

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

This is a story of great historical significance. A story of hardship, of courage and deprivation, and how the people of Herospace did Triumph over oppression.

The Fat Controller came among the people of Herospace, and he looked with favour upon those that were chosen, and their lives flowed with milk and honey, but others who did not bask in his smile were cast down and grew weary of their station.

This is a tale of a few such people who stood alone against injustice and found an honoured place in the annals of Herospace.

It began many years ago when Uncle E'Benn was a boy, and Bill and Ben were merely seedlings. Herospace was under seige.

Beyond the gate of our fair city stood the untouchables, the handmaidens of our saintly Richard of Stanley. They had all dabbled with instruments of the devil and were seeking earthly rewards for that which is without recompense, except for the chosen.

As they crouched night after night around the glowing furnace, offering sacrificial morsels of flesh to Lucifer, King of Darkness, many must have regretted their perverse rejection of the paths of devoted poverty so temptingly offered by Michael of Kenilworth.

But all was not lost. The followers of Tassitus who, in the fullness of time would become the Marks and Spencers Faction were busily collecting widows mites and grannies grouts to feed those Sisters of Heresay who were brothers under the skin.

Following the ways of the nomadic tribes of Acocks Green, a tented encampment soon evolved outside the walls of Herospace. Mystic signs abounded to ward off evil spirits that did roam the highways and byways of Hall Green.

Clad in multitudinous layers of clothing that removed all temptations of a wanton nature they maintained their vigil. It was rumoured that during the night, in the shelter of the city walls these vestal virgins were transformed, as like a chrysalis they did shed their skins and amongst the moonlight beams did dance with comely abandon, their lissom forms stirring the blood of many a lusty country lad, and wenches to, as it was said that transmutation did occur and women became men at the going down of the sun.

John, Son of Betty, a wizard of high rank was seen on the battlements, stamping his foot and indulging in rituals of a perverse nature, involving curses of a diabolical intensity, but achieving nothing beyond a surging of vital juices, which was customary.

When the spirit of the dance had run its course then they feasted on vast quantities of pungent condiment from the Orient washed down with distillation of the vine. Such feasting does enrage the bowels, and many were overcome by the flux in the morning.

Much talk was of covens and witchcraft abounding in the countryside, and country folk did cross themselves as they passed the encampment.

On occasions, ruffians being full of strong ale did fall upon good Richard of Stanley and bruised him mightily about the body.

As the seige did enter the second day, Herospace was already in the grip of deprivation and many were without bread. Forage parties, sallied forth uncaring of the muttered curses and incantations of the Sisters of Heresay, so desperate were they for sustenance. Returning later, light of purse but laden with crisp fresh loaves, and slices of pig.

Baron Beck, deep within his keep was also worried. His arrears were again giving trouble and there was unrest in the boglands of Herospace.

"The populace my lord is having difficulty wiping its collective \*\*\*\*\*".

"Steady varlet", commanded the Baron, "You are in the presence of my Lady Phillipa who knoweth nought of such rumbustious matters".

"A thousand pardons my lady", said Sir Victor Needless. "But nevertheless, we have run out of dock leaves, and the cabbage leaves are needed for the midday soup".

"I have an idea", said Wrigglesby the Unready. "We will build a Trojan cottage".

And so it came to pass that carpenters and thatchers were assembled at great cost from all the middle lands to build a moveable cottage.

A week later it was assembled, and rolling on logs of finest oak it arrived without the castle gate .

The Sisters of the Heresay were unprepared for this apparition and watched slack jawed as with unbelievable precision the master of the horse blocked the gateway and damaged the recently renovated portcullis.

Panic reigned, until Baron Beck arrived looking particularly vivacious in a three quarter length doublet of lincoln green with matching pearls. He had arrived to save the situation. But still Sir Victor Needless was worried. He knew that within the walls of this so innocent looking cottage - thatched roof, roses round the door, you know the style - was two and a half thousand prime dock leaves destined for the relief of the boglands, all with wet strength and pastel pigments.

Editorial note.

We would like to remind readers that Professor W. C. Flusher in his classic work entitled Personal Hygiene in the Dark Ages, wrote that during medieval times the use of dock leaves was de rigueur for toilet purposes. Their universal availability particularly around the summer solstice helped soothe the outbreaks of nettle rash in the nether regions prevalent at the time, and was an additional comfort to the peasantry forced to respond to the call of nature while toiling in the fields. We see here a move away from recycled parchment introduced by the Normans, and back to a natural product showing that market forces and a new realism was at work in the hearts of men even in those sad times, before the National Health.

As you can see from the above, Herospace has always been at the leading edge, the forefront of the new thinking, as indeed it is today.

But back to the story.

The saintly and much loved (or so he says, the little tease) Richard of Stanley, who had long stood fair square with the vestal virgins of the apex, decided to make the ultimate sacrifice.

With a silent prayer to Saint Margaret, patron saint of Thatchers and other under-privileged peasants, he dragged his rude stool into the centre of the gateway and with divine calm awaited the coming of the first relief wagon laden with provisions.

They came as surely as the night follows the drawing of the curtains, surrounded by bodyguards in black doublets and hose with shiny buttons of burnished silver. These were the keepers of the Kings Peace, a fine body of men.

"Allo, allo, allo. What 'av we 'ere", said one in a suspicious voice.

"Han hobstuction sire, wot is a blockin' of the highway", replied his colleague who was smarter than the others.

Richard of Stanley smiled that saintly smile that has beguiled so many hearts and clutching tightly his picture of Saint Margaret, he said, "Nay varlet, I would remain steadfast to my duty. Have I not faced the son of Betty who hath stamped his foot and looked extremely cross at me without even causing my bottom lip to tremble".

And so they dragged him away, this paragon of purity, this follower of Saint Margaret, to the deep dungeons of Acocks Green where men had been broken on the rack, crushed on the wheel, and had had their wrists severely slapped.

Editor's note!

Do not despair my gentle reader, brush away that tear. Richard of Stanley did return unharmed from his ordeal and liveth even now carefree as a humming bird in friendly fellowship with the son of Betty.

Many more days did pass and still Herospace held out against the seige. But within the city subversive forces were still at work, festering amongst the Guilds that had sprung up as trade had developed within Herospace.

Old Nick, Ballcock, Dod Bod and Nobby all met together - enough brain power to confuse a clockwork mouse - to devise a simple plan. And the Doomsday Function was born.

"All the serfs and peasants and the general rabble what we represent will cease working, or laying about on the Sabbath, and also the day before, whatever that is called, until further notice, or until the football season finishes, or starts", said Ballcock pulling his chain of office.

This statement sent shivers of fear through the Lords of the Manor of Herospace. Who would wash their socks, pick their noses, and generally be useful on these days of rest? A calamity was imminent, or maybe about to happen.

Many messengers set forth from Herospace clutching cleft sticks. Even those who abide on the street of Kings were consulted, and soon with much burning of the candle at both ends a peace treaty was conjured from nothing, and so one drizzly morning in a humble inn close by the city gates the great seige of Herospace did finally end. The treasury was emptied and many widows mites and grannies grouts were showered on the Sisters of Heresay and their familiars who decided after much muttering and counting on the fingers, to lift the seige and to accept honorary citizenship of Herospace, and resume their former life of leisure and indolence under the benign eye of Baron Beck and his trusty henchmen, the minions of the modules.

## **Next Issue**

The real truth about contraceptives for portacabins. Is it possible to limit their breeding cycle?

Is the working engineer in danger of extinction?

Will they all be transformed into progress chasers as the clock strikes twelve? We reveal the stark truth behind the headlines.

The Titanic deckchair brigade. Is it fact or fiction?

Is there anyone left at Brueton House, College Road or Fairfield? Did they remember to put out the lights?

Can we really get 48,000 Lucas employees into York Road?