

## The York Road Street Saga - as told to Uncle Tony E'Benn

“A huge footprint has been found on the roof of the bicycle sheds”, reported Ballcock to a hushed J.O.C. All present were clearly shocked. The invisible man Allan Islands almost materialised in his old seat, kept as a shrine ready for his return to the fold.

“But surely the Yeti is a loveable beast who only eats APEX members, and other furry creatures”.

“Yes, but what will happen when all the APEX people have been consumed”, asked Goldenboy. “We won’t get our pay slips on time!”

“Something must be done to avert such a disaster”.

“Inspector Fred Leaky must be called in”, said Wiseperson, looking up from his embroidery. “Come the moment. Come the man. Did he not solve the mystery of the nameless lockers”.

All next day Inspector Leaky stumbled around York Road, his head firmly stuck in the Beck Stephens Trophy, magnifying glass at the ready, bumping into anyone who moved.

At lunchtime a report that a large footprint had been found in a pile of mashed potatoes sent Leaky scurrying to the canteen.

“It is the same. The cornplaster on the big toe is an exact match. This mashed potato cannot be sold until we have captured the Yeti”.

“Can't we sell the bits around the edge?”

“No, but it won't be long before the mystery is solved, never fear”.

But despite his show of confidence, Fred Leaky was worried. He decided to visit Commandant Becancall who lived in a large shoe box in the corner of the factory.

“Enter minion,” said a huge voice. Fred shuffled forward on his knees. Becancall was sat on his gilded throne, varnishing his digital Dong Ding.

“Why does Rigor Mortis always give me the difficult jobs”, he complained.

“Remember the good times Leaky, when I led my people out of Marston Green into the Promised Land of York Road before Ding Dongs filled my life?”

“And divided the land in twain, giving the left hand unto Production and the right unto Engineering”.

“And I gave my people thirteen commandments of the Tea Agreement, so they could live in peace”.

“You were magnificent Lord. But Master I need to know how to capture the Yeti”.

“Rest your puny mind”, said Becancall. “Am I not trained in decision structuring

and broad concepts? We need to lure the Yeti into the open. Find the most desirable member amongst the tribe of APEX”.

And so it came to pass that poor Ricky Manly was tethered helpless to a rubber plant while Inspector Leaky sat concealed in the goldfish tank waiting for a nibble.

Suddenly emerging from mists of the library came the monstrous Yeti. With mouth gaping wide he approached the trembling Ricky. Leaky tried to climb out of the tank but was bitten by the snail. It could have been the end for Ricky, but for the saintly Wiseperson who thrust his noble head into the gaping mouth of BIG FOOT MEADOWS, the Yeti.

Next Month: Will Big Foot survive? Where are the windows? Will West Brom be relegated?