

INTERLUDE: THE STORY OF GLOB ALOT

Step aside thy folks of the Neverlimph, and spare a thought or two, to no other than, Glob Alot, and his merry list of lost rock climbers.

Now, we may all know of the little Britains that traipse around the UK, trying to succeed the endless desire to reach the holy grail of the Sun, Babylon, and whatever else lies at the end of the secret tunnel of life, not forgetting whatever the cat brought in!

In sunny old Ibsley Gardens, Roehampton, London S.W.15, little Britain Matthew Allen knew only of town and streets, and nothing much more else. In his youth he'd only tip toed up hills on the outskirts of London. Matthew was of a pretty static background that had not had a lot of money.

You have just entered the "time zone!"

Now, in time, little Britain Matthew evolved, as we all do, and left the umbilical cord of his mother and family. In his newly established adulthood, he dwelled amongst thought and the absurdities of reality, and to satisfy his ego, id, enthusiasm, and whatever other psychological incognizant lolled around his mind, he fancied he'd do a great walk away from the land he was used to. Matthew thought he must achieve an etched mark on the planet before he was six feet under and pushing daisies, as they say you may, and achieve a glimpse of exploring the world as it once must have been; land that had hardly been manipulated at all by machines, science and so. He'd heard a lot about the mountains of Wales (known as anthills by the Greeks), and decided he had to climb a mountain at whatever cost.

Now, in Wales there were The Snowdonia Mountain range, The Brecon Beacons, and maybe The Black Mountains. I dunno, but there are loads of mountains in Wales anyway. Matthew went and chose a mountain plonked somewhere at the bottom of the Snowdonia mountain range, called Cadair Idris. Some of his mates had been up this mountain before, claiming it to be quite an expedition.

A spare Friday afternoon, feeling it in his veins, armed with a map, several pairs of boxer shorts and whatever, Matthew, bopping along with the beat, borrowed a car off of his dad and headed off up to Wales, and got himself a room at hotel in Aberystwyth on the coast of Wales not far from Cadair Idris. He could afford the hotel as his giro had just come in on Thursday, and in those days the social security gave you a lot. He had also raided his rainy day stash that filled his wallet nice and plump.

Established in Aberystwyth, Matthew swayed to and fro around the streets for a day, keeping an eye on the weather, like a warrior desperate for the prey, and like a hunter waiting for the day!

Sunday morning and the sun had got his hat on his big shiny bald head, birds were roughing their feathers, crickets cricketing to and fro in rhyme. The church bells ding donging or something, and Matthew is putting the keys in his Mitsubishi thingy car.

Out pop the exhaust smoke and Matthew is off. First stop Dolgellau, and he's swaying around and checking out the talent. "Gore blimey, some of the chicks around ere are gorgeous", but Matthew had a wife and kid and so had to be faithful, "God what an antiseptic stiff world".

A coffee in Dolgellau, a few essentials from the climbing shop; things like a map and a compass, and maybe a couple of packets of energy food. Matthew's Mitsubishi was puffing out lovely, smelly exhaust and soon tackling the narrow and bumpy roads of Snowdonia National Park.

Matthew had had some advice before setting off to Wales: "The Foxes Path" he was told was the best path to follow. And find the fox's path Matthew did. Dilly ding dang dong dee.

Bit of change for the car park ticket machine, well actually it was a fortune, two quid for four hours, or four quid until midnight and Matthew was off. You may be wondering whether Matthew paid two or four pounds. Now as we all know if we pay for four hours we'll be eight hours or maybe even lost forever, and if you pay all day we'll only be an hour or less, or maybe nobody even checks the cars! I'll leave you wondering! Through the wishing gate and up the hill Matthew stomped. Rock, mud, water, more of a stream rather than a path, but Matthew persevered.

As he got rockin', rollin', and er freewheelin', the first signs of spit came, "Shit!", "Merde", on with the coat. And then bog along with sodden gym shoes in for the price. Matthew got to the first lake as the weather began to turn the volume up. It was September and in Wales the weather is always fifty-fifty either way you. "Further, onwards, must get to the top". And he got to the second lake, as the strong wind and rain began to accelerate into a storm. He eventually got to a spot where; "Where the fuck is the path" he exclaimed. The "UP" was a sheer cliff, the "LEFT" was scree at a near impossible angle. To the "RIGHT" was a sheep path that obviously even the sheep were frightened of. And then, almost out of the scree, came "The Lost Climbers of Glob Alot".

Now, the story of Glob Alot; for centuries, since the beginning of time, little Britains had gone up this mountain to claim pride for reaching the summit. In the beginning the first Britain who arrived from the continent. He got up to just below the summit and could decide which way to tackle the last two hundred feet. Each way he turned and it all looked impossible. He had the choice whether to play it safe and walk back down, or whether to join the path for the Holy Grail, risk it, and tackle that never ending search for the way up. And before he made his decision a sticky wad of saliva swilled around his tongue, he squeezed the ball to the front of his mouth, and let down a string of goo until it was halfway down from his mouth to the ground. Now the decision; Should he cut and run, thus sucking that saliva back in and weighing on down to the land of what he knew, or should he risk further. Of course he risked further and as the gob entered the point of no return, he lost his cool, went to suck up and snap. He's been wondering the top of that mountain, trying to find the peak, since the beginning of time. And every time a new Britain gets to that point, he has the choice to drop out and go back down to "LIFE", or gamble for pride and spend eternity wandering around Cadair Idris with that ever so large growing group of lost climbers.

Matthew was never seen again.

The End.

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