

THE YORK ROAD STREET SAGA as told to Uncle Tony E'Benn.

Aunt Sally blew her whistle and the Morris Dancing had to stop. All the boys and girls of the Lewis John Academy for Young Scientists gathered round.

“Big Dud has gone”, she said simply. “Don't cry my little hybrids.”

Little Lord Peter of Hockley Heath wiped away a tear. Had he not sat at his heroes feet in the Lotus Days at Marston Green, sharing a ryeking biscuit, sometimes with Spam.

“Its only 11.30,” piped young Davy Strychnine “He's not very late.” “He could be washing the Clean Room overalls. It is Monday” said Louise Betting.

“Yes,” mused Shandy Keelover. “A prefects work is never done.”

But what did they know, these little mites, about the real world. There were many suspects. Crazed minds bent on Cudley Duds destruction. A boy working for the S.S. made many enemies. Only the brave work on the Herospace Suggestive Scheme.

“It's the vestal virgins in the Clean Room that have got him,” said Dr. Bob Nubile, the Physics Master who knew about such things. “I can see him now. Dud swaggering about, unknowingly flaunting his body, and those poor girls just couldn't take it any longer. And who can blame them.”

But they were all wrong. In the land of Prodeng, a place of mystical schemes and lost causes, where time stands still, the evil gang led by Dave MacVicer had already imprisoned the hapless Dud in an upturned waste paper basket.

“Let me go back to school,” blubbered Dud. “I wont throw clogs at Aunt Sally ever again. I'll even try to like Morris Dancing.”

“You will never return,” cackled Paraquat from his perch on the wall. “It is written that a Messiah would come from over the Way, and that he would lead us unto our tea money

“Enough of these myths and legends,” squeaked Graham Sheepdip, former Shaftmoor Lane super stud. “Put him in the pot. I feel hungry.”

It was gallant heroid Biggles flight testing a stretched Mecu, who first sighted Dud, swooping low over Prodeng. It was a clear identification.

“We must get him back,” hissed Ballcock “For the sake of Morris Dancing, the only growth industry in Britain today.”

“We have already offered Fairy Wiseperson and a packet of broken biscuits in part exchange. What more do they want,” whined E'Benn.

“They showed interest in the biscuits, but they were not sure about Wiseperson.”

“Wot even in his skin tight body stocking on loan from Kneel Flurry, well known wonder skier?”

Kneehandler E'Benn who was trembling at the thought of such erotic curvature changed the subject rapidly lest he be overcome by inner cravings of a naughty nature.

“It's a job for the S.A.S. The military wing of the J.O.C.” “Not the Splendidly awkward Squadron again.”

“Last time Bulky Brian bent his quiver and the Red Baron did something surprisingly painful with his bicycle pump, and they still didn't get Big Foot Meadows sock off.”

But there was no alternative, and so at dead of night the S.A.S scaled the high wall that sealed Prodeng from the Free World, and found Dud unguarded, snoozing in a corner of his upturned waste paper basket.

“We've come to get you out,” whispered the Red Baron. “You'll soon be back with Auntie Sally.”

“Not that b----y Morris Dancing again. I want to be a grown-up, and read porno mags.”

And so he never returned. Cudley Dud had reached manhood at last, and had taken his place as a man among men in the land of Prodeng.

Next month. Will APEX merge with EXIT? What ever happened to the Silcoloid Wellie? Will Bob Wurridge survive the ritual awakening ceremony?