

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

Tedious Ted was feeling fragile. Seven hours out of Protoland, he was finding handling his racing fly-press more difficult than expected.

"Hello ducky," said a melodious voice, and sitting gracefully atop a toadstool, Ted espied the well rounded form of Wiseperson the Wonderful. "Are you lost you lovely boy?"

"Eh watch it," said Ted looking to his fly-press "I know about your sort, tempting innocent sailors, and enjoying yourself."

"Its a living," said Wiseperson. "I couldn't stand forging plastercene jock straps any longer."

"Why plastercene?"

"For growing boys, silly."

"I seek Bulky Brian."

"We all have our problems," said Wiseperson. "I live with pain, you know. My knees may still be shapely, but --."

"His underpants contain the largest remaining deposit of elastic on the earth's surface." Tedious interrupted.

"Sounds exciting. But wait, has not Baron McGoo a bodyguard of mighty stature whose underwear is serviced by Rentakill."

"How do I find this Baron McGoo."

"Tis a long journey down through DOLittleland, passing to the west of the Lost Tribe, and only then do you begin the ascent to the Kingdom of Goo.

Tedious Ted was undaunted. Had he not survived in the Protocamp jungle. Leaping aboard his fly-press he unfurled his sails, hand woven from carpet gleanings, and was soon under way.

DOLittleland was quiet, only the sound of gentle snoring could be heard. Bob Plod retired socialist was awake, working on a plan to re-open Devils Island for convicted motorists. Dodger Underfelt, TASS undercover agent waved a languid hand remembering the days when all Marston Green trembled as he spoke.

But Tedious Ted pressed on, pausing only for a handful of vintage nuts and raisins generously donated by Allatollah Mo.

The tribal homelands were seething with activity, as any well organized play group should be. Tuns-of-fun was making aeroplanes out of expense forms and hand gliding them into the tribal chieftain's hut. Roger Disguise was organizing a round the Howse relay race. P.S. that well known after thought was

practicing free fall parachuting from the top of a filing cabinet, watched adoringly by tailor made Debbytante, seasoned veteran of the Amsterdam run, and other epic wanderings.

But Tedious did not hesitate, aralditing himself securely to the fly-press to resist the siren calls of the ding dong girls, virtuous maidens whose soothing voices had ensnared many poor sailors onto the rocks of outer Herospace.

In the foothills that fronted the kingdom of Goo, Tedious Ted faced his greatest test. On a vertical surface hewn from solid breeze block were images of beings so fearful, so

totally alien to normal life-forms that had Tedious Ted not been a lifer in Protocamp and used to such horrors, his bowels would have turned to water and the carpet would have been simply ruined.

Instead clutching his TASS membership card to his manly bosom he brushed past the seven gorgons and entered the kingdom of Goo.

Now the atmosphere of Goo is very rarified. The nobles of Goo spoke in hushed voices as they munched their fillet steak baps and gulped down draught champagne by the goblet. Hand maidens scurried to and fro collecting crumbs. All this Tedious Ted saw at a glance and was much impressed.

“Today there should be bread pudding, for the toiling and oppressed masses of Blunderland,” said Baron McGoo, a kindly soul who had been won for Herospace in a national raffle — third prize.

Tedious approached a decorous handmaiden.

“I am Tedious Ted, and I have a mission.”

“I don't care if you have got a Bishopric sonny, you will speak when you are spoken to,” said Lady Di who it was rumoured had married into disinfectant.

“Me and my mate Noxious, as ex Vestal Virgins will be treated with respect, or else.”

“I'm only looking for elastic,” whined Ted.

“I like a bit of bondage myself,” said Noxious twisting her chain around her shapely ankle, “I tried the saintly Wiseperson's body stocking but he wriggles so much.”

“I seek the Bulky Brian” said Tedious Ted.

“Wash your mouth out hissed Lady Di strictly, slapping his thigh in a regal manner.

“We have Tubby Terry, Lithe Les and Protruding Pete, but we know not Bulky Brian.”

Next Month: Tedious Ted tangles with Evenly Pud, and discovers the secret of her rissoles,
as the search continues for Bulky Brian.