

# Descent of the Stiperstones

Half Man Half Biscuit

I was  
Yes I was  
Descending the Stiperstones

When I  
Recalled the order from home  
To pick up a  
To pick up a  
To pick up a  
To pick up a  
To pick up a jar of Swarfega

And so returning to the car at Snailbeach, I set off in the direction of Montgomery, where I was more than certain my need would be met by Bunner the chandler who sold everything. Entering the store, I nodded to an assistant and hurried to the back area of the shop where I could browse in comfort amongst the organised chaos, and marvel at the fact that should it be my desire, I could return home with a Ben Sayers four-iron, a brush doormat bearing the slogan "Cofiwch Dryweryn", and an oil painting by Mercy Rimell entitled "The Raging Ostler" ...in addition to the Swarfega, which I finally located on a shelf, next to a box of Hussars, who, in spite of their dusty neglect, appeared primed and ready for Old Boney. Also in this room was a selection of doll's houses, and standing next to a particularly detailed property called the Franklin was the actress Lynette McMorrough, who used to play Glenda in Crossroads. As I'd been a bit of a fan of the programme, I couldn't help but engage her in conversation, initially regarding the magnificent craftsmanship on show, before rather awkwardly turning the chat onto Kevin's affair, test tube babies, and the tragic death of her dad, who was knocked down by a car whilst stumbling home drunk from a triumphant bowls tournament. The crazy world of Arthur Brownlow. Anyway, my fawning gibberish and jar of Swarfega didn't seem to faze her in any way, and she told me of her loneliness and yearning for those heady days at ATV, and in essence what she was trying to do was re-create her Glenda life through a plastic doll, and such was the stock at Bunner's, she had managed over the years to acquire figures resembling not only that of herself, but the rest of the family, and by purchasing the Franklin, there would be enough space for everyone and they wouldn't all be cooped up in the same room watching the one television set. "All you need now is the car that knocked down Pop", I joked, but to my astonishment she told me she had it on order, along with his bag of woods. Somewhat disturbed, I tried to bring the meeting to a conclusion, but she was warming to the situation, and revealed to me her ultimate intention was to replace her own doll's plastic with tofu, as the malleability of such a substance presented the opportunity to belly herself up, as it were, when she became pregnant. In my haste to leave the store, I

crashed into a Davenport, a drip-free teapot and a mannequin dressed up as Warden Hodges.

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A phallic watering can, a packet of Triffid seeds, an ice rink for a model village, crucifixion nails, a pair of polo-necked jeans, a jar of language pills, a jigsaw of Nazi war criminals, post-apocalyptic Allen keys, a written curse of a witch from Oswestry, a signed photograph of former players' agent Eric Hall - monster, monster. I fled towards the church looking for sanctuary; found only Spencer The Halfwit, sniggering the 46th Psalm.

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