

The York Road Street Saga as told to Uncle E'Benn.

It was the day that Jilly left town. Ballcock had arrived at the JOC breathless, having had to mend a slow leak in his front tyre. She was gone now. His life was empty.

They had tried so hard to prevent it. Ballcock in a last desperate bid had promised her a ride on his crossbar, and an opportunity to meet John Rowon, that master of the empty vowel - yes, I did say VOWEL!

Tony E'Benn had also crawled shamelessly, giving her a signed portrait of himself pretending to be a politician.

"What can we do?" said Wiseperson the Bold. "I have offered her a glimpse of my awesome body; what more can a man do?"

"She is untouched by such earthy things", said the Pevish Charmer. "Even my unique appeal has failed to set her lovelorn heart aflutter."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Will Sounders, hero of the Straining Pool. "You have broken more hearts than Wrigglesby has cancelled meetings."

Pevish Charmer gave a roguish smile.

"I must admit I have a devastating effect on women. Evenly Pud gives my custard a special stir and her suet dumplings await my pleasure."

"Is it because the fair Jill failed to win the 'Silcoloid Welly' Award for a second time?" enquired Frankly Hopeless, whose mind stays sharp to the bottom of the glass.

"Life is a cruel place", said E'Benn philosophically. "Big Foot Meadows will have to have his feet pruned back before the month's out."

"Cruelty is women", said Beau Geste, car park overlord and canteen connoisseur. "She could have rubbed my back anytime, free of charge except for the usual commission to young Alien Smithers."

"It was that last 74p that broke her. It was a mighty tussle to get it", said Ballcock, "We had negotiated far into the night."

"Five fifteen, nearly tea-time", said E'Benn wistfully, thinking of long gone crumpets.

But Ballcock, as was his want, ignored him.

"There had to be casualties" he mused. "Young Nigel.."

"Splendid chap Nigel", echoed E'Benn. "Whatever happened to Nigel?"

"Lost over Coventry. Jaguar got him at 9k", said Roger Disguise breathlessly.

He had just finished climbing the north face of Big Foot Meadows left boot, and was bivouacked for tea-break just below a particularly wanton suspender belt in tinselled French lace.

"That was the end of 'She Who Must Be Obeyed'" said Ballcock suppressing a tear. "The Boadicea of Brum reduced to Orphan Annie in a few minutes by the pressure at the top. If I had not held E'Benn's tiny hand all the way through, we would have gone the same way, both of us, I'm sure of that."

"Shall we do it again?" whispered E'Benn.

"No!" said Ballcock decisively. "Too much pleasure will weaken you. Look what happened to Wiseperson the Bold." And looking at that crumpled despairing person, E'Benn had to agree.

"Are we still selling shares in Wiseperson?" asked Big Foot Meadows who had not spoken for at least 10 seconds. "I hear a whisper of a take over bid from Cabbage Patch Dolls. They need a model for a new line, Turnip Top Boys."

"Enough of this hero worship" said Ballcock, "We must thrust forward."

"I'm scared" said E'Benn. "I dare not go near her vacated office. So many memories. After shave still lingers, a trace of spent cement."

"The ghost of Slatcher Past still walks the corridors of power", said young Colleyflower wisely.

"We need a cause", interjected Ballcock, who used naughty words occasionally to prove that he was human.

"We need to shorten the working week and then sell the hours saved back for a substantial increase", said Wiseperson.

"I have spoken to John Hallwork who knows about such things. He reckons that with optimised real time efficiency and maximising time usage a task time reduction could be envisaged. He calculates that he could start at nine and finish at four and still perform to his well known scarcely credible levels."

"But who of us could stand shoulder to shoulder with young Hallwork", whined Dicky Wettingbed. "Few have the physique of a Greek God."

"I don't know", said Wiseperson. "What about my friend Beery Kicks, or Dave Bendabit?"

"Was he not first reserve in the York Road Mr Punyverse Contest?"

"A magnificent specimen. They even gave him a jar to rest in."

"You did say **rest** in?" questioned E'Benn who was toying with a plan to rent his body out for euthanasia research, having always been keen on youth."

"I still think we should commemorate the passing of a fine young woman", said Ballcock.

"Where? Where?" cried Peevish Charmer almost awake again.

"We could erect a statue to her magnificent feet. Or a labyrinth to honour her tortuous mind", suggested E'Benn.

"I miss her so" blubbed Ballcock, "whose lap can I sit on now?"

"There's always mine ducky" said E'Benn, ever aware of opportunity. How Ballcock had ever preferred a symbol of capitalist oppression to his own lean work forged body, he would never know.

I could go on gentle reader giving you a further insight into the inner workings of that most 'audible institutions, the Joint Office Committee Executive, but time runneth on. This glimpse of the inner sanctum will surely be enough to make you all realise that your future is safe in their hands. So keep sending the money.

Next issue : Will Yorky's Angels, Debbie, Karen and Sally, save the Tippex Factory from ruin?

Who has won Wiseperson's body in this month's 'rent-a-tub' raffle?

Will the National Trust take over E'Benn's sweater?