

The "York Rd Street" Saga

Jillerella - A Christmas Story from Uncle Tony E'Benn.

Jillerella sat in her tiny grotto under the stairs, trying not to cry. Once again she had not been invited to the NNC Ball. She had watched her two ugly sisters leave for the Ball, escorted by their father Baron de Gee. Becky's hair was interwoven in a cascade of insulation tape, and she wore the fabled Tristar pendant hewn from virgin araldite while Rhona had a thin filmy gown, slit to the thigh and edged with priceless networks from the mines of Mecu.

Stocky Buttons tried to comfort her. "Cheer up Jilly. Have a ride on Ballcock's bike. I'm sure he wouldn't mind".

"But I want to go to the Ball."

As the morning wore on, and the snow fell gently on the turrets and pinnacles of York Rd, Jillerella sat patiently darning a pile of security men's socks.

Ding Dong. The silence was broken by the familiar chimes.

"I am the good fairy", said a voice, and emerging from the back of a V.D.U. stood Allan Wiseperson, clad only in his cheerfully embroidered thermal underwear, and a union jack. "You shall go to the Ball", he cried, and taking her by the hand he led her out into the car park, where with a wave of his wand he transformed her battered Mini into a beautiful new Metro, and her sober business suit into a magnificent ball gown.

"A word of warning," said Fairy Wiseperson. "You must leave the Ball by twelve o'clock to meet the T and G (Troggs and Gnomes) about Christmas holidays, or my spell will be broken.

At the Masked Ball Jillerella, looking more than usually lovely, had a spiffing time engaging in meaningful discussions on topics of mutual concern with Prince Charming. Suddenly it was twelve o'clock, and remembering her meeting with the T and G she fled from the room, losing in her desperate flight one of the silcoloid wellington boots which had so captivated the Prince.

The Prince was heartbroken. A few moments more and she might have whispered yes. That afternoon he abandoned all work, and leaping onto his bike peddled furiously about the dream palace seeking the perfect little foot that would fit the silcoloid welly which now hung on a chain of solid solder around his manly neck. Tea was forgotten, union meetings abandoned, a dozen young maidens were left disconsolate and crying in the Clean Room as the fruitless search continued.

At last he chanced upon Baron de Gee composing a sonnet to Rolls of Royce.

"Oh Corporate body divine. Oh wondrous firm -".

"Help me," said Prince Charming, ringing his bell furiously. "I seek the dainty foot that fits this silcoloid wellington"

"It could be Becky, or even Rhona", said Baron de Gee. "But kicking the peasants has swollen their feet so, poor things"

"What about Jillerella," said Stocky Buttons. "I will fetch her."

"I had quite forgotten her," said Prince Charming. "She works so hard. Always

giving money to the poor and needy.”

“And feeding the goldfish,” added the Baron.

Then Jillerella arrived, festooned with biros, clutching files and notebooks.

“If its about safety shoes, they must be to approved standard, and silcoloid toe-caps would never do.”

“Try this on,” said Prince Charming almost failing over his bike'

He knew it would fit, and of course it did. Is not Megastar Ballcock always right.

“I knew it must be you. Who else really understands the meaning of the T scales.”

“But why were you searching so desperately? she asked.

“I wondered if you meant what you said. I mean, well,” He blushed.

“Of course I did, foolish boy. I agree to the restructuring of the goldfish tank. Band IV at least for the large one that floats and drifts backwards, and T6 for the little one who enjoys swimming in circles.”

And so once again all was happiness at York Road thanks to Wiseperson the Good, such a splendid Fairy.