

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

In the whole of Herospace none were more feared than the Solder Ants of Protocamp. Many years ago, when Ballcock rode a tricycle, and Wiseperson had no muscles, they had been imprisoned in Protocamp because of their noisy nature and lustful ways.

Occasionally one would escape across the Wall to wreak havoc amongst the peace loving peoples of Lectronland. Every effort was made to prevent this happening. Anton Plantoid, a mighty chieftain of Lectronland was much skilled in the use of gradients and structures to keep the Solder Ants forever imprisoned. But even he could not break their fighting spirit.

"If only we could escape to Lectronland" said Tedious Ted of Jaston. "Where nobody does any real work and most sit in the shade of the rubber tree plants and listen to Bill and Ben talk of learned things like the ending of the world and what kind of camera - on special offer at the Ron Parks emporium - would come close to justifying artistically this earth shattering event."

Suddenly a puff of smoke could be seen hanging over Anton Plantoids playpen. He was communicating again after many months of the sulks, brought about by his application to join a Trappist monastery being turned down. He had, it was rumoured, failed the viva voce.

"Is he improving the defensive structures yet again," asked Paddington George.

"No. He's just got his pipe going. The fag ends must be wet this week." said Filthy Feel.

While the conspirators talked Warden Davys sat asleep in his office, his eyes wide open resting after three consecutive 24hours shifts, lulled to dreamland yet again by his beloved musick from Blunderland. He had been worried for days now having failed to accrue all his holidays for tea breaks, and was now faced with the horrifying prospect of Christmas day at home for the second year running.

"What we need is a plan," said Tedious Ted.

"Flan. Flan. Where is it?" cried Tony S Eatall, awakening from a dream of Wobbly Wendy. "I like flan with wobbly jelly. Wonderful Wobbly --." And he fell back into his crate of cream cakes."

"I don't know what you are worried about," said Woldersaurus. "It's nice here really."

Woldersaurus was an enigma, or enema, or something like that. He had been imprisoned for swallowing a football at the Hawthorns. The judge had said that although there were mitigating circumstances - the average football being small relative to the offending orifice - but football swallowing had to be stamped out, or our national game would be at risk. The tactical boot into touch, the envy of the footballing world, would be lost for ever.

"We have a lovely treat coming up," said Filthy Feel as he sat thoughtfully curling his hair with a soldering iron. "Peat Skinflint our beloved Prison Governor will shortly be giving a talk on holidays he never had, and how to make sun tan oil out of dripping fat and gravy browning."

"Oh goody," said Allatolah Mo pausing on his way to the ovens where he kept his walking socks warm for fear of rheumatism and evil spirits. "I shall enjoy that".

"Could we not construct a catapult or rather a manapult, capable of shooting us over the wall, and precisely aligned so that we shall land in the gold fish bowl, damaging not an hair of our beautifully proportioned bodies." So spoke Dick Twitterington, a ballistic expert and TASS starlet.

"First find your elastic," said Paul Slowberry wisely. "The elastic mines in the High Sierra east of Acocks Green were worked out long ago."

"If only Wobbly Wendy were here," groaned Eatall. "Together we could explore the secret places of elastic

"We could kidnap Bulky Brian, his underpants contain one fifth of the world's known deposits of elastic, or so it is written," said Paddington George.

"Let me go out against this Bulky Brian, like Jason to find the Golden Fleece, and similar pubs. I shall return with the Elasticated Pants of that mighty personage," said Tedious bravely.

That night disguised as a digital finger Tedious Ted Jaston climbed over the wall and set sail in his 6.7metre fly-press for the outer reaches of Herospace in search of the Bulky Brian.

Next Month: What will happen to Tedious Ted?

Will the solder ants escape?

If you have any spare elastic please forward to Dick Twitterington c/o Protocamp, Herospace. Good prices paid for interesting specimens.