

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

There was a mood of despair all over Herospace as the Disabling Plan took its dreadful toll. Men like Ballcock and E'Benn, who had always considered work an abstract concept, were talking now of time sheets and job codes, and preparing themselves for the twilight world of Witney.

Others were being exiled to the New World, abandoning family and friends, subject now to the evil whim of Ronald Wrigglesby, arch enemy of the proletariat and other suppressed masses.

John Hallmark, that talisman of tawdriness arrived twice, nearly on time, and Wiseperson managed two consecutive weeks without a sick note, thanks to thermal knee wrappings and a goose grease rub.

An emergency meeting of the Herospace SS was called where Ballcock, spokesperson for the Herospace Cosmic Health Authority, denied that Wiseperson's palsy could be contracted by wearing Uncle E'Benn's suspenders.

“Thank you”, said chairman Longsword. “All those who now wish to borrow E'Benn's luminous suspender belt please form an orderly queue.”

“What about the Disabling Plan”. said Roger Undergrowth.

“We could go and see Pip (the PM)” said E'Benn. “Tell her we didn't mean it”.

“We could be turned into silicon by one look from those maverick eyes”, mused Roger Disguise.

“Not if we give her a new box of paper doilies”, interrupted Dob Bodd.

“To wear around her swan like neck” romanticised E'Benn, who had this thing about the sexuality of power.

“Look E'Benn”, said Ballcock petulantly. “I know I have to wear my underpants underneath my trousers, but I will not go snivelling to the PM with a box of doilies. I have my image to think about!”

“Then another may be chosen as our heroid” said Berisbored. “Hairy Tarzan Bonder, the Wizard of the Welds is fancied by some.”

“Not by me” said Longsword coyly. “My heart is promised to another.”

“Tie me to the bed with lacing tape” hissed E'Benn. “Will that boy ever get enough?”

Ballcock was blubbing now. He knew his end was in sight (steady E'Benn - Ed). But that was the price of power politics, played at this level.

Others fancied Wiseperson the Bold, but he had a fatal flaw. A physical peculiarity of the male line, the inverted knee syndrome, - in lay terms, his knees were back to front - which had always been the curse of the Wiseperson dynasty. This has prevented many of them taking their appointed place amongst the great sporting stars of their time, despite physical attributes the envy of us all.

Looking at Wiseperson the Bold, a man without medical knowledge would never guess his terrible secret. Have you ever seen Wiseperson's knees? Of course not. They are commercially confidential. Should they be revealed they would immediately be privatised or sold to the Americans. It is as serious as that. If not more so.

Deep in the Processed Jungle, Jane was ready to sponsor her heroid, Hairy Tarzan Bonder, the Heseltine of Hybrids. She was fresh from a luxury weekend cruise on the Hayling Island ferry and was ready for any challenge.

“Look at him” said E'Benn, who was amongst the admiring crowd. “Upper body strength

developed by years of pulling wires”.

“The graceful yet so masculine line of his thighs” said Jane huskily.

“Steady”, cautioned Uncle E'Benn. “No displays of naked emotion lest we upset young Broomhead”.

Jane, with visible effort, controlled herself.

Some things were almost too much for a red blooded girl to contain within her Yves St Laurent string vest.

The P Team had taken their revenge on Rambo Gento. He was pinioned to a particularly rough pipe cleaner. His ebony body glistened under the jungle lit fluorescent tubes. Naked except for a single elastoplast he strained against his bonds. Trapped in the moss encrusted monolith that contained the carnivorous Cheese plant, he felt the fibrous tentacles enclose his vital young body. This was the PM's revenge.

Why had Sally Daring fed bits of Plantoid to this dangerous plant. despite all the warnings? Had she been got at?

Only a heroid could save him now. Come the moment. Come the man. Hairy Tarzan Bonder clad only in a low cut loin cloth came swinging through the cheese plant, held aloft only by a super tested welding wire. Pausing only for a leek (his favourite veg) and a swift chorus of 'Land of My Fathers, the land of the free,', he bounded into the clearing.

Jane, Miss Hayling Island 1985, fresh from yet another bad experience with her barber giggled a girlish giggle. Could Tarzan Bonder save Herospace? He was certainly superbly muscled. she thought, and blushed as a good girl should. But had he the sheer physical presence of a Ballcock? Again she flushed (toilet cistern humour again - Ed).

The great processed cheese plant rustled menacingly and grew another leaf. Tarzan Bonder withdrew a specially tempered leek from his quiver, and prepared for battle.

A flash of lightning, a roll of thunder, and from a cloud of smoke emerged Ballcock, peddling furiously. At his back stood Nutty Slack and the booby boys.

“Hold hard”. cried Ballcock. “Big Blob has abolished Christmas!”

The great processed Cheese Plant collapsed in a heap. He only lived for that one Wigglesby free day, one day without the noxious baccy smoke that corroded his long fingered leaves. He had been accruing bits of Plantoid for months and now it was for nothing. In its final convulsions a root flicked the pipe cleaner from the clinging moss and Rambo Gento was free. and following the code of the Samurai, he was soon hiding in Jane's handbag, where he will probably spend the rest of his life jostled by cartons of orange juice and swimming medals.

Next Issue:

Will Gento escape from Jane's handbag.

The fight for heroid of Herospace is on. Will Ballcock be flushed with success?

Will Christmas be saved from the evil clutches of Big Blob?

In a back-to-front factory will a Rapid Transit system be the answer?

Can the RAT save us now?

Whatever happened to Barron Magoo?