

THE YORK RD - STREET SAGA as told to Uncle E'Benn

Stickyhands and the Beanstalk

Dame LewLew was a modern young mum, ambitious for her children without being pushy, but she could not help noticing how next doors' children were prospering.

After much thought, she developed a plan. She found little David Stickyhand, her favourite, who had started at the bottom, pulling wings off flies with his tensometer, given as a gift by his admiring public.

"Take this bag of qualifications and deeds of indispensibility and see if you can purchase from the market the key to higher things, like what Uncle Tony and Auntie Michele have done".

Stickyhand was pleased to be given such an important task, but then he deserved it.

As he skipped down York Rd. who should he see but handsome Ricky Manly practising karate on a spent matchstick.

"I'm a buyer" said Ricky "I'll buy those deeds of indispensibility, then maybe I can join TASS and become an important person".

"I need the key to higher things!"

"E'Benn's body is for sale. It has a two month MOT. I could offer you Plantoid's back-up lighter, only slightly bounced, or the Red Baron's wallet untarnished by sunlight".

"You tempt me greatly", said Dave Stickyhand, "But I must resist".

"How about a pocketful of Hall Green jumping beans?"

"Are they the key to higher things?"

"Trust me", said Ricky. "Am I not always right?"

But on his return to the haven that was Aerospace, all was not well.

"You silly boy", said Dame LewLew fetching Dave a frightful wallop.

"But they are has-beens and we specialised in them at Herospace", whined our Dave.

Another straight left sent the bag of beans over the fence, scattering them among the pots specially prepared for the rubber tree plants by Half a Bollard.

In the morning Dave Stickyhands crawled from under his bench where he had spent a peaceful night on a bed of TCP sheets, rubbed the sleep from his armpits, and filled his wellies with aftershave.

There was a strange light about the place, an unnatural freshness of air, and looking up he could see the reason. From Half a Bollard's favourite potty had sprung an enormous broad bean plant which had thrust itself through the roof.

"What a huge plant" said Auntie Michelle.

"Don't be personal" said Uncle Tony.

"See how it climbs like a Lance to the top", said Big Blob to an admiring crowd of DECU Diddymen kneeling at his feet.

"Be good little boys and it could happen to you" said Big Blob masterfully.

"I could build a tree house in the higher branches as my office", mused Micro Bile, "And then all the world would know I am vitally important like Big Blob".

Dave Stickyhand pushed them all aside and began his long climb to the top, stopping only to give a 3hr lecture to a resting Bentonbug.

Stepping out onto the clouds, he saw in the distance a mighty ediface. Could it be King St?

Reaching the door, standing on work hardened tippy toes, he could not reach the knocker. Luckily the door opened with a push. A smell of cooking titilated his nostrils, reminding him of the day Evenly Pud fell in the chip fat.

"Who are you?" said a voice like Toledo steel. Turning, our Hero saw a winsome waif.

"I'm Davy Stickyhand. I started from the bottom. But I know you. You are the most exalted, the Mrs Slatcher! She who must be obeyed! What brings you here?"

"TASS have undone me. New technology has been my downfall. Me who flew with eagles. I scraped the barrel for Ballcock and the deserving poor, and now they have their lump sum, they are on their new bikes and away. Me who chewed biscuits for Baron Magoo, now I skivvy for the Ogre Codge".

Suddenly the floor was shaking.

"Quick" said Slatcher still decisive. "Get in the oven. It's Munster Codge. He's never been the same since he lost his specially Franked Wooden top".

"Fee, fie, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of a union man,
Be he smart or be he messy,
I'll grind him down 'til he goes to Plessey".

A huge menacing figure entered the room and sat down.

"Food woman" boomed the Ogre. "I smell sirloin of TASSman".

"The smell of last night's meal I'm afraid" said the winsome waif. "We have no means of getting food".

"Bring my Wrigglesby"

Slatcher ran from the room and soon returned with a plump old hen which she placed on the table in front of Munster Codge, a perfectly splendid Ogre. (Ed- Crawler!)

"Attention Wrigglesby, and put your pipe out. Whoever heard of a hen smoking ready rub. Nobody smokes in my meetings. Everybody can breath, but not heavily".

"What do you want my Master?" clucked Wrigglesby.

"Bands of gold. B11, B111, B1V".

"Are you leaving? Then you shall have a Gold Band 1V or 111 or 11. How many do you want?"

"Not too many. We do not wish to flood the market do we?"

And so with much straining, puffing, and 'leave it with me', a clutch of golden bands fell onto the table.

"Take these golden bands" boomed Munster Codge "And see what you can get for them".

The winsome waif - how could she ever have been the feared She who must be obeyed - gathered up the bands and fled.

"With these I could make a morris dance"
A rose bloom
A cockbill crow
A farman come closer
A wiseman wiser

A lance more lethal
A mole into a mountain."

All this she thought as she wobbled on stiletto heeled wellies to the market.

Davy Stickyhands listened with interest. Although bands were two a penny in Lectronland, Dame LewLew could do with a few.

"You stay here Wigglesby" said Codge. "I'm going outside to kick a few puppies".

On the table Wigglesby clucked contentedly.

Over the sea and far away,
A band or two would make them stay.

"Hi there handsome" said Stickyhand. "What about you and me getting together to produce a few bands of gold for LewLew'S little brood?"

"I could meet you tomorrow at 8:30"

But Dave was not as stupid as he looked, and so he grabbed Wigglesby by the pipe and dragged him back to LewLew's place. "What is it?" enquired LewLew.

"A magic hen that lays bands of gold and makes meetings disappear", said Dave brightly.

But Dame LewLew was not impressed. She was a woman of the world, but not anybody's for an extra strong mint. A bottle of elderberry wine maybe, but one had to maintain standards.

"Show me your calibre?" she asked.

Wigglesby shuffled and puffed, and suddenly a band of gold was available.

"You're a good boy ..."

Suddenly the floor of Herospace began vibrating.

"It's that bl***y RAT man, doing his smalls"

"No it's the Ogre" said Dave Stickyhands looking up into the branches of the broad bean plant.

"Rally round me, TASSmen" cried Dave, brandishing his rule book, but none came forward except young Andy Longsword, hero of the working classes.

His huge weapon flashed and in the twinkling of a gaffer's smile the blade severed the stem of the broad bean plant. Half a Bollard's potty skidded across the desk and Cadge came down to earth with a crash.

"He will never play the jews harp again" said John Fudge, as they bore him away to his final quality audit.

Fee fie fo fum,
We bear the weight of the Quality man,
Be you T5 or even Band4
You will just have to leave if you want any more

"Cluck! Cluck!", muttered Wigglesby, "and a Merry Christmas to all my followers".