

THE "YORK ROAD STREET" SAGA - Uncle Tony E'Benn reporting.

They met on neutral ground for these were talks of Herospace importance. Ballcock was nervy, tense, aware that having only recently self certified himself as almost willing to work, he had much to live up to.

"For pity sake E'Benn stop sticking that solder sucker up your nose, use your finger like the rest of us," he said petulantly.

"Its new technology boss. I gotta find out its capabilities boss." "Oh shut up," said Wiseperson. "Or I shan't let you touch my knee ever again. So there."

"It has come to my attention," said Ballcock importantly "In my official capacity of course, that there has been a significant, ongoing update in the lateral offensive capability of the Slatcher tea trolley weaponry. To be technical, carving knives have been bolted to the rear wheels, clearly a blatant contravention of Clause IV of Herospace Pepper talks."

"Only for defensive applications," cried Jill Slatcher goose stepping around the room. "To counterbalance the ever increasing military capability of the York Road Peoples Republic TASS force. Mercenaries such as Bowman Yoeman are openly flaunting their improved weaponry; no longer socially

useful arrows, but heat seeking soldering irons. World War fighter ace Biggles was seen bench hopping in a new single seater DECU. And we all know about the HOPE less missile, don't we?"

"She knows everything," whispered E'Benn beginning to shake with fear. "I'll bet she knows about Arthur Bollard's jungle training camp hidden amongst the rubber plants, and the underwater weaponry trials carried out in the fish tank

"Shut up," said the noble Wiseperson who was pulling hairs out of his manly chest. "I love me. I love me more—."

"Our-build-up of defensive weaponry is in response to a call from King Carbunkle the Loud and his constant companion Calerie Bones who wish to free the toiling masses of Blunderland from the evil clutches of Dictor Needler," said Ballcock and continued ingratiatingly. "It is in no way directed at your good self, who incidentally appears so particularly forceful and dominating in that plastic bin liner."

"I know. It was just something I ran over last night."

"If you would join us in this crusade to free the Trogs and Gnomes from the evil Dictor Needler, all Blunderland would be your slaves."

"Slaves, I have a number of devoted slaves already, but more would be nice. I like the way they grovel."

"Groveling is a dying art," said Ballcock wisely "My members rarely grovel nowadays. They used to touch their forelocks as I rode through their serried ranks on my bike. But those days are gone."

"To conquer Blunderland will not be easy," mused E'Benn. "There is the fearsome Gorgon Zolliams who holds the Clean Room under a reign of terror."

"Ordinary people of Blunderland are transformed into ghostly white forms who drift about aimlessly tranquilized by processed air and sweet music."

"And then there's Bodger Cooth, who is old beyond his ears and training to be a pensioner."

"We shall prevail," said Ballcock wisely.

But of course they did not. They had not even a half Chance, and the people of Blunderland will never be free or even on bargain offer, until Wiseperson the Bold decides to save them. So it is written.

Next Chamberlain lives. We have Lunch in our time. Will Goldfinger strike again? Will Wiseperson lead the miners?