

## The "York Rd" Street Saga as told to Uncle Tony E'Benn

It had been happening for years

People disappearing all over Herospace. Gigagiggles had gone one dark Friday, Rocky Stocky on Thursday. And Crave Southward in a week moment.

Inspector Leaky could do nothing for the moment. Since his last escapade with the Yeti he had been returned to the Trophy case sitting on the top shelf, his head stuck even more firmly in the Bec Steven's trophy, poised ready, like an uncurled spring for the next mission impossible.

"A fine handsome man like him, on the shelf" Many a young virgin from Laser Country world sigh as she trudged into the York Rd Peoples Pantry for her routine dosage of baked beans and similar aphrodisiacs.

When Frankley Hopeless Mister 10 percent went missing it was a false alarm. He was found wandering lonely as a cloud amongst the Caliphs of Test, doing a missionary job spreading his expertise.

But by then Inspector Leaky was being prepared for action. His trophy Bluebell bright, his magnifying glass all a dangling.

The first suspect was the Yeti, now known to all as Big Foot Meadows the Yeti long since recovered from the traumatic experience of having the noble Wiseperson's head extracted from his mouth without anaesthetic, was thought to be a reformed character, living now in the custody of Half a Bollard, a well known keep lefty.

But messages received from Sciman Turgid said that the Yeti was on the move again his brain power vastly increased by Eddy Current's whirling in the steel caps of his safety shoes. The issue of safety shoes to any creature with brains in his feet had always been a risky business and that is why so few managers are seen to wear them.

Now with an IQ rapidly approaching 2.5 the Yeti could be unstoppable.

But Inspector Leaky was unafraid. Wearing the Trophy of Bec he was invincible, or so he thought.

Evanly Pud looked unhappy. Leaky found her sitting on a pile of vintage sausage rolls, warming them through for dinner.

"All my second-hand cream buns have gone. What will Mrs Slatcher do for morning break?" I ask myself. She enquired forlornly. She will have nothing to eat with her chips.

Leaky was soon on his knees searching the corner of the carpark where the cream buns were always stored, so that they might ripen in the warm sun of Herospace. He found a partially chewed maggot and a length of nylon line, but nothing of significance.

Then he saw the first signs of the living Yeti, vast recent imprints in the tarmac, still smoking slightly, trailing away towards the hamlets of Testy.

Leaky followed cautiously all his Lucas survival training vital now as he tripped athletically over his magnifying glass and did the last few yards sliding forward on his face.

"My brain is hurting", boomed the great voice. "Calibrate my Eddy currents or I shall become more intelligent than Micro Bile and the balance of the universe will be destroyed."

"I shall have to return you to the manufacturer", said Peter Hollowhead who kept a home for ailing oscilloscopes and aged instruments.

"Not the Co-op", whined the Yeti his spirit finally broken.

"What have you done with Crave Southward", asked Leaky lurking behind a pile of disused service manuals. "Have you started eating people again?"

Great tears formed in the sad eyes of the Yeti.

"I have not eaten people for years. I never liked the taste. I only did it to appear grown up. Now I punish myself with pints of lager".

Was this bemused creature capable of telling the truth? The intricate brain of Inspector Leaky was cogitating - the Beck Steven's Trophy glowed a dull red. It seemed likely with the chance to consume medium rare Wiseperson, a fast food morsel of some distinction, he had been unable to swallow.

"Watch it lad", said Leaky sternly. "Any trouble and you'll be up before the Bollard.

With this warning Leaky strode off looking stern.

**Next month.** This exciting cereal will continue with milk for those with weak stomachs.

Who is eating people in Herospace? Is it Munster Codge or Wigglesby the Magic Dragon? Or some more sinister force?