

THE YORK ROAD STREET SAGA AS TOLD TO UNCLE TONY E'BENN.

Tedious Ted was worried. He had been on the streets for almost a day now, and not one tickle had he had. But help was at hand as over the hill came a lone cyclist.

"It is I Ballcock. Lord of the Rings," said the new arrival ringing his bell. "I remember you, insignificant being. What are you doing?"

"I seek the underpants of Bulky Brian."

"I get mine from Marks and Sparks," said Ballcock wisely. "But I may be able to help you. If you journey to the small enclave where Skinflint sometime ruler of Protocamp now drags out his life in exile, you will find a secret staircase which leads to the upper regions of Herospace."

"But that is the place of the living dead. The resting place of the electroknomes of WED."

"Bulky Brian is held prisoner there, so it is told. He was found in possession of a three pin plug, thus breaking the first commandment of WED."

"The law must be obeyed. The electroknomes know best," chanted Tedious, as he sailed away across the carpet tiles.

Hours later, Tedious Ted, having tied his fly—press to the well muscled leg of Boy Wreath, was mounting the ladder to the Overworld of WED. Ted blinked in the unaccustomed sunlight and looking up saw the sky for the first time.

A faint scuffling sound drew his attention to the electroknomes at play, dancing around the sunbeams, dressed in their blue playsuits, they were trundling their little trolleys back and forth squealing with delight.

Skirting this jolly group, he trudged on, guided by the delicious smell of kiln—fired toast, to where a lady of robust portions was searching carefully in the dust.

"You must be Heavenly Pud, keeper of the custard," said Tedious. "Have you seen Bulky Brian?"

"No. Not since my suet dumplings got the better of him a month last Tuesday. He were a gallant lad."

"What seek you here," asked Tedious. "A secret ingredient to put lumps in your custard?"

"I need nothing to put lumps in my custard. Or dimples in my dumpling. Tis a natural gift. I seek the eye of toad, liver of bat that gives the elusive flavour to my rissoles."

Tedious Ted was close to tears. Would he never find Bulky Brian, and liberate the elastic. Dreams of escaping from Protocamp were fading fast. The pedalow concession, helping young ladies abroad --."

"Have you asked the minions of RAT," said Heavenly pouting provocatively. "He served there once you know."

And so Tedious Ted got wearily to his feet and plodded off in the direction that the delicious dumpling had pointed.

Little was known about the principality of RAT, and all of that was bad. King Nutty the Unhurried ruled, his power emanating from the talisman of RAT, a huge tooth set in amber.

Could Bulky Brian be imprisoned in the steel caverns of RAT, where all were broken on the foul engines of destruction. Deep in the dungeons of RAT torturers apprentice Goldenplod tested each subject to the limit. Tedious Ted watched aghast as an innocent young prototype was strapped to the devils destructor.

"More thrust. Let us see the body break," croaked Ballcock muscles rippling his mighty torso as he tried to free his fingers from his personal tube of super glue.

Tedious Ted crept away towards the chambers of ice. Could Bulky be imprisoned in those cruel caverns with only a jiffy bag to cover his nakedness.

Peering inside Tedious saw nothing but the shivery shape of Half-a-Bollard, sometime hero of the Catering Corp. He was out looking for the Yeti, far away from the steamy heat of his native rubber tree forests.

Ted saw the Bollard's frozen lips move.

"Where is my Yeti?" he mouthed.

"He walks with E'Benn."

The old wise face of Bollard creased in disappointment. Had he not for years tried to steer the Yeti into the paths of righteousness, hoping to place those huge field fresh feet on the road to advancement. But the young impressionable Yeti was again under the evil influence of kneehandler E'Benn who supplied the giant beast with carbon fibre socks at discount prices.

There was only one option left to Tedious Ted. A last desperate throw of the dice. He would have to confront 'She-who-must-be-Obeded'. The horrors of RAT would be as nothing when he entered the presence of the most powerful being ever devised by Herospace. Her supernatural powers were unchallenged.

Had she not quelled the great cooley rising of the early eighties, released a thunderbolt that had felled the mighty Carbuncle on the field of cricket. Had she not made Holy-days disappear.

Even the Munster Codge was as putty in her hands, and Wigglesby the Magic Dragon would blow his best smoke rings at her command.

But Tedious Ted, his delicately pointed knees all a tremble, had to know the whereabouts of Bulky.

He knocked the great door.

Will Tedious Ted survive his encounter with She-who-must-be-obeyed? Will Ballcock star in his own sex clinic? Can Bulky Brian live with thermal underwear?