam was Jay's resolve
And lucky here that no-one had a clue.

A later jet to Montparnasse...

Big Jim took up his mobile phone
At the other end an ominous tone
"Understand these slugs are the world killer.
On the line is your career
Beneath your feet an ice veneer
So I suggest you sort this out by Caldadilla."

"Give me Leon and assume it's done
I know for you this isn't fun
For MI10 are hot to see Sam through
The "poultry farm" at Gonzar Hill
Is where this Sam could end his thrill
And join his mates in doing what they do.

"So mark my Aussie drawling word
I aim to dine on lemon curd
To celebrate a win before that place."
"Ok, have at it and do your thing
Or your replacement will get the bling
And SPECTRE here will purge a loser's face!"



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