

A Story by Amos Cobbles

It is a sunny Saturday morning in the bustling metropolis of London. A dilapidated, 1950s filth streaked coach is pulling into Trafalgar square bus station after an arduous 18 hour bus journey from the God forsaken, misery infested Yorkshire town of Grimethorpe.

"By eck Kevin lad that were one 'ell of a miserable, soul destroying bus journey."

"Aye Jeff, grand weren't it. I shall be recommending it to all my friends as a grand day out."

"Who will they be then Kevin?"

"Well there's t'whippet, me bikes, Tanner.. Never mind that y'old emmeroid! What's that bloody great thing up theer? "

"That's t'sun Kev. I ere tell it shines for up to an hour a week down these parts! It explains their soft, spend happy, pleasure seeking southern ways!"

"Aye well never mind that we ave a job to do. We must seek out the evil Doctor Hutchinson, retrieve t'blade and drive this sharpened track pump into his black art."

"Dost tha not think that'll be a bit severe Kev lad?"

"Well ee started it with all this sickening talk of ransom money. 80 bloody p ee wants. That could keep a Yorkshire family in tripe and gruel for a year. Ee must be destroyed Geoff, it's t'only way."

"Steady Kev lad, you don't want to bring on a smiling fit! Where shall we begin, this ere London is even bigger than Grimethorpe and Keighley combined!"

"Aye it's even bigger than me ego but don't despair I av a plan. We'll seek out t'queen and she will elp us. She owes us one after me mother saved er life back in 1952. She were on a royal tour of Yorkshire when she were bit by rabid whippet up on Ilkley moor. Me mother sucked out t'poison."

"Smashin. T'palace it is then Kev."

6 hours later after a to do with a jellied eel seller and a vicious fight with a beefeater who foolishly asked for a £10 entry fee, Kevin and Geoff are ringing the front door bell of buck house.

"Yes - can I help you..... er, gentlemen."

"oo the bloody ell are you? Why are you dressed as spider man? What are all these strange mishapen whippets all over t'bloody place? Geoff - I'm confused, I'm coming over all queer - I feel like I could start spending money willy nilly!"

"Steady Kev lad! Ere sniff this Brains Faggot. These ere is corgis... and this ere fella is t'queens best mate and butler. It were on t'wireless. Due to financial constraints, weirdos and protestors ave bin taken into t'queens service."

"Oh reet, a see. Right then spider man. Tek us to t'queen."

"I'm afraid I can't do that sir. She's just nipped out to the shops and after that she's gone to see some dodgy doctor chap to buy a top of the range time trial bike for young Harry on the cheap on account of the fact it's knocked off."

"My God! T'Blade! Geoff we mun stop this heinous crime. Spider man, will thee elp us retrieve me bike and stop t'queen losing her good name?"

"Course I will, I am clinically insane after all! I'll just go and saddle up the corgis."

In the next thrilling instalment:

Kevin, Geoff and Spider man race across London by corgi but are temporarily distracted by the distractions of Soho with unpleasant consequences.

The Queen challenges Kev to an arm wrestle with unexpected consequences.

Geoff finds an old fishermans friend down the back of Tony Blair's settee with... well no consequences at all really...