

**Uh, huh, uh.**

**By Malcolm Twigg**

Alvin Pratt was so convinced that Elvis was still alive he was determined to track him down. That he did so by habitually wearing the full gear and a lop-sided sneer, rather detracted from any credibility he might have carried, but Alvin was never one for short measures – except when dispensing drinks in the pub he ran with his wife, Effie. Effie supported Alvin completely in his obsession, for she was a staunch admirer of Joan of Arc herself, and looked forward to the day when the maiden saint walked into her bar to be treated to a glass of *vin ordinaire* and a chat about *Ye Olde Tymmes*. She also believed in miracles more fervently than Alvin but then, Effie was a raving nutter. All in all, evenings spent at 'The King's Bonfire' had an other-worldly appeal that made the work-a-day world appear to suspend itself from the ceiling flubbing its lips.

The regulars took it all in good part, largely because Effie had a cleavage you could fall into and, when she bent over to wash the glasses, kept jiggling out of the 15th century bodice she insisted on wearing. Alvin himself took his obsession to the point of absurdity, to the extent of writing extensive letters to 'The Times' (none of which were ever published). This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register as a new reader or login now if already registered the gutter press absolutely loved it. Effie's glass with the scowl and pelvic thrust, that caught the nation's imagination. Soon, every ersatz Elvis in the country was rocking his obsessive way to 'The King's Bonfire', and rolling their unsteady way out again replete to the quiff with beer and boobs.

It was this timely exposure that led to Alvin's brainwave. If, he thought, he went for the world-record gathering of Elvis look-alikes at the pub, then it would be bound to attract the real one, for The King was known to love a good party. Effie was not averse to that, for Alvin's pelvic thrusts had been confined to the mirror for some time, and the virgin martyr was beginning to feel the part in both senses of the words: if a few stray pelvic thrusts from the gathered hopefuls could be persuaded to sway her way, so much the better.

And so a date was set.