

The York Street Saga - as told to Uncle Tony E'Benn

Meeting as they normally did in the centre cubicle of the York Road toilet complex, Derek Ballcock and filthy swine E'Benn were in deep discussion.

"If we could gain control of the Stadium Card held by Wiseperson we could make a fortune", cackled E'Benn. "We could make the members pay to use it".

"We could make huge donations to the Labour Party, and Kenny Gill would become Prime Minister".

"Keep your voice down. Roger Disguise could be underneath the cubicle".

"Obtaining the Stadium Card could be a problem", muttered Ballcock, uncoiling the toilet roll and wrapping it around his shapely legs for protection against the icy blasts from King St. "How do we overcome Big Foot Meadow, those new size 18 safety shoes can be lethal". At that moment a distant rumble could be heard.

"It's her again", said E'Benn.

And he was right. She that must be obeyed, emerging from her subterranean cavern hewn from the-walls of York Road, had leapt onto her armour plated tea trolley, and with six high stepping graduate apprentices under the whip was careering towards the canteen for her daily feast of second hand cream buns.

"Let them eat cake", was her favourite saying. When Ballcock had pleaded, only a week earlier, for an increase for his impoverished members, she had given nothing.

"Let them eat cake", she had said. "Second hand cream buns are good for you. I have a dozen each morning, with chips".

E'Benn collapsed onto the toilet, suddenly aware of the enormity of the task. With such mighty foes as she who must be obeyed, and the saintly Wiseperson, how could a down-trodden little lefty like himself stand a chance.

"I have a plan", said the muffled voice of Ballcock as he crawled round the back of the toilet looking for bugs. "A simple plan, as all great ideas are", he added modestly. "We ask Wiseperson for the card, and then", he giggled, "We don't give it back".

"E'Benn, standing open mouthed, knew his fake teeth had fallen down the toilet, but he didn't care. He was in the presence of genius. He knew why Ballcock was a top person, and he a mere functionary of the J.O.C. It was clearly a matter of brain capacity.

Next month:

How can Wiseperson foil the fiendish plan? Will the tea trolley fail its M.O.T? Where are the windows?