

## **THE YORK ROAD STREET SAGA** As told to Uncle E'Benn

Inspector Leaky was standing upside down in the corner of the Straining Pool, the base of the Beck Steven's Trophy forming a secure head hold for our heroes brain. Wayward youth E'Benn, Arthur Scargill T shirt clutched about his nakedness, was busy twisting Leaky's shoe laces together to keep his legs from drooping.

Suddenly a sound of chanting filled the air

"We work all night. We work all day  
Never mind the glory. Just give us double pay"

It was Big Blob and the DECU diddy men winding their cheerful way to another date with destiny.

"We don't care what we do  
The DECU to enhance  
Some we put to the sword  
Others to the Lance"

Tears ran down Leaky's forehead. How he wished he was young again, able to be in the top team.

"Big Blob came out of Supervisory  
Where his success was more than Hanks  
To make us bright and beautiful  
And give Richard to the Yanks"

"Creatures of capitalism" hissed E'Benn, and pinched at Leaky's ankles so viciously that our hero toppled over with a clatter. Rising slowly to his feet Leaky said "We must set a trap for the Thing that is eating people. To lose a single Diddy man would be disastrous for the future of the World".

If not the Universe", said E'Benn not totally convincingly, but his razor sharp mind, honed by years of reading the TASS magazine, was still working for the good of Herospace.

"We must set a trap" mused Leaky.

"Curvaceous maidens tied to a stake clad only in a diaphanous -" E'Benn was trembling, his glasses steaming over.

"Steady lad" said Leaky. "I was thinking more of Heavenly Pod suitably garnished with nibbled rissoles".

"A tempting morsal indeed", moaned E'Benn licking fevered lips.

"Or a marzipan MECU hung from a rubber tree plant".

"We shall need a hit squad hidden in a convenient filing cabinet".

Richard. "I saw the beer go down, I felt the beer come up" Shillingsworth could take command.

"He will need Andy Fartkins. He has now fully recovered from corrosion of the inner bowel caused by excessive lager drinking".

"Excellent. We shall require an evil smells expert in case things go wrong", mused Leaky. "But can we trust a man who has sold his soul for a 4 percent mortgage".

"She is a comely wench", said E'Benn his left knee trembling. His mind full of naughty

thoughts again.

"And a get-away-man".

"Andy Longsword. He test drives blow-up dolls for Dunflop".

"And yourself of course", said Leaky. "Someone they can look up to in the moment of crisis. You could wear your combat pullover with the moth holes".

"Bullet holes", gulped E'Benn twanging his black suspenders with practiced ease.

"I could observe from a high building. Sort-of provide the nerve centre".

But they need not have worried. On the other side of Herospace great minds were cogitating. It was Thursday and the Gorgons of Herospace were meeting to consider the problem. It was decision time.

They sat around the nursery table holding hands and munching expense account jelly babies. The seance - the latest management technique -was about to start. All eyes were on a winsome wisp of a girl, clothed in a plastic mac with a tea towel draped over her head. Custard seemed to be oozing from between her rose-bud lips.

"Speak to me", she moaned. "Spirit of the undead, come forth".

A bicycle bell tinkled and a faint and familiar voice could just be heard.

"Industrial action". The procedure agreement clearly states, "Its the spirit of Ballcock", blubbed the Magic Dragon. "I thought he was out playing with his little friends on the NNC".

Lady Di crammed a few dozen jelly babies into his mouth and he fell silent.

"Who is eating people?" asked the winsome witch, wiping the custard away.

"Is that little Gilly", inquired the plaintive voice. "Its cold up here. So cold".

"Is he on the roof" inquired Codge just before his mouth was stuffed with AID released jelly babies.

"The gnomes of WED are heating people", said the ghostly voice.

"Eating, not heating, you stupid little union creature" said she who must be obeyed, her Helena Rubenstein polyfilla beginning to crack under the onslaught of the custard.

"Well that's it". A foot could be heard stamping. "I shan't tell you now. Shan't. Shan't. Shan't".

And so the opportunity was lost. It was time for bed and Becancall needed burping.

"Guggle, guggle, goo", he said happily as Nurse Nuxious approached.

"Enos you know", she said, slapping a shapely thigh.

On the great wall of Gorgons, the image of Slatcher was turned to the wall, so commanded Baron McGoo. Was this the finish of our lady of the limp, or will the wizened waif rise again?

The dawn was cold. The marzipan MECU hung as limp as a canteen lettuce. All night they had waited, held by the iron will of Inspector Leaky. Had he not trapped Big Foot Meadows in a similar fashion in the glory days of yesteryear.

Muffled sounds could be heard from within a strategically placed filing cabinet, where the hit squad had spent a restless night.

Suddenly E'Benn was waving from his perch on top of CAD castle, and pointing a

heavily manicured forefinger. Even in the excitement of that moment, Leaky noticed how skillfully E'Benn had arranged the insulation tape across the holes in his vintage knitwear, but only for a millisecond. This was it.

"Action stations. Over and Out", whispered Leaky and in a flash the hit squad went to red alert, zipping up their combat liberty bodices, crouching behind a protective shield of overtime trays.

It came from Protocamp, a great white shambling shape. The crunching of crushed desks could be heard across the land.

Fartkins nervously let one go prematurely, and Leaky grabbed for his gas mask not a moment too soon.

"Haven't been so scared since my house fell on me", gasped Shillingsworth, but Any Longsword just smiled. Tethered out of sight was his latex lady, filled with hydrogen, soon he would be riding high.

Those more intelligent readers who have worked out the identity of the Thing, please send answers on the back of £5 notes to Uncle E'Benn who will decide the winner.

Next month - Who or what is the Thing?  
Does it pose a realistic threat to Allan Wisepersons underpants?  
Does the comely E'Benn always wear black stockings or are those shapely legs naturally dirty?  
Those sporting sorts who wish to enter next months suspender whipping contest should apply to the editors.