

The "YORK ROAD STREET" Saga as told to Uncle E'Benn.

"A decision has to be made" said Baron Magoo. "Shall I wear my blue, or my green, or my brown."

"You look so conservative in blue, but green is really your colour," said Codge, who had spent his youth modeling Y-fronts in Burtons' window.

"But it won't show the soup stains" said Ron Wigglesby, who was technical, and knew about such things.

"Where is the York Rd decision-making penny?" asked Magoo.

"I don't know" said Sky Walker, "I thought you had it."

"What's that bulge in your trousers?"

"Don't be personal" said Lionoil Stoned.

"Surely any penny will do?" murmured Wigglesby, who found it easy to make decisions.

"Sacrilege," screamed Magoo. "This sacred penny is unbiased and infallible. Did it not choose all of you, which is clear proof of it's wisdom."

They all nodded wisely. Then they would wouldn't they.

Magoo leapt on to the table, drawing his cucumber of office. "Show me your pipe Wigglesby. Are you using the penny as a heat conductor? And you my Codge. Is that a new washer I see on your bolt?"

"No sir. Look sir" said the Munster Codge. "A new bolt sir. From Saab sir. I can turn my head round 360 degrees." And he demonstrated.

"Good lad," said Magoo, patting him on the nut with his laminated cucumber. I like to see a man with all round vision."

Magoo spun round pivoting on his cucumber and glared at young Terry Phennings, who fell off his high chair with fright.

"You haven't used my penny for balancing the books again?"

"I couldn't profit by your loss," Terry squeaked standing straight and resting his chin on the table edge.

Meanwhile the news that the decision-making penny was lost, was spreading through Herospace like a Fartkins drop-off.

Ballcock burst into tears when told. "An old penny gone just like that. A major part of this years TASS rise disappeared. How can I tell the lads?"

"This place is the pits", said Beckancall. "There is only one man who can find the penny. Bring forth Inspector Leaky, my trusty ideas man."

"I could find it sir. What about a raffle, or a sports day," said Leaky returning from retirement.

"We have no sports field thanks to your incompetence Leaky," said Beckancall.

"But I forgive you."

"You still have the flower beds and Arthur Bollard's boots."

"You find the penny and I will let you return and polish my trophy."

Leaky's face flushed with joy.

In another part of Herospace, Evenly Pud who in her never ceasing quest for cost effective food furbishing had introduced a flow gravying machine, was now discussing

with top experts a new break through.

"But custard sputtering is only in the development stage", said Dr Bobby Newboss. "The construction of a liquid custard crystal is proving difficult. The incorporation of the traditional lump gives an uneven rate of deposition, and the adhesion to the rhubarb tart is unacceptable."

"And it keeps falling out of the bowl," said Leaky groping for a double helping of pud

"Nobody eats this Christmas pudding until I say so," said Evenly Pud, crushing Leaky firmly against a wall.

"I enjoyed that," said Leaky, straightening out his starting pistol.

"It is imper-, imper-, it's important that Baron Magoo finds the decision-making penny or the Execuflop will not be able to direct us in the normal dynamic fashion."

"Those poor boys", said Evenly Pud. "I will send them a special nursery tea as soon as I have conformally coated these egg sandwiches."

Suddenly a fanfare of trumpets broke the silence, and the mid-week flag was raised. It was 11.30 on Wednesday and the count down to the weekend could commence.

"Seventy thousand and two hundred, seventy thousand one hundred and ninety nine."

Hundreds of voices began the chant, a ritual which would only end in their escape from Herospace.

Leaky was not discouraged. The Pirates of Proto camp were good at extracting pennies from the most unlikely sources. Maybe they had the decision-making penny. They were singing as usual, happy with their humble lot.

We're in the money
We've found the honey
We've put in the fixes
And got our T6's
For T4's we draw lots
We get whisky in tots
We've got Mo who eats nuts
And Phil with rotting guts
Tony who keeps fishes
And Col who swallows dishes
There's Vic whose a red
And Steve whose not dead
He just looks that way when asleep
There's affluent Ted
Who dreams of the Med
Of blue sea and ripples
And sun kissed n*****s

"Cease this hymn of happiness", pleaded Inspector Leaky. "Think of I who have nothing."

"We can't all work in the lab and be branded with success", chorused the Pirates.

"Have you seen the penny of decision?" asked Leakey, but Kneel Super had entered Protocamp and they were all clustered around him eager to do his bidding.

So Leakey toddled around to Lectronland. Here the DECU diddy men walked in small circles seeking Big Blob who had run away to the New World to make his fortune. "Glad to see you Leakey", said Wigglesby. "Can you organise a raffle. I have to find twenty six Band4's by tomorrow?"

"Leave it with me sir", said Leakey, not to be diverted.

He found Spare-rib combing custard out of his beard, and began inquires at the top.

"Pennies. We don't care about pennies. Here have a peanut and stop snivelling."

"You don't understand."

"We understand everything", said Bernard Friggit. "We are the branded items on the shelves of life."

So Leakey limped away feeling inferior. He had lost everything. Prospect Lane, the Decision Penny, Dave Crutchinhand,

Dave Crutchinhand after a long flight had finally been ejected from Electronland, and a desk was now available to be used usefully. He has been found a suitable hutch near the Straining School. Leakey thought it unlikely that he would need a penny now. With a place to sit and sleep peacefully, he would no longer need a penny to seek solitude in the municipal toilets.

"And so you have failed me you speck of nothingness", hissed Beckancall. "I shall have to live forever in the darkness of Blunderland along with Codge and Wigglesby, and others without significance, when I could have gone for gold."

Next Issue.

Find out who is the secret toilet seat nibbler. A survey of inside leg topography is to be carried out by selected engineers. Results next issue.

Who will win next weeks great upgrading raffle? We explain the handicap system employed.

Also the next issue will include an in depth article on Beery Kicks, the secrets of a Super Stud.