

The 'York Rd St' Saga As Told To Uncle Tony E'Benn And Friends.

In a cave in a secluded corner of York Rd. lived Puffer Rigglesby the Magic Dragon, a loveable little beast who breathed smoke. He was employed primarily to smoke kippers for the York Rd Bistro, located strategically between the bogs and the surgery.

Occasionally he would huff and he would puff and even the brave Ballcock would not dare to face him, hiding in the bike sheds playing with his ding-a-ling, until the smoke had subsided! But puffer was rarely really naughty, just prowling around trying to look wise and intelligent, whispering “leave it with me”, through clenched teeth while inspecting the carpet tiles.

But one dark night when everyone had gone home, even Anton Plantoid, puffer crept from his cave and stole the bowl of eternal custard from the York Rd bistro.

“What shall we do” whined Becancall the next day, when the full enormity of the tragedy finally dawned on an unsuspecting workforce. “Coating MECU's in Heavenly quick set custard is the only way to get them through the humidity test. We need Munster Codge, he will save us.”

So they went forth to the grotto of the pink light where Munster Codge loved to be coiled up inside a Nordeko spluttering kit, soaking up the plasma.

“What do you want,” Codge said, peering through the port hole. “I am busy thinking of ways of being nice to all my servants.”

“The eternal custard has been stolen by Puffer the Magic Dragon” said Becancall.

Munster Codge climbed wearily out of the kit, the bolt through his neck sputtered bright.

“Have I got to save us all again, why am I so essential?”

“You are the York Rd heroid, you set the standards of excellence,” chorused the cringing workers.

Codge lumbered towards the door across a carpet of rose petals, strewn before him by the soft eyed maidens of Bought-out Inspection, his devoted slaves.

But by now Puffer had laid down smoke, and no one, not even the incredibly intelligent Codge could find his cavern.

All seemed lost, but unknown to all except himself, Jolly Roger Disguise the York Rd mole was deep beneath the foundations of our beloved factory busily burrowing toward the cave of the Magic Dragon, armed only with a digital custard sensing module made by Toby Jug and his shooting stars. Wriggling behind came Richard Buttons, recently failed Hell's Angel, clad in slinky leathers, and Bulky Brian, bowman yeoman who was so recently runner-up to Tony E'benn in the annual Eggon Tie Award.

Tunnelling upward, Roger Disguise hit the bottom of the custard bowl precisely at eleven hundred hours, with his head. Activated by a cuff across the earhole, Bulky Brian fired a socially useful arrow into the bottom of the bowl and the eternal custard spouted forth. Richard Buttons crawled forward on dainty knees and stuffed heat shrink sleeving into the hole, thus beginning the task of draining the custard.

The Magic Dragon, curled up on a pile of kippers, snored gently in a corner of the cave unaware of what was happening.

So the dastardly plan of Puffer Rigglesby was foiled. The custard was placed in the care and protection of H. M. Government - the AQD office was filled with the vital liquid, up to the level of the keyhole. Apple pie was once more on the menu, and MECU's could go out in the rain again and the world was saved.

NEXT MONTH. Will Richard Buttons fail his physical for the Brownies? Where are the windows? Who will solve the mystery of the disappearing holidays?

All characters are fictional. Any resemblance to persons alive, or dead or just lingering is purely coincidental. So there!

Afterthought

The conversion factor for the mind bender solution was naturally 1 tonne = 1 mile.