

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

Was the Magic Dragon really going. Nobody could believe it. Would Herospace survive? Was he not a former winner of the Silicon Welly, Pipeman of the Month, and Chief carpet tile inspector. Wigglesby would wriggle no more.

But it must be true. We had to believe it, as Dr. Sporting arrived in a shower of memos. Wigglesby's days were numbered, 524, 199, 211.

The announcement was made in a press release.

Mr. Ronald Wigglesby Esq, the Magic Dragon is to be replaced by Dr. Sporting who has been in charge of the Dogkennel Day Centre for confused scientists. Dr. Sporting has been appointed to take over as manager of the York Road Residential Home for itinerant engineers.

Mr. Wigglesby will be retained as a consultant to give intensive therapy to E'Benn and Ballcock who are now suffering from terminal brain erosion, and need 24 hours a day supervision.

In a radio interview for the Herospace Broadcasting Company Dr. Sporting outlined his plans for the future.

"I intend to minimize the effects of incontinence by spraying all offenders with conformal coating. This idea has been developed at the Dogkennel Day Centre to prevent sausages falling out of bread rolls, but our brilliant scientists have extended the idea to other areas of human misfortune".

"Herospace welcomes you", said Ballcock a member of the official welcoming party.

"Representing as I do the underprivileged and downtrodden masses of Herospace, I can say that we all look forward to a golden age under the lash, periods of starvation, any type of punishment that may take your fancy".

"I have never spared the rod", said Dr. Sporting taking up the theme of merit rating.

"I find it stimulates the body more so than any monetary rewards. I shall be introducing a regime of severe thrashings, coupled with cold showers as soon as I have introduced my Manic Management scheme which is a system whereby multiples of management meet together to share out the blame amongst the lower orders".

"Will we still be able to make nuclear hard AMEX out of a Rice Crispy packet".

"Of course you can, Shredded Wheat packet as well" said Dr. Sporting looking stern, determined to make his mark immediately.

But he was too late. A fanfare of trumpets sounded and galloping towards them came a man of some distinction. It was the man who would be King. Sir David Overall.

"I have come to see Roger Later".

"Too late. He has gone, and never called me brother", said E'Benn.

"I shall stay then and become your Overlord. You will like that", said Overall.

"We are overcome by emotion".

And so a new era dawned in the Kingdom of Herospace. Days of wine and roses with hot summer days disturbed only by the humming of bees and the singing of the peasants as they gathered in the harvest of FAFCS.

There will be no overtones of dictatorship", said King Overalls addressing his fellow nobles.

"All decisions will be made after long consultation with you my vassals and certain of

the lower orders who think themselves capable of such discourse".

And then he smiled a smile of steely strength. "But first I need to rid myself of such unruly knaves who have displeased me. Scribe write this down.

"It pleases me to send into exile all scurvy knaves and vagabonds who do abide within the region known as Protocamp. My trustee henchman Baron Beck will lead these malcontents into the wilderness, to be placed in the keeping of Deadly Dud who will stretch them gleefully upon the rack and put their bodies to such agonising usages that they will be as putty in the hands of a glazier".

"A goodly plan", said Phil Priceless a man whose words were as poisoned arrows, and was much loved by those who enjoyed the discomfiture of the peasantry.

"Could I perchance tease a little portion of skin from a whipped curs back".

"Indeed no", said King Overall. "Such entertainments will henceforth be enjoyed only at Christmastide, and then only by such vassals who have well pleased me and are deserving of my indulgences".

"May it please you sire, before you merge yourself in the great affairs of state, would you honour us by your presence at a small distraction that we have arranged in your honour," said Michael of Kennelworth. "We have arranged a great Grunt hunt".

In the barren regions of Herospace still lives the Grunt, an enormous, some say mythical beast, and we have located a superb male specimen well worthy of the hunt".

"It so pleases me," said King Overall.

Michael of Kennelworth breathed a sigh of relief. It had taken days of planning, the culmination of his career as high steward of Herospace.

The idea had begun with the news that Gulliver Grunt the hybrid humanoid, a colossal creature made from silcoloid custard and bits of string, and brought to life by the recently invented T5 process - had escaped.

Johnny Twoballs had been in tears. The only man to have captured a fully grown specimen of this near extinct life form.

They had pinned Grunt to the ground with a mesh of fine gold wires, all approved by Die Bonder. He should never have escaped.

"I remember the day we first saw him chewing crud, nuzzling a convenient female with that enormous belly".

"Never been anything like it," said E'Benn. "A significant phenomena."

"Remember how we enticed him with open yearning, and plied him with gallons of custard and buckets of beer".

"And curry"

"Finally got him to blow himself off his feet".

The sound was multitudinal. Many thought that the Honey Monster had imploded.

Only Michael of Kennelworth could have done it. The task of organising the hunt had been awesome.

A team of Twiglets had to be found. Elfin like creatures trained hunters, designed to perch on the heads of locally bred Stick Insects. Thin creatures, at least 7 feet tall, and rarely more than 3 stone, an ideal platform for the sharp eyed Twiglets to see over the benches and have some chance of locating a shy herd of lumbering Lummex -great shambling beasts that still roamed the plains of Herospace.

"Would you lead the hunt", pleaded the Shirtless Griffin who had been placed in charge due mainly to his proven ability to organise paper chases.

Johnny Twoballs, foremost Twiglet, considered the offer seriously. A broken brown paper envelope had been waved suggestively, but other things had to be considered.

He was older now, still tough as rawhide but they had to succeed this time. Failure would be unthinkable. That would mean death, or worse still, early retirement.

"I shall need a good mount. A dozen stick insects all long striding and of upright stance".

"It shall be done", said Shirtless Griffin.

And so it all began.

Johnny Twoballs led the hunting party marching past the Royal Assembly lounging on the roof of a hunting Portacabin. Twoballs was mounted on Turkey Stride, a spirited young colt of great stamina. Ballcock was close behind on Cheshire, with PS and Rabbit Burrows on the high stepping Brown-Stick, the crème de la crème of the hunting fraternity.

Dippy saw it first. Perched high on the noble head of Roland Nutcase, a high performance animal, he got a clear view of a herd of Lummax grazing contentedly close by the lower boglands. Males and females but luckily without any young, it being outside the breeding season. And slightly apart, philosophically chewing the crud was the great Grunt, a magnificent specimen, only just past its prime.

"We must get it away from the herd", said Ballcock, "Or we will be trampled under foot as they turn and charge us".

"I have prepared a bucket of curried custard", said Johnny Twoballs. "The great Grunt cannot resist a good curry".

And so Johnny Twoballs having slipped from his mount moved cautiously forward carrying a huge bucket of curried custard. Grunts huge nostrils twitched as his delicate nose caught the aroma of the curry. He moved ponderously forward, a small boulder splintered beneath his feet, and then he saw the bucket slopping over with curry, and he broke into a lumbering run. His hind quarters erupting violently. Quick as a flash the Twiglets pulled their underpants over their heads to survive the F**t.

Twoballs scampered away clinging to the bucket to where his trustee steed sat waiting.

"Away, away", he shouted mounting the stick insect and the hunting party turned and ran pursued by the great Grunt.

Through the long hot afternoon they raced. Johnny Twoballs dropping lumps of curried custard at regular intervals to ensure that the Grunt maintained the chase.

Into the Leylandii woods, across the shrublands following the stream, Twoballs sprightly steed just fractionally ahead and then the accident happened. Twoballs dropped the bucket.

To be continued next issue.

Why did Twoballs drop the bucket?

Will the Grunt ever be subdued?

Is Herr Flick really in charge of training at Herospace?

What has happened to the limp?

Where is the beautiful Helga?

Will Uncle E'Benn ever return?